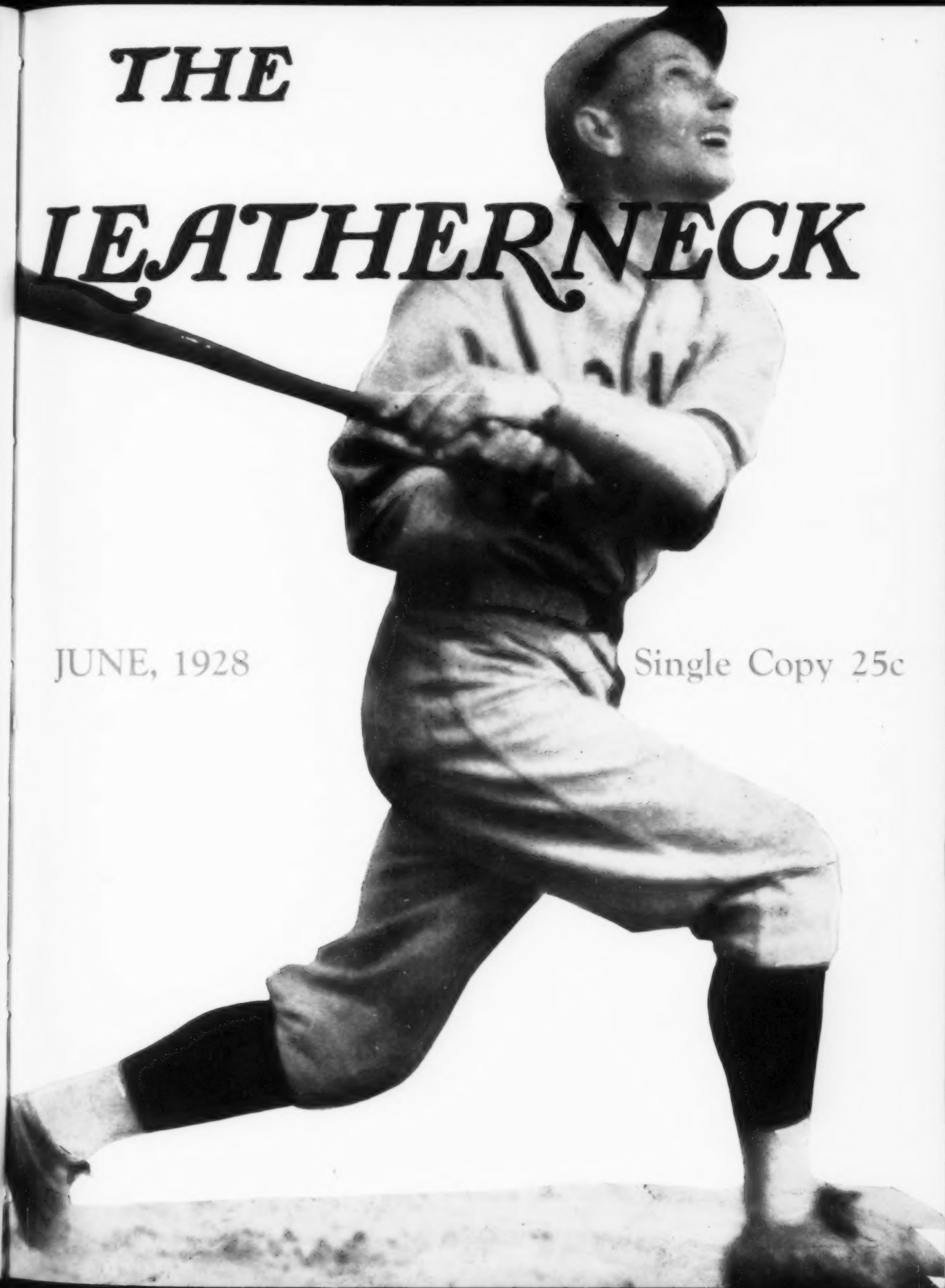


**THE**

# **LEATHERNECK**

JUNE, 1928

Single Copy 25c





*Customs Inspector*—"Got anything very valuable in this trunk? . . ."

*The Traveler*—"I should say so . . . a whole carton of Chesterfields!"



THEY'RE MILD  
and yet THEY SATISFY

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PUBLISHED  
Once a month  
by  
The Marine Corps  
Institute  
Address:  
Marine Barracks  
8th and Eye Sts.  
Southeast  
Washington, D. C.

# THE LEATHERNECK

Honorary Editor  
The Major General  
Commandant

Editor-in-Chief  
The Director,  
The Marine Corps  
Institute

Editor and Publisher  
Lt. Carl Gardner  
U. S. M. C.

Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Washington, D. C. Acceptance for mailing at the special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 27, 1925. Price \$3.00 per year. Advertising rates upon application to the Business Manager.

VOLUME 11

WASHINGTON, D. C., June, 1928

NUMBER 6

## THE AMATEUR PRODIGAL

By Albert Payson Terhune



JOHN ANDREWS had more leisure than he needed and almost as much money as he wanted—more money than many good folks know is coined. So he devoted little energy to law, a little more to athletics, and most energy of all to looking for a good time. And, with each passing year, up to his twenty-eighth, he found he must look just a little farther than on the year preceding, before finding the kind of good time that appealed to him.

Thus, you see, he had had a long and wise course of training for Mischief, before Mischief at length tackled him. Here is the chronicle of the bout: on the night that marked the start of it all, Andrews came home overlate to his rooms on the fifth floor of the "Superior." The "Superior" was a metropolitan bachelor apartment house whose aim was to provide young and well-to-do men with enough comfort to make matrimony purely optional.

Andrews let himself into his rooms. The night was warm and his eyes ached from staring three hours at vari-colored rolling spheres on a green baize table. So he did not switch on the lights.

Instead, he made his way to his bedroom and there, locating the bed by memory, tossed his coat over its footboard. Then he prepared, as was his wont, to sit down on the side of the bed to take off his shoes. But memory is a tricky guide—in the dark. Especially, memory of exact locations. Wherefore, John Andrews' descending body missed the bed's edge by at least two inches. And he sat down with an unexpected speed and force.

He did not sit down on the floor. His fall was mercifully broken. He sat down on the head of a man.

(Yes, you read it rightly; the first time.) He sat down very hard and very forcibly upon the back of a man's head. The head had just protruded cautiously from under the bed.

With the reflex muscular jump of one who unwittingly steps on the cat in crossing a dark passageway, John Andrews found his footing. He found it at once and fully six feet from the spot where he had so carelessly seated himself. His flight through the air was accompanied by an anguished howl of indignation. Not from his own throat, but from that appertaining to the head whereon he had sat.

The howl was accompanied by a sound of scrambling. The bed springs squealed, at a heaving contact from below. Then there was a blunderingly swift pad of feet on the floor, and something furtive and frightened scurried past Andrews in the darkness.

As the thing scuttled by, Andrews struck. It was a straight left lead, delivered with considerable power. But as it was aimed by guesswork it wholly missed its mark. Its impact threw Andrews forward and sent the bulk of his body full against the unseen runner. The two collided. The intruder grappled. Even in the dark, there, Andrews could feel the panic desperation in his grip.

He needed no herculean storybook prowess, though, to break

his present adversary's hold and, by use of the simple old hiplock, to send him asprawl on the floor amid the wreckage of a bedside stand. Kneeling on the easily relaxed forearms of his foe, Andrews reached up along the wall above him and pressed the light button.

By the glow from three-shaded electric lamps he found himself looking down at a right sorry object. The man beneath him lay still; all the fight knocked out of him by the fall. His eyes were wide open and he was staring up in silly terror at his conqueror. His nose was bleeding; his under lip too (Andrews had sat down hard). The object's breath came in gasps that were more like sobs. The gasps were born of fear. He had not had long nor violent enough exercise to cause them.

"Get up," said Andrews.

The man obeyed.

"I'm sorry," went on Andrews, "to have disturbed you. But," with a glance under the bed, "that lower berth was reserved. And something tells me you had no ticket for it."

The man smiled in a pathetically conciliatory fashion at this feeble irony, and shuffled, furtively, in the direction of the door. He was so abject, so forlorn, so spiritless, that Andrews had an uncomfortable sensation of punishing a sick puppy. Nevertheless, he stepped between the intruder and the door.

"Better days, eh?" he questioned. "By the way, how did you get in here?"

"The—the door was on the latch. I had just come in and shut it behind me when I heard you. There wasn't any chance to get out. So I—"

"I see. And now that I've got you, I suppose I ought to do one of two things! I believe real-life people generally hand a thief over to the police, and then have to get up at some ungodly hour of dawn and appear against him in a smelly police court and then waste a lot more time being bullied by his lawyer at the trial and being guyed between whiles by the humorist pests they miscall 'friends.' And in fiction, such men talk earnestly to the thief and convert him and he becomes their loyal servant and watches over their interests with a doglike devotion. He's generally a comic character, if I remember right."

Again the pathetic grin of propitiation twisted the victim's white mouth and his big scared eyes. And again Andrews felt that throb of disgusted pity for the creature.

"I don't want to be guyed by my friends and bullied by criminal lawyers," he concluded. "And I'm not looking for a converted servant of doglike fidelity. Clear out!"

He flung open the door. The man darted out; accelerating his speed as he passed his host; as though dreading a kick. Andrews shut the door behind him; and, belatedly wondering if perhaps the nocturnal guest had lied in saying he had stolen nothing, turned on all the lights and made a cursory inspection of the suite.

His trip showed him no evidences of looting. But it revealed

to him his evening mail piled in a little white heap on the living room table where the "floor valet" had as usual deposited it.

The anticlimax scene with the thief had brushed away Andrew's sleepiness. He filled and lighted a pipe, burrowed down in a big leather chair and proceeded to go through his newly arrived letters. There was a bill for club dues, there were two receipts, there was a "touch" note from a Human Sponge, there was a dinner invitation, there was a wedding announcement and there was a letter signed: "With dear love, Ruth."

Refilling his pipe he began to skim over the first line or two. Little by little he forgot to look for the hidden joke and to grow absorbed in what he was reading. It was an odd letter—from Andrews' experience.

"Ruth" began by saying how overjoyed her mother had been to get his postal the preceding day; to learn that he once more had steady employment and that he was well. She went on to say that she was writing in her mother's place; as the latter's growing blindness had, during the past year, become complete. The girl wrote:

"She is so patient, John! But I should not be honest, dear, if I didn't tell you she has grieved for you and how she has worried over your long, long silence. Why, until she got that card from you yesterday (oh, she fairly cried for happiness when I read it to her and I caught her afterward, kissing it when she didn't know I was looking)—until she got that card, neither she nor I had had one word from you in a whole year. Think of that, John! A whole year. And she is so old. And since she lost her sight she has nothing to do but to sit and remember."

"A 'shut-in Society' ad, I suppose," hazarded Andrews. "It's pretty well done at that."

He read on.

"She talks of you all the time. There isn't a day that passes but she asks if I've heard from you. Even though she knows I haven't. I do what I can to make her happy. But you are her first born and she loves you a hundred times more than ever she loved me. John, I don't want you to be angry with me or think I'm impertinent. But—now that you have a position again, could you manage to come home, if it's only just for a day, sometime, and see her? I won't try to tell you how unbelievably happy it would make her."

"Just think. It is fifteen years next spring. I can't make it seem possible that you haven't been back since then. Fifteen years. I was only seven. I can just dimly remember you. But mother remembers it all as if it were yesterday. And she won't hear a word of blame against you from even the dearest of our friends, for being away from her so long."

"Whether you can come to her or not, thank you for letting Mother hear from you. It took such a load off her mind. Why, for a year she hasn't known where you were or anything about you. She wrote to you at the Cleveland address, but her letter came back. She asks me to tell you again that your old room is still just as it was when you went away."

Then came another paragraph or two and the "With dear love, Ruth."

Andrews reread the whole letter, looking in vain for a possible catch in it. Then he examined the envelope's postmark. The name of the postoffice was "Ideala, Ohio," a place of which he had never heard. Presently, he gave up the riddle and went to bed.

Next day the matter was brought back to him by the first letter he opened in his morning mail. It was in a masculine hand and none too friendly. It ran:

"John Andrews, Esq.: I learned through your sister, Ruth, yesterday, that she had heard from you. She gave me your address. I am writing to say what she is perhaps too mistakenly kind-hearted to tell you. Your mother's health is failing very rapidly. She is totally blind. Her hearing, too, is slightly affected. These are but symptoms of the incurable malady which will cause her death within a few months at most. Perhaps within a single month."

"I shall merely touch on the fact that your running away from home was a sorrow which brought on her first ill health; and that the news of your long term in prison crushed what was left of her vitality and her desire to live. The end is now very near. I am writing chiefly to say that she is in straightened circumstances. The place is over-mortgaged, and she has been forced to incur debts which worry her, cruelly. I learn that you now have steady employment. Should you wish to make up to her, ever so little, for any of the sorrow you have caused. I suggest that you lift some of the monetary troubles that are saddening her last days. Your sister's salary at the school

barely keeps her and her mother alive. There are many comforts the invalid must forego. Needful comforts, in her condition. Will not conscience or a belated sense of decency lead you to supply her with the means for such comforts?"

"Yours, etc., HIRAM FULD, M. D."

"That's the answer!" snorted Andrews, in dudgeon. "I knew there was a catch somewhere. The first letter was a 'come on,' and this is the 'follow-up.' A touch, of course. But I still don't get the full drift of it all."

A few days later came a telegram. It was addressed to "Mr. John Andrews," at the "Superior"; and it read:

"Mother is dying. Dr. Fuld says she cannot live two days. She is a little light-headed, and she calls for you nearly all the time. RUTH."

John Andrews received this telegram at 9 a. m. At 10:30 he was on a train bound for Ideala, Ohio. He had spent at least one-half of the intervening time in strangling his common sense. To make certain of not backing out he had sent a telegram to Ruth, heralding his arrival.

Andrews was the only passenger to alight at the flag station labeled "Ideala." On the platform he was met by a square-jawed elderly man in rusty professional black, who eyed him doubtfully, then advanced toward him.

"John Andrews?" queried the elderly man, curtly, making no move to shake hands.

"Yes," replied Andrews, keenly studying the other's face; and deciding in a flash that the gnarled visage was assuredly not a swindler's or even an advertisement trailer's.

"I'm Dr. Fuld," went on the old man, grumpily. "You've forgotten me, perhaps—or had, till you got my letter. I suppose I've changed in fifteen years. Most of us do. But I haven't changed as you have. Until I read the name on your suitcase I couldn't believe it was you. My car's here. We'll go straight up to your mother's. You're in time. But you're only just on time."

As he talked, he was leading the way to a battered automobile of cheap make and ancient vintage. He cranked it, clambered aboard, shifted his knees under the wheel and motioned Andrews to follow. Spurred on by mischief—adventure—folly—what you will—the younger man obeyed the gesture. Off up the village street wheezed the car. People on sidewalks and at windows peered in open curiosity as it passed. Andrews began to chafe.

"What has happened up here, to—"

"What has happened?" snapped the doctor in sudden hot rage. "Nothing! Nothing worth troubling you for an instant. Nothing except that for fifteen years the dearest old woman in this county has slowly been dying of shame because her boy turned out a criminal and a bum and a loafer and never once came to see her. No, nor ever once wrote; except to cadge money from her, that she needed to keep soul and body together. And when she had no more to give him he stopped writing to her at all."

In dawning belief and with a dawning resolve, John Andrews watched and listened. This fuming old fellow was sincere. He was deadly in his sincerity. The prince of doubters could not have doubted that. Nor was he insane.

The car drew up and halted with a hollow cough in front of a fairly large frame house set well back from the road and in a state of early decay. The doctor dismounted and John, shamefacedly, followed him up the grass-patched broken stone walk to the front door. As Dr. Fuld's hand reached for the knocker the door flew wide; framing in a dark background a slender, white-clad girl.

Her face was blanched and her eyes were wide with dread.

"Quick, doctor!" she exclaimed, before bestowing so much as one look on Andrews, "she has had another sinking spell! Quick!"

Dr. Fuld charged past her into the house and up the stairs. The girl's dusky eyes now rested, consciously, on Andrews for the first time. With a little cry of relief she threw her arms about his neck and, before he was aware of her intent, kissed him.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, "you've come! You've come at last! I'm so grateful. Hurry, dear! We may be too late!"

Andrews no longer hung back. There would be time, later, for the reckoning. He pressed on, close behind Ruth, up the stairs and into a great bare room at their head. Dr. Fuld was bending over a bed near the window. He was holding a glass to the lips of its occupant—a tiny woman with ivory face and thin white hair that lay loose about her on the pillow.

(Continued on page 37)

# "INCINERATOR KATE"

## A Story of the Anzac Occupation of Dernancourt

By Major Arthur Cowan Hinton

**H**AD THE commanding officers of the twelve Australian fighting battalions comprising the First Anzac Division in billets in and around Amiens been closer students of psychology, they would have found that what in their respective commands was neither war weariness nor a hunger for bright lights in a more peaceful area. No! it was something far more alluring.

It is true that many a veteran of Gallipoli found a resting place near the scenes of his earthly pleasures in Dernancourt, but the village itself had become famous in the annals of Australian history, long before MacBrien's Division of U. S. Troops joined the Anzacs in the heroic defense of Amiens. The most famous of all the Australian battalions was the Umptti.

Their Dernancourt history is analogous with the rise to fame of a certain female, employed when sober at "Le Corne d'Abondance" which, as everyone knows, is the pretentious Estaminet of the village.

The Estaminet itself was notorious before Dernancourt became famous and like every other French hovel, had its courtyard of manure alongside; although in most cases it was adjacent to the drinking water supply of the establishment.

The Colonel of the Umptti was an Irish-Australian, a veteran of South Africa and Gallipoli. From the boats at Anzac as a lieutenant, D'Arcy Slavin had waded ashore at the head of his platoon with only a virulent vocabulary and an Irish fighting temper.

Both of these characteristics, however, led him in combat successfully against a heavier column of Turks whom he designated in the language of Australia as "a mob of blankety, blank niggers." His subsequent promotion along with a string of decorations added dignity to his status, to be sure, but not even the promise of a marshal's baton could have made him conceal his dislike for the women, especially those of foreign nationalities. When the Umptti and Colonel Slavin arrived in Dernancourt and I state the chronological order of their arrival, both expected that "something" would happen.

The "something" expected by the battalion was the keeping of a promise, made by the corps commander two months earlier, of rewards, awards, rest and BEER for work well done in the trenches at Fleur Baix. The "something" expected by the C. O. was a fervent hope that the battalion would drill, etc., to insure efficiency for the future, but neither expected that at Dernancourt would they both receive a reputation which, so long as time lasted, would be associated with their names. The Colonel up in the line the week before got his adjutant to draw up an extensive syllabus of training.

The syllabus included, amongst other things, replenishment of establishments by new drafts, the "Slavin" way of cleaning equipment, and giving in general if not in detail, a set of duties for twenty-four hours a day.

The C. O. of the Umptti believed that a rest in billets was a special decree of providence, sent directly for him to add fresh lustre to the name of the battalion but NOT in billets.

This lustre was to be wrested from the mud, the thick, oozing, shell-holed mud which lay somewhere beneath the very lights of No Man's Land, close to the "Big Noise."

Imagine the Colonel's astonishment then, when he beheld on his arrival in Dernancourt with his adjutant from brigade H. Q. a dense mob of soldiers of HIS battalion, all more or less intoxicated surrounding a FEMALE (the Colonel's pet aversion), who was telling very droll stories in queer English, pausing

only to drink from a battered mess tin, which was passed from hand to hand, amidst bursts of ribald and blasphemous laughter. Colonel Slavin positively shook with rage at the sight. Blowing fiercely through his moustache, he made his way towards the hilarious group and in a voice of thunder dispersed them to their billets with his choicest flow of an experienced army vocabulary. The lady, knowing no better, remained to face the consequences which, in the opinion of the adjutant, were considerable.

Katherine Janton, known hereafter to the rank and file of 1st A. N. Z. A. C. as Incinerator Kate (which soubriquet requires no explanation), was then in her 50th year.

No one believed that it was her beauty which held sway over men's hearts, for her face and figure revealed to the most casual observer the ravages of time and use, and no one believed it was her powers of speech either, although they were considerable. No! It was something far more subtle, far more powerful than mere personality, but harder, much harder to define.

At any rate, she possessed that something which linked men's fate to her own and had Kate been sufficiently ambitious to remain sober long enough to know what was happening next, the history of the Australian occupation in Dernancourt would have been paraphrased differently.

Now, Colonel Slavin had never been known to show fear, nor could his adjutant remember when his C. O. had ever been the loser in any encounter, verbal or informal, with any person or even limited number of persons, for the majority of the Colonel's antagonists were beaten when he cocked his eye.

When Kate stood her ground and rather defiantly returned stare for stare, she placed the Colonel at a disadvantage. Here was someone at last who showed no fear of him but, if the truth were known, who expected him to join her in a little drink, while the Colonel proposed in his mind to execute on his pet aversion some punishment not quite in keeping with King's Regs. In addition Kate knew from past experience that the manner of officers, especially field officers, was inclined to be autocratic when they wanted anything badly, and what was more natural than that she should think the Colonel wanted her company, for had he not dispersed the soldiers?

Kate proceeded to act as she had done in the past. Besides, her recent experience with the men had shown her that they were fond of gaiety, liked strong water, and were liberal and open-minded, and no one had ever in all her 50 years of life refused to drink with her. It was natural, then, for her to offer Colonel Slavin the muddly "heel taps" of the cognac in the mess tin as a preliminary to a more intimate friendship, but a curt refusal, accompanied by the only two words of French that he knew, and they were bad ones, brought Kate nearer the Colonel, quivering with righteous indignation after the manner of the French. With a short, bitter laugh, she tossed off the cognac in one large swallow, then with a disdainful gesture, she threw the empty mess tin at the Colonel's feet. The C. O. of the Umptti blinked rapidly and commenced to blow through his moustache, while Adjutant O'Toole backed away from the scene, knowing that these symptoms were the signal for an extraordinary verbal exhibition on the part of his superior.

But Kate forestalled him. Awkwardly executing a few shuffling steps, a sort of "pas de quatre" she stepped back from the Colonel quickly. Gauging the distance to a nicety, Kate, with an immense effort, high-kicked the Colonel's tin hat from off his head, then fell in a heap before him, exposing to the



gaze of the horrified C. O. and adjutant two muscular limbs, not entirely covered with dirty pink flannelette.

A burst of profanity broke from Colonel Slavin before he hurried away in confusion towards the officers' mess, leaving his thirsty adjutant to follow at his discretion, while hundreds of eyes peered upon the scene from every available opening in the billets around the square.

Had the affair been allowed to rest, there is no doubt it would have passed into oblivion in due course, but Colonel Slavin's dignity was hurt, and smarting under the insult to his rank, he issued the following Special Routine Order. It was then that the division heard of Dernancourt.

Dernancourt,  
Sept. 16, 1916.

Special Routine Order No. 6.

By Lieut.-Colonel D'A. Slavin, D. S. O., M. C., C. de G.,  
Commanding Umptti Battalion.

Any soldier found soliciting, aiding, or abetting Katherine Janton (known as Incinerator Kate) in any of her nefarious practices shall be summarily dealt with by F. G. C. M.

The C. O. regrets that the reputation of the Umptti, second to none in France, Egypt, or Gallipoli, and sustained in honor on many a blood-soaked field before superior forces of the enemy, is in danger of contamination here in Dernancourt.

The C. O. warns the rank and file of the battalion that this reputation must not be drunk, sworn, or otherwise frittered away in the company of the scavenger of the regimental garbage.

(Signed) FLAGUS O'TOOLE,  
Capt. and Adjt.

There may be among the veterans of MacBrien's Corps of U. S. Infantry many who remember Dernancourt. They will doubtless recollect the topography of the village, the name of its main street, "Rue de Kanga" (Kangaroo Street), which ran up the hill from the railway station towards the church, where it lost itself among a group of hovels surrounding the square.

The British in '15 built an enormous incinerator near the church directly opposite "Le Corne D'Abondance" and Kate had on many an occasion prior to the Anzac occupation rummaged amongst its debris and smouldering garbage for souveniers, bully beef, and regimental whatnots.

On September 16, 1916, I was captain of the day and the incinerator was burning fiercely. Huge accumulations of garbage left by past occupiers of billets threw a dirty cloud upon the brightness of the morning. My duties included visiting each place in the battalion area in order to report upon its cleanliness. The work of scavenging and sanitation was largely in the hands of the pioneers, who on this occasion were hampered and hindered in their work by a woman who poked the smouldering mass now and again with a huge wooden pole, despite the protestation of an elderly veteran sergeant.

Duty, and not anything else, allowed me to listen to his complaint, nor was I conscious of a desire to make the acquaintance of this lady, whom I felt must be Incinerator Kate.

"Gor blime, Captin', this 'ere piece persists in disobeying me orders. Fer th' luv o' Gawd make 'er stop pokin' th' foire. She won't lissen ter me, Sur, an' iver toime Oi say 'Quit it Frenchy,' she ups an' tells me ter go ter 'ell."

The sergeant spoke bitterly for, like me, he knew what Colonel D'Arcy Slavin would do if duties were not carried out in accordance with orders. It was then that a bright idea took hold of me. Pulling S. R. O. No. 6 out of my pocket, I translated it as best I could, adding with discretion anything that would show Mme. Katherine what the Colonel's feelings were on the subject, and in general giving her a good, if not an absolutely accurate and truthful account of what his language would be like.

On the conclusion of my translation, all hands were startled

by the volume and originality of the lady's reply. The Pioneer Sergeant, with the sang froid of the old soldier, spat into the incinerator as he spoke for the company.

"Well, Gor blime, lissen to 'er flow! She's a reg'lar Leatherneck (soldiers were called Leathernecks in Australia during the colonization of the commonwealth) an' no mistake. Oi wisht me mem'ry was gude, Gawd stroike me dead if Oi don't."

For fully five minutes Mme. Kate had held forth, heaping every imprecation in her varied vocabulary upon the head of Colonel D'A. Slavin. Then her wrath ceased suddenly.

With many of her characteristic gestures, she executed her few shuffling steps resembling what I have described as a "Pas de Quatre" and which afterwards was always called by the men "the Kate walk," and hastened off to the Estaminet.

We sighed with relief.

That was about twelve noon, so our joys in life were all ahead of us. They included guard mounting, and in the ANZAC divisions this was an imposing spectacle.

We prided ourselves on our drill, on our way of conducting ceremonial, but most of all on the language of the C. O. at Tattoo every day. That in itself drew spectators from every battalion in the billeting area.

At 5 pip emma on the 16th September, 1916, the square of Dernancourt rang with the jingle of accoutrements and the clash of arms. The regimental band played stirring martial airs which drowned the hoarse shouts of command of officers and sergeants-major. Presently, to a clash of cymbals, the Colonel of the Umptti appeared accompanied by his staff.

Wearing his tin hat over one shrewd eye, he cocked the other at the glistening array of bayonets, and shouted in a voice of thunder, "P-A-H-R-A-D-E!!!" The inspection took place in silence. On its completion the C. O. moved to the saluting point prior to the guards moving off to their respective duties. The usual crowd had gathered around the square.

Friends from other regiments, a "Jock" or two, some Poilus or "Permission" and a few villagers mixed among the soldiers of the battalion. From a point of vantage upon the steps of the church I waited patiently for the denouement to take place.

If anyone was privy to my position, at least no one was privy to my expectations. As the leading four of the quarter guard swung round towards the saluting point, the band crashed forth.

I heard the music faintly; my thoughts were fixed elsewhere, and when a door of "Le Corne d'Abondance" was violently thrust open to allow Kate, in the last stages of a very remarkable drink, to appear on the scene, I breathed a silent prayer.

Staggering through the crowds of soldiers, Kate jumped and shuffled along towards the coming "Guard." A gasp of alarm broke from the mass around the square.

"Stop her! Stop her!" shouted someone.

But who could and who would?

Certainly not the C. O., because he feared a repetition of yesterday.

Certainly not the Adjutant, and most certainly NOT the Captain of the day.

Before anyone could give any order to detain Kate, the band struck up the Regimental March. Then over above the clash of cymbals, the crash of trombone and rattle of drums, a roar of laughter broke from a thousand throats on the square of Dernancourt. For Kate, moving quickly ahead of the officer of the guard, swept in front of the saluting point. Before the command "Eyes left" was given, she executed her characteristic "Pas de Quatre," thumbed her nose at the Colonel, then exposed to view to the strain of "The Girl I Left Behind Me" that part of her anatomy, not protected against the winter winds, on which it is considered dishonorable to be wounded.

Dernancourt was on the map.



## MADAME'S DUCK

By Robert Allan Treynor

**R**IVUT COPELY! Privut Copey!" the sergeant roared as he entered the stable that served as billets for a section of the —th Labor Battalion. Then he muttered to himself, "Where de Sam Hill am dat boy went to now?"

As he entered, a darkey, exceedingly black and more than a little under the influence of vin rouge, meekly raised his voice in answer. He would have liked to ignore that summons, but by sad experience, knew better. On each of those past occasions had come the whip-like words from the sergeant's tongue and worse still, extra duty. There was no love lost between Sergeant Brockington and Private Primus Copey.

"Here I is, sergeant," he spoke up, "watcha wan' wid me?" "Hm-mph," the sergeant grunted, "I doan wan yo' an' nuffin else but. It's Cap'n Aubrey whut wants yo'. Make it snappy. He'm waitin' fo' yo'."

His display of authority over, the sergeant strutted off. The three stripes on his arm were very new and the weight of his importance concerned him far more than had the corporal's chevrons when they were awarded and when he had worn them so jauntily in America, before coming to France.

The private (Primus, his fellow crap shooters called him) began to shiver as with ague. What could Captain Aubrey want him for?

"Lawdy!" he worried, "whut I done now, I wondah?"

Sergeant Brockington was not quite out of earshot and heard the muttered query. With fiendish delight at Primus' fear he spoke:

"I think he'm gwine cou't marshul yo' fo' lookin' so on-soljerly."

A hurried survey of himself revealed the fact that one puttee was dragging and both shoes were unlaced, the laces loose and trailing. A hasty twirl or two served to keep the unruly puttee from tripping him as he walked. The fact that the other "putt" hung loosely and that several buttons were not in use did not concern Primus; in fact, passed entirely unnoticed. The effects of the few drinks he had indulged in were nearly worn off and he was a little shaky; the dice had not treated him kindly; the mental and nervous strain was terrific. There was a bottle still containing some few drinks lying carefully concealed beneath the hay. That was the stuff to steady his nerves and enable him to undergo the ordeal, Primus thought. To think was to act. The bottle was quickly procured, his generous lips wrapped themselves around its neck. It was scarcely half empty, some daylight showed at first, then more. As it gurgled down his throat, the negro's Adam's apple raced merrily up and down.

When the bottle had gurgled its last gurgle Primus ceased to observe the roof. Troubles no longer worried him. He grinned happily. Tossing the bottle aside with careless abandon, he set out for the interview with Captain Aubrey.

"Primus gittin' mighty impo'tant roun' dishere place w'en Cap'n send fo' he," was the soliloquy. "Mebbe he wan's to ast fo' some ad-vice 'bout sumpin' or other, mebbe. Well, I reckon I is 'bout the bes' boy to tell he whut he wan's to know. Primus de knowin'est niggah whut ever come to dishere frog-eatin' place to whup dutchmans."

Into the captain's quarters strode the private, thoughts of knocking or saluting not even in the back of his head. Good spirits ruled and confidence ran high. A stern voice brought him back to earth.

"Just wait outside, Private Copey, I'll talk to you in a few minutes."

Outside the door Primus waited within earshot. Captain Aubrey was not alone. He talked to his second-in-command, Lieutenant Thurston.

"John," the captain addressed him. He had known the younger man for years. "Since I had to break that little fat

corporal, Brown, I think his name is, we've been short on non-coms. I'm going to put a man in his place that I believe to be good material for sergeant in a short time." Then raising his voice, he called to the man by the door:

"Come in here now, I want to talk to you."

Primus heard the mention of making non-coms. "Glory be!" he thought, to be made corporal and the captain said sergeant later. Then Sergeant Brockington couldn't order him around on all sorts of details. The captain in telling him to go outside had taken some of the wind out of the private's sails; but the bit of news he had overheard made sinking spirits soar to unexpected heights. Back into the captain's quarters he marched, head high and almost military appearing. Without thinking, he even saluted. Then as he tried to stand rigidly at attention, the officer noted that he swayed. The reek of liquor assailed the officer's nostrils. The pleasantly stern voice became less pleasant and more stern.

"Drunk!" the captain snorted.

"I done had me a li'l' snifter my own se'f" replied Primus pleasantly. Now of all times was the occasion to be sociable. "Yo' sho' ca'y yo' likker like a gen'lemun, Cap'n."

The captain cursed under his breath, he was raging within. Primus, unnoticing, talked on:

"Sah, I done hear whut dat yo' say 'bout makin' me co-po-ral an' I shorely does de-preciate it, sah. Co-po-ral Copey gwine be some sojer now fo' true."

The captain gasped, and sputtered. Regaining his voice, he roared:

"Who said I was going to make you a corporal? Why, you are a disgrace to my company—to the entire battalion! Look at yourself. Buttons open, uniform dirty, shoes not even laced up, puttees draped around your legs like—like—the Lord only knows what. You'd make a fine corporal wouldn't you? You don't know how to be a good private."

Primus went limp all over. He felt like a toy balloon that has come in contact with a flame. The hot words the captain fired at him reminded him of a flame—a blue one—brimstone perhaps, or what ever fuel is used to heat the place where buck privates go when they die. To the very depths of despair the captain's statement cast Primus, then trampled upon him and dragged him around in the mire of despond until the private felt limp enough and small enough to slip out of the room if those piercing eyes of the officer's would but let him escape. The searing words flowed for a time, then let up in volume. Primus brightened as the Captain continued:

"No, you'll be a long time getting the chevrons. What I called you in here for was to tell you that you are to act as my orderly. Perhaps if I can keep my eye right on you I may be able to see you in uniform at least occasionally."

This was not at all bad news. "Captain's orderly, Hot dawg!" thought Primus. Maybe the captain would relent and in time bestow the corporal's chevrons on his newest orderly. Primus would try to be a particularly good orderly; the captain might even make him sergeant some day.

Several weeks passed, during which time Primus was neither a very good nor an entirely useless orderly. He tried to please, with indifferent success.

On one occasion the captain sat in his quarters gazing through the window at something outside. Primus watched the officer but hesitated to ask what further act he might perform, and, his duties finished for the time, he went out, looking to see what had so attracted the captain's attention. There was nothing out of the ordinary—the assortment of buildings with their manure piles steaming in the sun, a soldier or two idly wandering about, others in postures of repose, the little hungry looking black dog that had followed the outfit from their last billets, and one of Madame Cerevette's ducks wading through the mud poking his



bill here, there and everywhere for what he might find of an edible nature. There was certainly nothing unusual in the scene, nothing to cause the captain to sit and stare as though seeing things.

Sight of the duck suggested eating to Primus. He had seen the duck and two or three others a dozen times a day since the outfit had been billeted here. As a matter of fact, Captain Aubrey had seen the ducks as often as anyone else but somehow this day he recalled eating a Long Island roast duck. That was in the dim and distant past. He wondered if these ducks would taste as sweet. Out of the corner of his eye he saw the orderly glance at him then leave the room.

"I wonder," he muttered to himself, then stopped and called, "Orderly! Oh, Orderly!"

Primus heard and came. The summons had interrupted thoughts of stewed chicken—roast chicken—or duck.

"Yassah," he announced.

"Orderly," began the captain, "do you know what was on my mind a moment ago as you left the room?"

"Shore, sah," guessed the darkey blindly, "Yo' wuz thinkin' 'bout home an'—"

"That's right," broke in the other, "How did you know that?"

Primus had confidence in himself and his tongue wagged freely.

"W'y—w'y," he was stumped for a moment, but only a brief one; "well, I usteh be a deteckativ, sah. I shore wuz one of dem things."

"Indeed!" The captain's eyebrows raised in assumed astonishment. "And what else may I have been thinking of?" He wanted the darkey to get on the subject of eating. There might be a way of getting a duck cooked; that is, if Madame would sell one. If only there was a real good cook in the outfit. Some of these negroes learned the art from their mammys. Those old negro mammys knew how to cook a fowl. "Manny a time—" He began to meditate again, then suddenly recalled his object in this question of the orderly.

"I might wish to get something cooked for me, something special I mean. Do you know anyone in the outfit who could do it for me? Not in our galley, now, those fellows couldn't cook what I want."

"Yassah, I shore do know, sah. I kin cook anyt'ing mahse'f, sah," Primus assured eagerly. There might be some left over, he thought.

"What? Are you a cook, too?" asked the captain.

"Um-hmm, I mean yassah. I wuz a tchef befo' I come in de a'my," was the reply.

"You are a detective and a chef, too, I take it. That must have kept you pretty busy, didn't it?"

"Yo' see, sah, I nevah done much real detectin'. I jes' luhn how from one of dem 'respondin' schools, but I shore kind do yo' tchefin' fo' yo' sah."

"That is not bad news," thought the captain half aloud, "if only this nigger is not lying." Then a serious hitch in his plans occurred. Suppose Madame would not sell a duck? A light dawned in the officer's mind. "Why not get the orderly to steal one; then, after it was cooked and eaten, offer to pay Madame for it. She'd take the money willingly enough, there was no doubt of that."

"At home in the States did you ever steal a chicken, orderly?" he asked more bluntly.

"Yassah, shore sah. I mean no-no sah. NO SAH! I ain't nevah do nuffin' lak dat a-tall, sah. Not nevah." Primus' tongue wagged a little too freely and he strove to cover his error. As he continued to protest his innocence of the moonlight pastime the Major of the battalion entered.

"That will be all for now, orderly," the captain announced after he had greeted his superior.

Primus left the officer's quarters, his mind dwelling on the duck. Orders had come out at the beginning that there was to be no molesting of any of the French people's property. "But then what was one duck?" he thought. All that day he watched

to see where the duck went; he meant to know where that duck stayed at night. Other eyes watched the duck also. Night came on and the duck waddled into the one tiny building that was not used by the French and had been overlooked as a possible place for billets.

Well, after dark Primus sauntered about talking to a buddy here, another there, doing it all to make a water-tight alibi in event of any of his plans miscarrying. At last he slipped over to the little building. Like a shadow he slid in the door and stooped to feel on the floor for the duck. Along one side he felt, then along the back wall. Suddenly he heard a sound. Rising to peer about in the darkness, he bumped his head on something hard. It hurt and in a none-too-cautious whisper he began to curse, then as suddenly stopped to listen. There was someone else in the building. Stark terror overtook him. To be caught there meant—meant—maybe it meant getting shot. Without thinking, he struck out with both fists, believing that whoever it was in here with him had hit him purposely. No thought occurred that his unseen companion might be there on a similar mission.

Fists found their mark on yielding flesh. But yielding flesh may also strike in defense. A hand like a ham smote Primus in the face. He slumped to the floor dazed. His assailant also in fear, sought to escape.

"De Lawd hab mussey," the unseen one groaned, "On'y leabe me git out f'm here dis once—" The words trailed away as the speaker found the door—and used it.

That voice was familiar. Primus had heard it many, very many times before.

"Sergeant! Hey, Sergeant!" cautiously called the orderly, "doan leabe me here."

The sergeant heard, recognized the voice of the captain's orderly, and sped the faster. There was no telling what the officer might hear of this. He feared for his chevrons.

The duck forgotten, Primus beat as hasty a retreat as possible. The sergeant had not stopped when he called. The sergeant hated him. The sergeant would report him to the captain.

But the sergeant did not tell the captain. While the orderly went about his morning chores the officer appeared to be in exceedingly good humor. He felt good and his feeling so made the orderly more miserable. Perhaps the captain smiled and laughed to himself at the idea of having a certain negro shot. Primus' heart felt like a stone in his body at the thought.

Taking advantage of the first opportunity, the orderly left the billets and headed into a deep woods—Bois de Votre Sante—Wood of good health. To Primus it meant good health, lots of it; and safety from a firing squad. As he trudged along he lived over again the previous night. Now he was adding desertion to the crime of theft, or attempted theft.

Through the trees there appeared a figure in khaki, running, and away from Primus as though from a plague. Primus stopped and stared at the fleeing one. He wondered at the strange behavior. A vagrant breeze wafted a scent to him that caused his nostrils to dilate in ecstasy. He searched the reason for the odor and discovered a thin curl of smoke—a fire—small, but entirely large enough for its purpose.

Lo and behold! There was a fowl, a duck, roasting on a spit over the tiny flame. Brown and juicy it appeared, and cooked to a turn. Fear vanished. Primus lifted the bird and carrying it by the stick thrust through it from end to end, started away from the scene. There was no use staying. The soldier who had stolen the duck and come out here to cook and eat it might return. Primus had no desire to engage in another fight after the blows he had received in the dark last night. Back toward billets he strode, confident that the one safe place to eat the bird was in the captain's quarters. The captain had gone off with the Major and some other officers. Thoughts of desertion and fear of a firing squad vanished at sight and scent of roast duck.

(Continued on page 55)



# ONE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

*The New Home of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu*

**P**ERHAPS nowhere in the world is there a land where folks have such visions and dream such dreams as in the Hawaiian Islands, and particularly in the city of Honolulu. Sometimes these dreams are only dreams, and sometimes the dreams come true. One of them became a reality on March 16, 1928, with the formal dedication and opening of the new Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. building.

For years the Committee of Management of the Honolulu Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. have been planning for a building which would adequately provide for the needs of service men. Two points have been clearly in the minds of the members of the Committee since the beginning: first, that the building shall be arranged to meet every need of the men of the service as they come to Honolulu from their posts or stations, a building to which these men who are away from home may go and find what they might expect to have been they at home; and, second, now that the building has been completed the desire is that the building may be useful through the program which is provided. Much planning was necessary in order to bring the building to its final completion and much more planning has been required and will still be needed (to promote and present a program which is attractive) before the ideal has been reached. The ultimate goal, however, is doubly assured by the finely appointed structure in which to carry on the work. Much credit must be given to all those who have labored over a period of years to accomplish the completion and opening of such a beautiful and well-furnished "Y" for the use of service men in Honolulu.

In order to understand the significance of this accomplishment it may be necessary to go back to the beginning of the Y. M. C. A. activity in the Hawaiian Islands, and trace its development up to the present time: The Army and Navy Department of the International Committee came into existence at the close of the Spanish-American War because of the emergency service rendered soldiers and sailors at camp and in the field during that brief concentration of troops. Its primary function has been to furnish the professional service man with wholesome surroundings in which to spend his furlough or shore leave.

In 1912, at the request of the Army and Navy Department, a preliminary report was made on the need for work among the en-

listed men stationed on Hawaii, giving the approximate number located at the various army posts and the naval station.

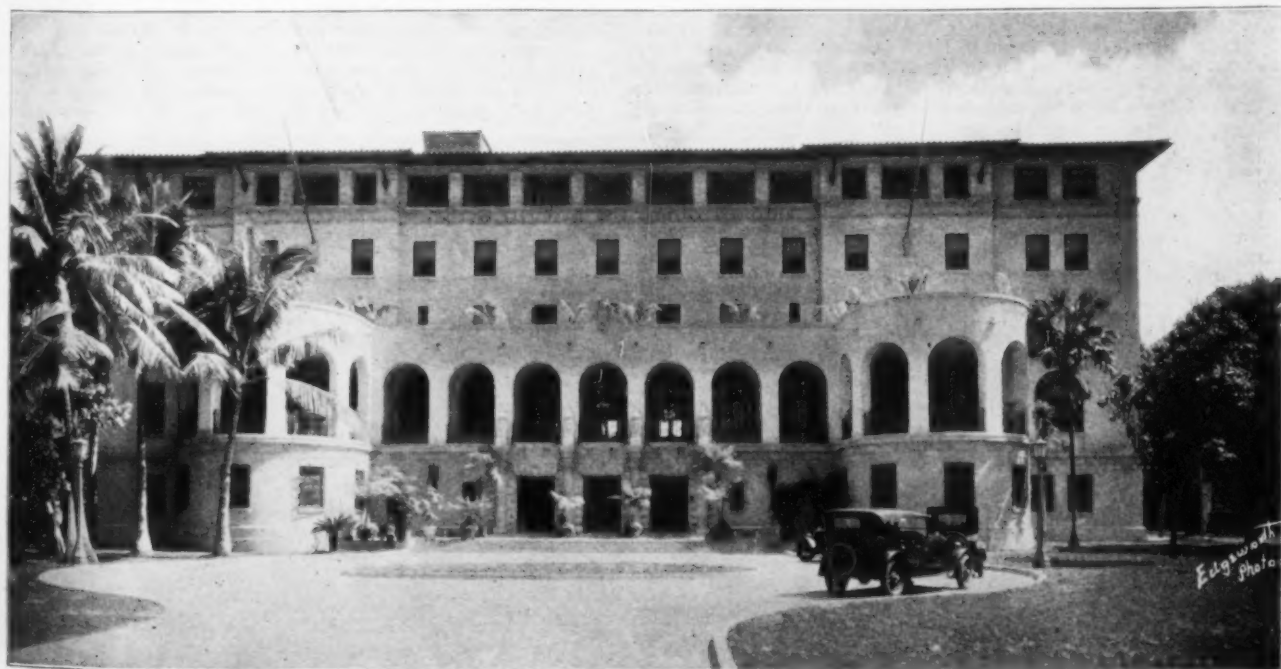
The need for this special activity in Hawaii was not only in the minds of the National Y. M. C. A. leaders, the officers and men stationed there, but also held by a number of Honolulu citizens; Messrs. L. A. Thurston, Frank C. Atherton, Jas. Wakefield, and Emil A. Berndt were a few of the men who negotiated with Mr. McCarl and finally invited him and Mr. J. S. Tichenor, then Senior Secretary of the Army and Navy Department, to visit Honolulu and see what could be done.

This visit resulted in the permanent organization of the work in March, 1917, the conducting of a successful local campaign for \$100,000.00, which was matched by \$175,000.00 from the National headquarters' office. With a part of these funds negotiations were begun for the purchase of the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel. This hotel had been for many years the meeting place for the royal family of the Hawaiian people and for many thousands of tourists who stopped in Honolulu on their way around the world.

The purchase was soon completed and thus equipped with permanent quarters, the Honolulu Y. M. C. A. was converted into a permanent branch and the new quarters opened in August of that same year. A Committee of Management was organized with Mr. Wakefield as chairman; W. A. Horn, executive secretary, and H. N. Mosher as associate secretary. For the succeeding ten years the men of the Army, Navy and Marine Corps used this place as their home while on leave in Honolulu.

In August of 1918 Clarence E. Dodge of the National War Work Council and Frank A. Jackson, associate secretary of the National Council for the Western Region, visited Honolulu and suggested to the Committee of Management that the Army and Navy work in Hawaii be taken over for the period of the War by the National War Work Council.

In pursuance of National plans and policies for the Young Men's Christian Association to erect buildings in army posts, cantonments and navy yards, and inaugurate a general all round program during the emergency, money was appropriated for buildings in this district and secretaries authorized for the administration of the work. Huts were erected at Schofield Barracks, Fort Ruger, Fort Kamehameha and Ford Island. Army quarters were designated for use of the Association at Schofield Barracks (Castner end), and Fort



This is the new home of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in Honolulu, dedicated March 16, 1928

Shafter. These units, together with the building in Honolulu, were manned by a staff of twenty-five experienced secretaries, and served the regular forces stationed on Oahu and the Hawaiian National Guard.

These buildings with their all round programs of helpfulness were kept in operation until early 1920, when, in accordance with War Department orders, they were turned back to the Army for their own operation.

Coincident with the closing of this work in the army posts occurred the construction of a permanent building for the use of officers and enlisted men stationed at Pearl Harbor Naval Base. The funds for this building and equipment were provided by the Trustees of the War Fund, and amounted to approximately \$85,000.00.

When this emergency work in the army posts and in naval stations throughout the country was returned to the War and Navy Departments, the permanent work of the Y. M. C. A. reverted again to the International Committee. This required the development of a new plan to finance these two permanent branches, in Hawaii, located at Pearl Harbor and in Honolulu. The Committee of Management in consultation with other leading citizens interested in the program, decided that they should assume fifty per cent of the annual deficit which amounted to approximately \$18,000.00. Through the loyal cooperation of Frank C. Atherton, Jas. A. Rath and many others, this money was subscribed in January of 1922, and the entire program in these two permanent branches was continued as before.

Early in the use of the Army and Navy branch in Honolulu it was discovered that its facilities were inadequate and the arrangement of the separated buildings and equipment impracticable from an administrative standpoint. Therefore, taking the experience gained from its constant use during the war period, the Board of Management, Mr. McCarl, and the District Secretary set about to develop plans for a new building to more adequately handle this program of service and hospitality. It was found that the beautiful structure made of wood had served its usefulness and there was need of a new and modern fireproof structure which would in a very much better and larger way attempt to meet the needs of the men of the service while in Hawaii.

Plans were formally begun in November, 1919, when preliminary sketches were presented to Mr. Wm. Sloans, Chairman of the National War Work Council at Detroit, during the International Convention. These plans through experimentation, thought, and study,

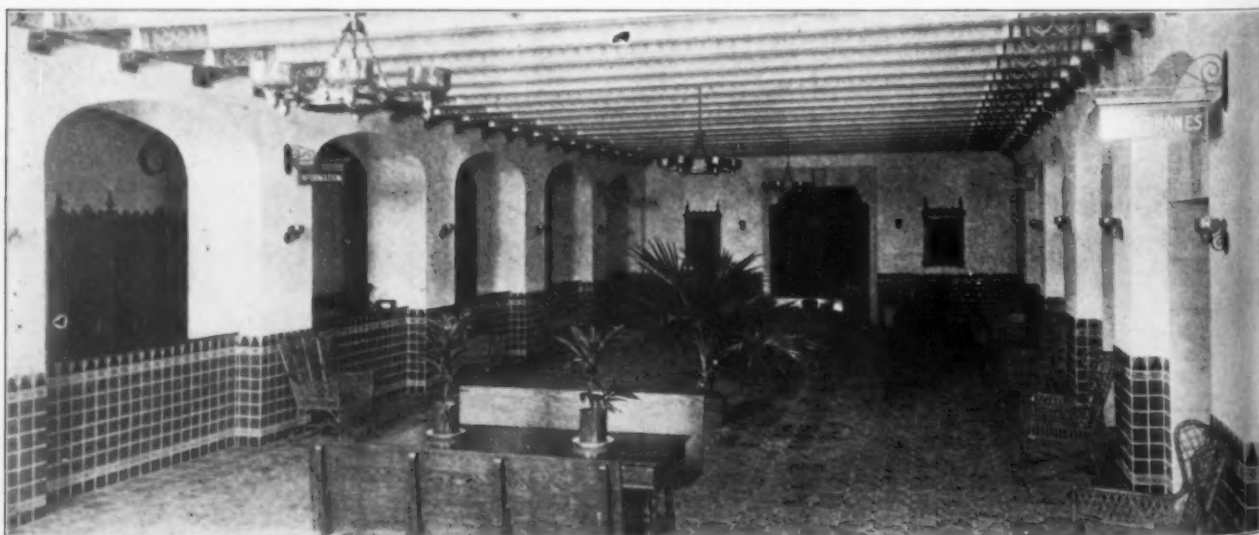
slowly took form; and finally, the early efforts of pioneering adaptation have been most creditably carried on until they have been brought to the present successful and satisfactory completion.

The building itself (including the furnishings and equipment) has cost over \$800,000.00, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars of which was given by the interested people of Honolulu. The balance has come from the New York office of the Y. M. C. A. and represents the gifts of the people from all over the United States.

The building stands, not only on a commanding, but on an historical site—occupied for so many years by the old Royal Hawaiian Hotel, and familiar not only to the citizens of the islands but to the great traveling public the world over. These facts coupled with the climatic and physical characteristics of the islands and the use to which the structure is to be put, had considerable influence in determining the style of architecture and can be classed as a Latin type, appropriate for any location blessed with bright



Overlooking Patio and Swimming Pool between the two wings



Main Lobby—first floor

sunshine, and bluest of skies and seas. Then, too, it ties in architecturally with the Federal Building, the Hawaiian Light and Power Company Building, and the new Royal Hawaiian Hotel. All of which have left a strong architectural imprint on the city's growth.

The exterior of the new building depends largely upon its form, proportions, and color for its architectural effect—for with the exception of its main entrance, it is practically free from ornamentation. Typical of the style, the ornamentation has been concentrated on the main entrance, which is accentuated by the plain areas of wall space surrounding it. The first story, or base of the building, is of plain concrete on which the imprints of the form boards have been left showing the long horizontal lines of the form board joints. Over this surface a fawn color stucco has been applied with a whisk broom. This color is darker than the main body of the structure, which is of a light warm fawn color—rather pleasing and restful as it absorbs rather than reflects the glare of the sun. The main body of the building is of large stucco areas broken only by the fenestration required for the dormitory rooms and trimmed with antique synthetic stone to simulate travertine stone. The fifth floor fenestration has been so proportioned, and the reveals made as deep as practicable to simulate the open attic, ventilating openings, so typical of buildings along the Mediterranean. The large overhanging eaves of the roof cast a deep shadow around the perimeter of the entire building. The soffit is highly colored in decorative designs. The whole structure is covered with a brilliant orange red roof, laid at random.

The general plan of the building is U-shaped, with the mouth of the opening mauka, so that in planning this structure two Hawaiian needs were given careful consideration. First, provision to permit the trade winds to sweep unrestricted through the building, and the inclusion in the design of two spacious lanais, an inviting attraction as well as a comfortable convenience.

Upon entering the building one passes through a vestibule with vaulted ceiling, into the main entrance lobby, a spacious room about 30 x 75 feet in area. The floors are of red variegated tiles. The walls are of a multi-colored decorative tile wainscot and textured plaster. The ceiling is of concrete, exposing the construction of the second floor pan and joist floors. Upon these plain concrete surfaces highly decorative designs have been stenciled. This method of finished ceilings not only saved the expense of expanded



The Games Lanai—a cool, shady enclosure for table games

metal lath and plaster but gave added height to the main social areas where this method was employed. On the right, entering off the main social lobby is a large billiard room with a high paneled Philippine mahogany wainscot in deep brown, almost black in color. The walls are of green and gold checker-board pattern. The beams of the pan and beam ceiling are stained an aged or weatherworn oak, upon which is applied decorative designs. On the left of the main social lobby is the cafeteria with decorative tile wainscot, the predominating color being yellow and green. The walls are of textured plaster of yellow glazed color. The ceiling is of concrete beam and pan type, decorated in yellow, gold, green and black.

Provision is made on this floor for barber shop, tailor shop, bus office, locker rooms, carpentry shop, mechanical room, laundry, trunk storage, kitchen, refrigeration and food storage. One of the principal features on this floor is the large gymnasium with

(Continued on page 56)



Social Lounge—second floor

# A Month In Belleau Wood In 1918

Address By Major General J. G. Harbord, Retired—Former Commander of the Marine Brigade, Second Division—Delivered Before the Detroit Bond Club, February 22, 1928



WHILE there should never come a time when Americans will be unwilling to listen to the story of their country's effort in the Great War, it is undeniable that our public has to a great extent lost interest in those stirring days. For those of us who bore some modest part in those events this indifference brings some regret, possibly some little bitterness, but it is not difficult to understand in this particular period of our history.

The four millions of Americans who wore the uniform ten years ago—much less the two millions who crossed the sea—were in such a minority as compared to the total of our population that in the average American audience today one cannot expect that more than about one person in every sixty has had actual war experience, or is interested in such experiences from the standpoint of one who saw and was. There were about fifty thousand American soldiers killed in action or who died of wounds, such a small number that it is probably exceeded each year by those who are killed in accidents. Were it possible to call back tonight the gallant Frenchmen who were killed or died of wounds, muster them in ghostly formation, and pass them in review beneath the windows of this building at the rate of ten thousand per hour, starting the melancholy march at this moment, and permitting no halt until all had passed, the column would be swinging by until midnight next Tuesday night. Starting at the same rate the American battle dead would pass before two o'clock tomorrow morning. That undoubtedly states the ratio of interest in the War in this country today as compared with that which still throbs in France.

Again, there is an active Pacifist party in our country. There are many honest devoted Americans who believe it possible in the complex life of the 20th Century to accomplish that in which the Prince of Peace failed two thousand years ago. With them are allied the boys whose mothers brought them up to be slackers, many salaried up-lifters, and the radicals who, hating all government, hate also that which defends it. Here, too, will be found those unhappy creatures who, evading their duty in the Great War, seek to salve a guilty conscience and to create alibis to give their grandchildren, by establishing a record against war as a substitute for a record that might have been made in it. All of these people are interested in minimizing the extent of America's effort in the Great War, and in silencing the story that in a perhaps ruder but manlier age would have been the theme for generations.

My excuse, if one is needed for attempting to interest you tonight in a single short month of that War, must be

that this is the birthday of the successful soldier of the Revolution, which makes it not inappropriate, perhaps, and that I do not believe that bond men are of the kind that shirk their duty in peace or war. My judgment of you is that if your country needed you tomorrow her call would not be in vain. Of the bond men who were of suitable age ten years ago I doubt not that as great a proportion were found beneath the colors as



MAJ. GEN. JAMES G. HARBORD

Wearing helmet of French Brig. Gen., his headgear while in command at Belleau Woods and Buresches.

was furnished by members of any other profession outside the regular Army and Navy.

Ten years ago this month your countrymen were represented in France by five divisions, furnishing with the non-combatant services a total of about 287,000 men. They were the 1st and 2nd Division of regulars, the 42nd or Rainbow Division hailing from all parts of the country, the 26th Division from New England, and the gallant 32nd Division coming from Michigan and Wisconsin.

The German submarine campaign appeared to have failed. The German High Command knew that American troops could be landed and supplied in France. It was felt by them, however, that the Americans would come slowly, and that for six months more the Allies would fight without them. German diplomacy and German sword had brought peace in the East after the fall of Russia. The same sword must do the work in the West, so that America's armies when

they arrived would find no Allies with whom to line up. Clearly, America would not fight Germany alone across three thousand miles of sea. Such was the mood of the German High Command. In February, von Hindenburg and Ludendorff met the Reichstag in secret session and explained their plan. They promised victory, complete and absolute victory in the field before the autumn. They put the price of such a triumph at a million German lives, and again, later, at a million and a half.

The Allies were in different temper. France could make no new effort. Her manpower was nearing its end, and she could no longer keep her units at full strength. During the winter she broke up over a hundred battalions. The British armies numbered nearly two hundred thousand less than on the same date a year earlier. The Italians were still under the shadow of Caporetto. The Allies were resigned to a defensive campaign until late in the spring when America could take her true place in the line. They believed that they would face a superiority in numbers through German armies released from the Russian front, but they had in the past faced great odds, and they had faith that if the enemy advanced, they could hold out and he would be the weaker when the time came for their final advance.

Field Marshal Haig commanded the British Armies which extended from near San Quentin in an irregular line until, with the Belgian contingent, it touched the English Channel. General Petain commanded the French armies which extended from the British right on to the Swiss frontier. The American 1st, 2nd, 26th and 42nd Divisions were in the trenches down near the Vosges mountains, your 32nd Division had not yet entered the line. Foch was still a member of the Supreme War Council at Versailles, and the unity of command was a thing dreamed of but not thought to be likely.

Such, generally, was the situation and the psychology when the battle of March 21st began. It is of importance to us in our story tonight because the events in and around the Bois de Belleau in which the Second Division and, particularly, the Marine Brigade took part, grew out of the great German offensive which began on that date.

We might for a moment consider what was the German plan. Ludendorff proposed a decision within four months. He promised to isolate the British Army by rolling up its right and driving it into the sea, or pinning it to an entrenched camp between the Somme and the Channel, from which it would only emerge on the signature of the peace. This done, he could hold it with a few troops, swing on the French and put them out of action. His first step was to strike at the junction between Haig and Petain, which

he rightly assumed would be a weak point. He had the advantage of interior lines, which facilitated a strategic surprise. In general, he could concentrate in the great salient of which La Fere was the apex, and the Allies would not know on which side of the salient his blow would fall. The country seemed to have been made to order for his purpose. While attacking the British right the Valley of the Oise would protect his flank against the French. The British could be rolled up before the French came to their aid, and they would be out of action before the attack began on the French. Various minor objectives such as Amiens were subsidiary to this main purpose of splitting the Allies, hemming in the British and defeating the French.

The German onslaught covered a front of fifty miles. Within eight days it destroyed the British 5th Army and penetrated to a depth of about forty miles. The enemy cut one railroad into Amiens and crippled the other. They increased the frontage which the Allies were compelled to hold with diminished numbers; they proved that they could break through highly organized defenses; they enormously increased the morale of their own troops, and very seriously lowered that of the British and French. As an incident, Big Bertha began shelling Paris from a distance of 70 miles. The Germans were finally brought to a stand in front of Amiens, the loss of which would have practically separated the British and French armies. The Allies were forced to a unity of command and General Foch emerged from the situation as Allied Commander-in-Chief.

The battle in front of Amiens had scarcely died away when on April 9th the Germans broke through the British lines on a front of nearly twenty miles along the Lys River near Armentieres. These two great attacks had failed, however, to destroy or pen up the British. The Germans had lost something over half a million men, and the High Command felt that there must be no turning back. Ludendorff still had the strategic initiative and the priceless advantage of interior lines. He had not changed his main purpose and still aimed at separating the British and French armies, and for him the vital terrain was still the Somme. But it was evident that the final blow had been deferred by circumstances, and he resolved to strike in a different area, with the object of exhausting the Allied reserves and stripping their center. Repeated blows at widely separated sectors would compel the moving of Allied supports around the long outer edge of the salient, would certainly afford the Germans local successes and might, in the precarious situation of the Allies, actually give the finishing stroke which would disintegrate their entire defense.

The new terrain must be sufficiently far from the center to make reinforcement difficult, and it must threaten some vital possession of the Allies. He found such an area in the Heights of the Aisne. It was the nearest point to Paris; it was the path to the Marne; and an advance south of that river would cut the Paris-Chalons railways, and threaten the whole French front in Champagne. After the attack near Armentieres had ceased the Allied leaders felt sure that a new Ger-

man offensive would take place but were uncertain as to where it would fall. It had been thought improbable that the line of the Aisne would be attacked and many French troops had been shifted from there to the British area, leaving but seven small divisions to hold a front of thirty miles. Consequently when the assault came on May 27th between Berry-au-Bac and Anizy-le-Chateau it was a complete surprise.

The Germans carried the Chemin-des-Dames in the first dash and crossed the Aisne on bridges that the French had not had time to destroy. By evening they had crossed the Vesle, and early on the 29th they captured Soissons. On the morning of the 30th the enemy appeared on the hills above the Marne between Chateau Thierry and Dormans, and by evening he was in possession of ten miles of the hilly north bank of that historic stream, with some outposts on the southern side. The achievement was brilliant. An advance of over thirty miles in seventy-two hours, between 30,000 and 40,000 prisoners, 400 guns, and ten miles of the Marne bank. This had been accomplished without serious resistance and the hopes of taking Paris ran high in German hearts. France was in consternation, and the Government prepared to leave the capital. The situation was very grave. The French line had been greatly lengthened by the creation of the salient and it bristled with vulnerable points, and there was scanty room to maneuver. Paris was dangerously near, and its loss would mean far more than the usual loss of a capital. In 1914 the city might have fallen without irreparable disaster but in 1916 and 1917 the chief munition factories of the Allies had risen in the environs of Paris. If they were lost the Allied strength would be seriously crippled and after four years of war it was very doubtful if France could replace them. The loss in material had already been severe, for the country between the Aisne and the Marne was full of munition dumps and aerodromes.

The Valley of the Marne is the Holy Land of French arms. For fifteen hundred years it has been the path of approach to Paris taken by invaders from the East. Near Chalons still stands the great oval mound that is called the Camp of Attila, the legendary fortification of the Huns when, in 451 A. D. they broke over the West in that invasion which has passed into history as the symbol of all that is devastating and ruthless, and which gave its chief the mediaeval name of the Scourge of God.

From the eastern slopes of the upper Marne five centuries ago there had come the gentle Joan of Arc to give leadership and heroic inspiration to her people. On one of the northern ridges of the Marne Valley stands the tomb of Kellerman to mark where Valmy turned the tide of the Wars of the French Revolution. A hundred years ago the great Napoleon had in this valley fought the last days of the Campaign of 1814 which ended in the first abdication and the exile to Elba. In and along this Valley in 1914 had been fought the greatest battle of the Great War, the First Battle of the Marne, and in 1918 the Valley was still fairly dotted with the graves of those who had been killed four years before. South of the Marne is the Brie

country noted for the ruins of famous donjons of the past. North of the river there is a land rich in farms and orchards, back of the banks which are hilly and fairly steep in places. The river, hardly a hundred yards wide at Chateau Thierry, is slow-flowing but not fordable and is crossed here and there by stone bridges.

About the middle of May, 1918, the Second Division had been relieved from the Verdun sector where it had for several months been holding trenches south of that place. After a week of rest and instruction it had been sent to the neighborhood of Gisors, a town about sixty miles northwest of Paris in the ancient province of Picardy. The 1st Division was already engaged near Montdidier and the 2nd was intended to relieve it. Memorial Day was a holiday with us but the Division had orders to march at dawn on May 31st toward Montdidier. Our holiday was interrupted late in the afternoon by notice that our destination was changed, and by midnight we received orders to have the division, except the artillery, machine guns and animal-drawn transport ready to embark in busses at 5 the next morning, with destination unstated. General officers were directed to proceed by motor car to Meaux where orders would be given them. We all knew of the great attack toward Chateau Thierry, and at times the rumble of the guns could be heard. With that much information and orders for our generals to proceed to Meaux, it took no great prophet to guess that the Second Division was headed for action in front of the German advance toward Paris. The Division was 28,500 strong, only about six thousand less than the Army we took six weeks in getting to Santiago in 1898. There are many details involved in a change of orders for a body of men that size, when received at night about six hours before the busses are to be in line for embarkation. Some hurry, some confusion, not much sleep—but the busses moved out next morning from the various villages where the troops had been billeted, making, when finally strung out along the highway, a column about fourteen miles long filled with thousands of somewhat conversational, articulate and audible young Americans.

The route led through country where many people, worn and wearied by four years of war, had heard that the Americans had come but had not seen them, and not seeing had not believed. All day long and until late that night the column rolled through little French villages of old Picardy, touching the ancient Ile de France, skirting the edge of Paris itself, and finally into Champagne and the Valley of the Marne. The moral effect of this movement on the doubting and despairing French who saw it can hardly be overstated. It has its place in song and story in English and French.

As a brigade commander I took three members of my staff in the more or less infirm motor car assigned to me, and after seeing the column start took the road to Meaux where we arrived early in the afternoon. Meaux was less than ten miles from the advancing Germans, with little between, and had been badly bombed by airplanes the night before. Its morale was badly shaken and every-

body who could was leaving town. We waited two hours, meanwhile having a hurried luncheon. At the little hotel there was a mass of hungry and insistent French officers; the place crowded, the waiters rattled and the food scarce. I noticed an American lady wearing the YMCA brassard. She was eating luncheon but when she finished she volunteered as a waiter and for the time took over the management of the hotel in our behalf, the proprietor and staff having fled the city. She was Miss Herron of Ohio, a sister of Mrs. William H. Taft. A little later we received orders that the Marine Brigade would go out northeast along the Ourcq River and Canal, and were told that the Germans would probably attack before morning. We left Meaux in every stage of hurried evacuation and ran out along the green valley of the Ourcq on a road every rod of which was covered. All kinds of French units, artillery at a trot, straggling infantry, lone engineers, Red Cross, trains, trucks, wagons, which congested and sometimes blocked the highway for half an hour at a time making movement impossible. Hundreds of refugees crowded the road and the adjacent fields. Every portable thing that a frightened peasantry would be likely to save from among their little treasures was to be seen along that crowded highway. Probably the flight of Evangeline and the Acadians may have equalled this tragedy, but I doubt that even they carried in their faces the terror shown by these victims fleeing before the German advance.

Meanwhile, we passed many French officers and men all going from and none towards the front. Until nearly dark, when some very good-looking French cavalry came along, my small party were making the only movement in one direction along that congested highway. We were seeing the motley array which characterizes the rear of a routed army. By 7:40 when I had completed my reconnaissance and determined on my arrangements, the French staff changed our orders, an event that often happened during our experiences with that gifted people. Instead of being disposed along the Ourcq we were to march to the vicinity of Montreuil-aux-Lions and go into position. Our new destination was still nearly a day's march distant. Our men had been in trucks all day and had little or no sleep the night before. Some of them did not arrive until after 24 hours spent in trucks. My staff and I spent nearly all that night trying to get units of dead-tired Marines assembled and turned in the right direction. I finally got word along the road to bivouac where they stood and that we would move at 4:30 the next morning. Meanwhile, a German plane came along and bombed the highway. It was a busy night.

But even such nights must have an end and, by noon June 1st, the Second Division was arriving along the great Paris-Metz Highway near Montreuil-aux-Lions. After we left Picardy the French sent our artillery by rail but decided to march the rolling kitchens by

road. That meant no warm food, or coffee either hot or cold, for several days. Our men marched and counter-marched without sleep the night of May 31st, marched to the lines on June 1st, and finally went into the fight without warm food, and nothing but "canned Willie," and in some cases were 36 hours without food of any kind. In the late afternoon of June 1st, the accident of our position on the road sent my brigade into action north of the Paris-Metz Highway, the other brigade being disposed south of it. Within twenty-four hours our first position was extended until it reached from La Thiolet on the high road, northwest through Lucy-le-Bocage, Hill 142, to Champillon and Le Mare Farm, facing northeast.

My battalions moved along the highway in column to near the Ferme Paris, and then obliqued across the fields, deploying as they went. The companies were two hundred and fifty men strong, the battalions a thousand, and the brigade eight thousand. The Marine Brigade was a highly trained body of men, hand-picked volunteers, well officered by professional soldiers. My headquarters were established at Yssonge Farm, a house with a red roof, on a little hill, which proved so attractive to shells that three days later I took over La Loge Farm, vacated by the French General when his troops withdrew on June 4th. We were then responsible for what happened on that front, though we served under the French Corps and Army Command for our entire stay in that neighborhood.

The country over which our line ran was rolling, with here and there a group of farm buildings, a few wheat fields, some pasture land, with occasional clumps of timber. The village of Lucy-le-Bocage, with perhaps before the war a population of a thousand people, had been damaged by shell fire before we took it over. Within the month it was destined to become a ruin from the same cause. The Bois de Belleau is an irregular area of timbered land comprising perhaps a square mile. Lucy lay just west of the southern end of the wood; Buresches was a small village at the southeast corner of it. From Lucy to Belleau a small farm road ran; and from Torcy and Belleau a fairly important road and a railroad ran past the eastern side of the wood through Buresches and on to Chateau Thierry, a distance of about five miles. A deep ravine, dry at that time, skirted the southern edge of the wood, crossing the road which connected Lucy-le-Bocage with the Paris-Metz Highway. Under the stone culvert at this crossing we had one of our advanced dressing stations. A road from Lucy to Buresches generally paralleled this ravine along the southern end of the

wood. About half a mile across the little valley from the north end of the wood was the old Chateau de Belleau, for which the Bois de Belleau had been a hunting preserve. In its northern edge still stood a small hunting lodge. The timber was principally what would be called second growth in this country, but had never been underbrushed, and was a dense tangled mass of undergrowth with here and there a path or wood-road through it. Some small areas had been cut off and the wood piled in cords. The topography of the greater part of the wood, especially the eastern and southern portions was extremely rugged and rocky. Great irregular boulders from half the size of an ordinary bedroom to the size of a touring-car were piled over and against each other as though thrown up by some terrible convulsion in ages past. These afforded shelter for machine gun nests with disposition in depth and often flanking one another, generally so rugged that only direct hits from artillery fire were effective against them. The wood afforded concealment for infantry. It was a strong point for defense. It stood at the southwest angle of the salient which the enemy had made by his advance to the Marne, and was at its closest point to Paris. Occupied by the Allies it barred the further advance of the Germans on the Paris-Metz Road.

The Marine Brigade made its first attack on the Bois de Belleau on June 8th, striking it from the west and south after an artillery preparation very short because of the necessity for surprise. The southern third of the wood came into our possession as did the village of Buresches, except for the stone railway station and the railroad embankment. There was almost constant fighting in the Wood from June 8th to 25th, but planned attacks were made on the 10th, 11th, 14th, 19th and 25th. At the termination of the latter action Major Shearer commanding a Marine Battalion reported: "This Wood now exclusively U. S. Marine Corps."

It is not of interest to you to go more into details of this bloody struggle for the Bois de Belleau. When the Second Division went into line on the afternoon of June 1st, on both sides of the Paris-Metz Highway, the French had been retiring along the whole of the Soissons-Rheims front from one to ten miles a day for five days. No unit along that whole front had stood against the foe. The first unit to stand, and it not only stood but went forward, was the Second Division—the Marine Brigade of which, for nearly a month, was conspicuously active in the Bois de Belleau. The French, as well as our Allies, were tremendously encouraged. The German High Command revised its previous estimates of American troops and published a new one to the Army:

"The Second American Division must be considered a very good one and may even perhaps be reckoned as a storm troop. The different attacks on the Belleau Woods were

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## SHORT STORIES BY EDWIN NORTH McCLELLAN



## THE DEAD THAT REST ON POINT LOMA

Sunset out on the end of Point Loma! The Point Loma past which Cabrillo sailed in 1542! And Viscaino sixty years later! That protecting mass of Mother Earth—between the Pacific and the San Diego. The San Diego that first appeared in 1769! And there—out there on the mountain-like promontory that overlooks Fort Rosencrantz, Navy Air Station on North Island, the Naval Training Station, the Marine Base and the City of San Diego—sleep the heroes who have passed on! For them Taps have sounded!

A cemetery embowered with green trees—of all kinds—but all beautiful. I could not resist getting out of the automobile and spending an hour or more in mingling with those heroic ones. Of all branches of the service; of many wars; of all classes; of foreign countries; old men and "infants"; heroes in peace and heroes in war; soldiers, sailors, Marines, and civilians; yes all, and more!

A beautiful monument—"To the BENNINGTON'S DEAD, July 21, 1905" and thirty-five chaste and mutely eloquent white stones. And this descriptive sentence—"Inclosure erected by BENNINGTON MEMORIAL ASSOCIATION of San Diego, California."

And a more modest stone on which is a tablet reading:

"In Memory of the Heroes of the Battle of San Pascual. They Fought a Good Fight."

## "First U. S. Dragoons"

Company C—Sgt. John Cox, Cpl. Wm. C. West, Pvt. Perry Ashmead, Pvt. John Dunlap, Pvt. Jos. T. Campbell, Pvt. Wm. Dalton, Pvt. Wm. C. Lucky, Pvt. Samuel T. Repoll, Pvt. Jos. S. Kennedy.

Company B—First Sgt. Otis L. Moore, Sgt. Wm. Whittness, Cpl. George Ramsdell, Pvt. Henry Baker, Pvt. Wm. H. Fiel, Pvt. David W. Johnson, Pvt. Wm. C. Gholston (?), Pvt. Robert S. Gregory, Pvt. Francois Menard.

On the tablet was also this inscription: "The Battle of San Pascual fought December 6 to December 10, 1846, won California from Mexico for the United States of America. This stone was taken from the San Pascual Battlefield and erected over their last resting place by San Diego Parlor of Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, 1922."

(NOTE: It was in the Battle of San Pascual—near San Diego—that Colonel Kearney's force, assisted by Captain Archibald H. Gillespie, of the Marines, and his small reinforcing troops, met the Californians. The battle did not have anything to do with winning California for the Union and Kearney had to be extricated from a dangerous and hopeless military position by troops of the Navy that included about eighty Marines under Captain Jacob Zeilen, U. S. M. C.)

Many Marines are buried here in this greenwood cemetery. "Sergeant Wm. M. Knox, U. S. Marine Corps." "Sergeant Van H. Parker, U. S. Marine Corps." "Clayton L. Baker, U. S. Marine, died August 29, 1915." "Hugh Gilmartin, Fourth Prov. Brig., U. S. M. C." "Hosp. Stewd. William B. Young, U. S. M. C." "William D. Loper, U. S. Marine Corps." "Sergeant Ray F. Enos, U. S. Marine Corps." "In Memory of My Pal and Lover, Jeff Bush Davis, First Sergeant, Second Aviation Group, U. S. M. C., 1885-1926. J. E. H." "First Sgt. Henry Jones of 97th Co., 6th Regt., U. S. Marine Corps, January 29, 1888-October 8, 1918. Killed in action in the battle of Champagne, Mt. Blanc, France." "Michael Weisenburg, Ohio, Sergeant-Major, U. S. Marine Corps, September 9, 1923." "J. L. Armstrong, Pvt., U. S. M. C., died November 7, 1923." "Julio Edward Garcia, New York, Sergeant, U. S. Marine Corps, February 14, 1925." "Frank Eliphalet, California, Private First Class, U. S. Marine Corps, March 13, 1925." "Harold Walter Hudson, Corporal, U. S. M. C., died March 5, 1926." "Corporal Robert M. Hill, U. S. M. C., died March 1, 1925."

And there are many of the Navy resting there with the above Marines: Claude King of the Navy; Sailmaker's Mate Charles Ahln; C. A. Brown, who died on board the U. S. S. "Charleston" at San Diego on December 24, 1907; Oiler John Gibbons of the "South Dakota" who died February 12, 1911; "Lt. Frank Bruce, killed while in command of the U. S. S. "Bobolink, May 14, 1919." "Lieut. Louis T. Barin, U. S. N. R. F., killed in line of duty at U. S. Naval Air Station, San Diego, Calif., June 12, 1920." And many more.

The Army dead are sleeping there with the other heroes. Many of them, among whom are "Major Mason Carter," died in 1909; a white stone with "U. S. Soldier" on it. "Staff Sergeant Prosperter Meulen, 4th Sqdn., A. S., Hawaii, 1902-1925." And the San Pascual dead, already mentioned. And others.

Quite a few foreigners are interred here. Such as "Lewis Aguirre, Mexican Army." "Jesus Ojeda, Mexican Army." "Vicente Gonzalles, Mexican Army," and probably four more of these Mexican soldiers. "Jimenez, Infant" and two more with the word "Infant" on the stones. "James F. Hynes, British Navy." "Sono Osako, U. S. Navy."

White stones there are that have the mere word "child" on them. Others that bear only the simple word "civilian."

There in God's green bosom they rest—serene and blest. In life they might have been enemies, but for them taps sounded the end of turmoil and strife.

## "TWO STARS AND A LIFE BETWEEN"

I had called on General and Mrs. Pendleton in their attractive home in Coronado the Beautiful. We had much to talk about and, as the Pendleton home, in parts, is suggestive of a Marine Corps museum, I had much to see that interested me. At last we came to a two-white starred red flag—an automobile flag for a Marine major general. With her eyes on this flag and her hands caressing it, Mrs. Pendleton told me its story—and sequel—and it would be a pity not to pass it on to others. So here it is:

Mrs. Mary Fay Pendleton, wife of Major General Joseph H. Pendleton, served as hostess at a meeting of the Franklin Club of Coronado, which had been called to commemorate the birthday of its founder—a collateral descendant of Benjamin Franklin.

After the regular program of poems read, speeches made, and other entertainment, was completed, there came a lovely surprise to Mrs. Pendleton. In a delightful manner a miniature birthday cake, bearing one white candle, was presented to her. The sudden remembrance that her own birthday fell on the next Sunday to come, brought the significance of the little cake to Mrs. Pendleton.

Overwhelmed, but still retaining her poise, Mrs. Pendleton in her own charming way, related a story to the members of the club. It is this realistic story of service life that has given the title to my whole story—"Two Stars and a Life Between," which in Mrs. Pendleton's own words (as I recollect them) I repeat:

Just before General Pendleton retired he made an inspection trip of certain stations of the Corps which included the Legation Guard at Managua in Nicaragua. I accompanied him. We arrived at Managua, the capital of Nicaragua, and received a cordial reception by the Marines stationed there and everybody else. In anticipation of the General's arrival the Marines had ready the two-white-starred red flag of a Marine Corps major general. It was used on official occasions by General Pendleton. Upon our leaving Managua I was surprised and pleased when that flag was presented to me as a souvenir of our visit. And need I say that we had a wonderful time there.

On the way down to Corinto from Managua aboard the railway train I laid the flag on the lap of a Marine lieutenant's wife, who was sitting near me in the car. Gazing down upon that flag for a moment the young wife of the young lieutenant remarked with interesting frankness—"I wonder if my husband

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# The U. S. Army Quartermaster Corps Subsistence School

By Captain George F. Adams, U. S. Marine Corps



NAPOLEON SAID that an army travels on its stomach. While this may be literally true, during some period of the soldier's existence, the real intent or meaning of that famous saying is more than true today. The feeding of the soldier and the handling and transportation of commissary supplies is therefore studied, and efficient quartermaster organization endeavors to reduce the entire subject to a scientific basis. It is fully recognized that wholesome and nourishing food in sufficient amount, in good condition, and available at the proper time and place is an essential of the military supply service.

The amount of foodstuffs required for the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps during peace time is enormous. During emergencies, the quantity required is increased many fold. In the procurement of this foodstuff, as in obtaining all supplies, economy should be the watchword, but only in so far as to prevent waste in overpurchase, and to reduce losses. The purchase of the lowest priced article is not necessarily true economy when applied to the purchase of food for the services. Where to stop between the cheapest and the expensive and to obtain that best suited for the service needs, is the keynote of successful administration of Quartermaster work. To be able to do this requires a complete knowledge of the subject.

With this in mind, and also considering the enormous expenditure for foodstuffs during the World War, which were purchased by officers with little or no experience, together with the resultant loss of time, money, foodstuff, transportation, etc., at a time when such loss and delay were vital to the country's success and welfare, those officers of the United States Army Quartermaster Corps who were charged with the procurement and maintenance of the service of supply, perceived the necessity for a trained personnel for this important work. Therefore, in September, 1920, a preliminary course to initiate this work, was authorized. On account of its location in the center of the great food production and manufacturing districts of the country, and of the meat packing industry, Chicago was selected as the place for this school.

Ever since the installation of the school, the various corporations located in and near Chicago, actuated by patriotic motive, and also realizing that it is to their interest, as well as to the government, to have officers as trained subsistence specialists in the Army as purchasing and inspecting officers, have given all possible cooperation by opening up their plants, and by lending their experts to lecture on special subjects to the students.

From the first short preliminary course, the school has developed into a nine months term. Each year it graduates a number of officers and non-commissioned officers of the Army, officers of the Navy Supply Corps, and of the Marine Corps, thoroughly conversant with the production, manufacture or preparation, purchase, grading, inspection, storage and transportation of subsistence and forage supplies.

The school is now located in the Sixth Corps Area Headquarters Buildings on West Pershing Road, which are in the New Central Manufacturing District of Chicago, about six miles southwest of the "loop" or center of Chicago. By being in the center of this new manufacturing and storage district, as well as the center of a great production area, and through the agreement with many of the business houses, it has been possible to have the students not only study, but see and participate in the preparation and manufacture of practically all the foodstuffs purchased by the Army, the Navy, and the Marine Corps. By visiting these places, which include the Union Stock Yards, the great meat packing plants, flour and cereal mills, hay and grain products, and other product exchanges, a thorough insight into commercial practices is obtained.

The method of instruction is to first cover the subject from the latest text books prepared by the instructors of the school, with reference to pamphlets from the great State Agricultural Colleges, bulletins of the Department of Agriculture, other text books, and lectures by business men and technical experts. This is followed with practical work in the laboratory, and visits to the different plants, where the product being studied, is prepared or manufactured.

The school has a well equipped laboratory in which chemical

and physical tests required in the analysis of food products are made. Complete equipment to grade wheat and other grains; a miniature flour mill, complete in all its roller processes, where the students mill their own flour; mixers, proof boxes, ovens, etc., for the baking of bread and pastries; machines for canning of fruits and vegetables; equipment for making cheese, and soap; etc., are on hand.

The school year, which extends from the first of September to the last of May, is now divided into sixteen courses. A short description of each will give an idea of the work covered during the school year.

After a short preliminary course in which the fundamentals of Botany, Physics, Physiology, Chemistry and Nutrition are covered, the student starts on the first practical work of the year. This is in connection with canned fruits and vegetables. After theoretical work covering the processes of canning, can manufacture, the grades and specification requirements, the class makes a week's trip through Illinois, Indiana, and Michigan, during which visits are made to canneries of various description and different commodities. The practical work of actual grading is then taken up. This consists of opening and grading hundreds of cans of the different kinds and qualities, of all the various fruits and vegetables to be found on the market.

A short course in fresh fruits and vegetables follows, with visits to the freight receiving yards, the wholesale auction rooms, and the retail markets. Practical work, as in the preceding, and which also holds for all the courses to follow, consumes over half of the time. Sugars, starches, and syrups comprise the next course. The theoretical work covers the manufacture or preparation of all the items under these headings. A visit is made to the largest corn starch and glucose plant in the world, which is not far from Chicago.

Beginning with the next course, the class is divided into two sections, and each section alternates on different course. This division has been found necessary, as it is impractical for the entire class to follow one instructor through the various phases, especially when going through manufacturing plants, and the stock yards. It also lends to better and more thorough instruction. The two courses now underway are coffee and forage.

The coffee course requires intimate knowledge of the eighty odd different coffees of the world, their recognition in the green bean, and by their flavor and aroma, not only as to the country grown, but also to the district in that country, and to the quality and grade. Practical instruction in the roasting and grinding of coffee is given at the plant of the Quartermaster Depot, during this course. The forage course covers the various grains and hays required for animal feeding, the effects of each as feed on the animals, and the necessary inspection, testing, and grading.

A short course in tea covers a similar knowledge to that required in coffee, with special stress on the requirements of Army specifications.

The winter is spent with the two main courses, the main items of the ration; namely, flour, with associated products, and packing-house products. The latter covers fresh and salted meats, canned meats and sea foods, and edible fats and oils.

The packing-house course is nearly all spent at the Union Stock Yards. Here the trail of the cattle, hogs, and sheep, is followed from the unloading platform, through the slaughter and cutting rooms, to the wholesale market, or to shipment in refrigerator cars to other markets; also the trail of the by-products, especially the edible and the non-edible, used by the services. Special stress is laid on the grading of carcass beef, and market cuts, and the fulfillment of the requirements of specifications.

The flour course, after a study of the various kinds of wheat, and their grading, covers complete milling by each student in the school mill, which flour he later makes into bread. Considerable time is devoted to the testing of flour for quality, which includes actual baking of bread. A short instruction covers post bakeries; the effect of different ingredients, etc., on bread making, and means and ways to overcome the differ-

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# SPORTS AND SOLDIERING

By LIEUTENANT MILTON V. O'CONNELL, Ex-Officer, 304th Co., U. S. M. C. R.

## "The Marines Win Again"



IT IS said that most of the sporting editors throughout the country keep this headline standing—as it is used with such frequent regularity as to necessitate this editorial precaution. And certainly, the records set by the teams known as the "Quantico Marines," the "Parris Island Marines," the "San Diego Marines" and all the other Marines warrant such a step. The history of the sporting activities of the Corps are as illustrious in that branch of endeavor as are the heroic achievements in the line of warfare.

When a nation which hardly knows what its Congressmen are doing daily, worships at the shrines of Babe Ruth, Gene Tunney, Bobby Jones and Bill Tilden, the importance of sports is well established. And in no line of activity does the sporting phase take on more importance than in the military and naval forces programs. Recruiting officers have long since learned the value of advertising a good service team—and the value which attendant publicity gives such work as they are called upon to do.

If universities and colleges are built solely from an athletic reputation—and gain far more students than institutions which merely stress the educational angles, how much more important must athletics be to the military and naval services? And the fact that the Corps has stood supreme among the three services in the world of sport indicates one reason why recruiting work is usually not a burden, and rarely unsuccessful. West Point is an example of the drawing power of athletic competition—and the graduates of the greatest universities tie themselves to the Plains to continue their triumphs in football, baseball and the other sports.

Personally I believe that athletics never can be too strongly stressed in peacetime work in the services. Not only does it attract the right type of clean-minded and strong-bodied recruits and officer candidates, but it instills a spirit of good sportsmanship which is the basis for good soldiering.

The Marine Corps Reserve has followed in the footsteps of the regular members of the Corps in the formation of good athletic teams. The result is that the reserve companies have attracted many men who would ordinarily be reluctant to give their free time to a company. And the activity of these teams, basketball, baseball, rifle and rowing, have brought more advertising and publicity to these units than they would have received otherwise. Commanding officers of reserve units will do well to include an athletic program in their training schedule for companies.

Take the case of the 303rd Company, aboard the U. S. S. "Illinois" in New York City. Last year, with but three weeks training, the crew carried off the famous Naval Militia Trophy, defeating five crack Naval Militia crews on the Hudson. And this despite the fact that not a member of the Marine boat really knew which end of an oar went into the water, prior to the three weeks of training.

When the season for indoor sports of the athletic kind arrived, it was my privilege to be able to organize and coach a basketball team for that company. There were but two or three men in the company who had ever played the court game before, but the Marine Corps spirit and enthusiasm to do things well prevailed. As the result, an almost over-ambitious schedule of no less than thirty-three games (many with championship teams) was arranged. With only one night a week to do any sort of practising and coaching, the team won more than half of their games. The fact that they defeated the championship Seventy-first Regiment, N. Y. National Guard champions, three games out of four played, indicates to what extent this green team progressed.

Undeclared in three or four years in National Guard competition, the Seventy-first went down to one-sided defeat before the fast Marine five. In addition to the victories, the games served to establish a fine friendship between that Regiment and the 303rd Company, both socially as well as athletically. In addition, the New York newspapers carried accounts of the Marine victories in their sporting pages after each game. Such teams as the New York Curb Exchange, the Life Insurance team,

several teams of the Naval Militia, and a number of good local club teams were defeated.

In addition, the 303rd Company gained several fine recruits—men who were impressed by the team and by the opportunity to play with such a fine group of men. Many of the games were followed by dances and social functions, and were attended by officers and men of other units. The rifle team of this company carried off honors in virtually every match they participated in, while the 304th Company in Brooklyn likewise developed a crack rifle squad, which gained fame in local National Guard competition. The latter company is to embark on an elaborate schedule of outdoor and indoor sports shortly.

Such activities not only lighten and vary the sometime monotonous training schedules, but attract the attention of school-boy and college athletes, who soon find many other interesting features in the work of a reserve unit, and ultimately sign up. Close co-operation from Captains Erwin Mellinger and Coffenberg, New York regular recruiting officers, aided this program. Many athletes were enlisted by them on the strength of reserve sports programs, and a memoranda of the recruits' athletic abilities or experience were forwarded to company commanders who in turn requested assignment of such men to the respective companies.

It is hoped that the reserve companies training at Quantico this summer will have a program of baseball, tennis, swimming or other sports to instill the competitive spirit between companies. The Reserve likewise has had its representatives in the amateur and professional boxing circles in different cities, following in the footsteps of the world's champion Marine.

Looking back at the recent struggle (it always will seem recent to those of us who were with the 4th Brigade) it is remembered that even between battles the Marines were able to play ball well, and that when Rhineland was reached some classic football and baseball contests were staged for the edification of the commanding officers and an amazed German public. It is said that during a football game on the Rhine a German officer exclaimed in amazement: "No wonder they can fight when they PLAY like this!"

And there are those of us who recall that the grand little Yale hero, Lieut. Johnny Overton, killed in action, spent his own money and his single leave to Paris, in buying up whatever athletic gear he could find so that the company and regiment he was with could have a ball team even in the dark days of death. The sight of these Leathernecks actually playing in wartime, so heartened many of the French troops and citizens that they are said to have felt the war MUST be won by these lithe, laughing Americans who had come into the fight at its worst period. Almost within sound of the artillery at the front, Marine umpires calling balls and strikes on their fellow men—and getting as much abuse as any umpire ever did in peacetime, if not more!

And, that the sporting element can be carried right into action, is proved by my own personal experience, when, crawling along behind a line of Marines in the first wave, flattened down to avoid Boche bullets from a distant wood, I heard some of the boys making small side-bets as to which one would pick off his enemy victim first! Certainly sporting instinct prevailed there.

Astute company officers see to it that their men are kept in good spirits and are active in their liberty time. No better way of advertising the Corps and the Reserve, and surely no better way of keeping men interested and "fighting" can be found outside of the athletic program. And in addition, at the feature contests, the sight of a mob of uninformed, yelling Leathernecks (regular or Reserve) is the greatest thing to instill confidence in the hearts of their team, and bring fear to the minds of the opponents. That's sporting psychology.

The Marine teams have won a deserved reputation for fair play and good sportsmanship—even among the teams of rival branches of the service. This is another Corps tradition which always must be upheld, and will be as long as the same type of men are recruited for the Corps. And when the final test comes again—when the Corps swings out to fight, the spirit will be there—to fight clean, and WIN!

# Reserve Company Wins Again

**B**OSTON, MASS., April 19 —(Special Dispatch to The Leatherneck)—Once more the Three Hundred First Company, of the Fleet Marine Corps Reserve, has earned the privilege of "sounding off" in it's own behalf. First, if you will recall, the Major Eastman Cup, (also known as the Eastern Reserve Area Cup), was captured by this Company last July when at Quantico, Va., for the annual camp duty. Tonight they captured a beautiful silver loving cup, THE AMERICAN LEGION TROPHY, offered by the Massachusetts Department of the American Legion, to the organization taking first place in the prize drill held in connection with it's first annual military ball.

The organizations participating in this event were: 301st Company, U. S. Marine Corps Reserve, (Fleet), Boston, Mass.; Boston University Demonstration Platoon, (R.O.T.C.), Boston, Mass.; First Corps Cadets, Massachusetts National Guard, Boston, Mass.; U. S. Naval Reserve, Lynn, Mass.

The judges for the event were: Major Robert H. Barrett, U. S. A.; Lieutenant C. H. K. Miller, U. S. N.; Captain Julian P. Brown, U. S. M. C.

Early this afternoon the entire company assembled at the Navy Yard to prepare for the evening's work. A short time was spent in polishing up the white belts, hats, and gloves so that these parts of the uniform would set off the dress blues to their best advantage. After mess the company fell out for drill and spent about two hours brushing up on the movements they planned to use in the prize drill. The proposed drill called for movements and commands that would compel every man to be "on his toes" every minute of the drill. For instance, the command "in place halt," would catch a man napping if he was expecting the command, "halt." Similarly, the command "forward march," would probably catch the same man. An example of the snap and precision that has been inculcated in this company is the manner in which they executed a movement beginning with "squads left front into line." As each squad cleared the preceding squad the command,

"squads left about," would be given, two or more times, (to illustrate to the spectators how the squads kept their alignment and spacing). It certainly made a pretty sight, for although the movement is simplicity itself, it requires every man to be on the alert and to execute promptly and correctly, what is required of him when the several commands are given. Another example of their prize drill work was that while marching in column of squads the command, "halt" would be given. Before the rifle butts touched the deck the command, "forward" would be given. While the movement of lowering the rifle to the order was not slighted, the same motion or swing was employed to bring the rifle up to the right shoulder as they stepped off. Sometimes the command, "halt," would not be followed up by the "forward" and that point shows how well trained a company is.

However, getting back to the barracks, the time was approaching for "shoving off" for the Hotel Statler ballroom, where the event was to take place. As befits Marines ashore, a fleet of taxicabs conveyed the company to it's goal. While awaiting the final cab the company gave an informal demonstration of the manual of arms that won the admiration of the crowd that had gathered about the hotel entrance, (probably figuring that where Marines gather, something is bound to happen). The final unit having "landed," the company marched inside and was dismissed until they were due to appear in the drill. As the ball was in progress at the time, most of the men enjoyed the intervening time. Quite a few of the military and naval men, and Legionnaires too, were surprised at the excellent appearance of the company, although the programs had them listed as Reserves, many were unwilling to believe it.

Finally it was time for the prize drill to begin. The first team on the floor was the B. U. R. O. T. C. demonstration platoon, next the First Corps Cadets, then the 301st Company, F. M. C. R., and lastly the U. S. Naval Reserve. Lieutenant Samuel D. Irwin (U. S. M. C. R.), led the marine company of which Captain Arthur E. Lyng is the commanding officer. Before the marine company had

completed the drill (which included the drill already described and the silent and the marching manuals), the businesslike manner in which the company "did their stuff" took the spectators by storm and comments could be heard that more than intimated that the marines would "walk away" with the cup. Frankly, it was just that, for the voluntary drill which the company has subjected itself to, for the past weeks, could not but show when it came to the test. (This is not intended to discredit the other teams but shows that no matter how monotonous the routine drill becomes it can be made to produce results.)

After the naval reserves completed their drill the four units paraded into the ballroom, forming a hollow square and facing the center of the room where the colors were massed. After a speech of presentation by the Department Commander, American Legion, the cup was presented to Lieutenant Irwin, for the company. Following this the lights were dimmed, and with the spotlight playing on the flags the department chaplain, the Rev. Jeremiah J. Reardon, read the preamble to the constitution of the American Legion.

## PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, THE AMERICAN LEGION

For God and Country, We Associate Ourselves Together for the Following Purposes.

To Uphold and Defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to Maintain Law and Order; to Foster and Perpetuate a One Hundred Per Cent Americanism; to Preserve the Memories and Incidents of Our Association in the Great War; to Inculcate a Sense of Individual Obligation to the Community, State and Nation; to Combat the Autocracy of Both the Classes and the Masses; to Make Right the Master of Might; to Promote Peace and Good Will on Earth; to Safeguard and Transmit to Posterity the Principles of Justice, Freedom and Democracy; to Consecrate and Sanctify Our Comradeship by Our Devotion to Mutual Helpfulness.

(Continued on next page)



301st Company, Marine Corps Reserve, with cup won in Competitive Drill Contest at Boston, Mass.



By Capt. J. J. Staley, U. S. M. C. R., Personnel Section U. S. Marine Corps

As definite action has not as yet been taken on the Reserve appropriation it has not been possible to issue training orders. Orders will be issued immediately upon receipt of approval of the appropriation bill.

#### Training Aviators

Reserve Aviators will be ordered to training as facilities are available and not required to train during dates set for regular camps. These camps are for line training only.

Provided funds are appropriated for this purpose it is planned to train members of the Marine Corps Reserve for Aviation at Squantum, Mass.; Sand Point, Oregon; Great Lakes, Illinois, and Rockaway, N. Y. At each of these stations there will be an officer and five to seven enlisted men of the Reserve on continuous active duty.

Young men who have had ground work in Aviation at their college are eligible for enlistment as privates in the Reserve for assignment to training, but for the present the number so assigned will be seven or eight to each station. After a course of about three and one-half months, those who are successful will be commissioned Second Lieutenants, Volunteer Marine Corps Reserve and assigned, if they can take the necessary time, to two years active duty.

The organization of squadrons in reserve aviation at various cities is not contemplated this next fiscal year or in the near future. All instruction will be as outlined above.

#### Fleet and Volunteer Reserve

This administrative distinction is apparently very much misunderstood. Some seem to think that the volunteer officer or enlisted man is rated in an inferior class. This is not the case. As it happens in the Marine Corps Reserve, many of the most experienced officers are volunteers from choice as they do not feel able to devote time to annual training.

Fleet officers and men are required by law to train and provided funds are available for this purpose, all in this class must report annually.

This requirement applies to members of Fleet Reserve Companies as well as individual officers.

Those who may feel that it is a hardship to devote time to annual training Quantico, Va., during the period of Reserve should consider that in the Naval

Reserve only officers attached to fleet companies are rated as Fleet Reserve, these officers must drill and train or transfer to the Volunteer Reserve.

#### Training Camps, Quantico, Va.

Lieutenant Colonel James T. Buttrick, U. S. M. C., will be assigned duty Director of Training at Marine Barracks, Quantico, Va., during the period of Reserve training. A special course of instruction is being drawn up by Marine Corps schools for instruction of fleet companies, a basic course for second lieutenants, company officers' course for first lieutenants and captains, and advanced course for experienced captains and field officers. The instructors will be officers attached to Marine Corps schools, who are well qualified for their duties.

Due to building operations at Quantico, it has not been decided what quarters will be assigned to officers and men during their training period. Part of the 5th Regiment Area is available, also the 10th Regiment Area, and with the possibility of all being placed under canvas.

#### Attendance

If it becomes possible to carry out the training program this year will witness the largest gathering of reservists since the organization of the reserve, as there will be approximately 125 officers and 300 enlisted men at each camp at Quantico.

#### Efficiency Guidon

Again this year the Reserve officers of the District of Columbia offered an efficiency guidon for fleet companies attending camp at Quantico, Va.

The Major General Commandant has set the standard of efficiency for this "guidon" as follows:

10% attendance at training camp. (Class IV men.)

15% inspection of company; appearance of men; condition of clothing and equipment; military courtesy and morale.

10% number of enlisted men qualified during training period in rifle marksmanship.

20% proficiency in close order drill (including ceremonies).

20% proficiency in Infantry weapons.

25% combat efficiency as demonstrated in field exercises involving the tactical employment of a rifle company.

This is based on the training require-

ments of reserve companies recently issued by Headquarters.

#### 301st Company, Boston, Mass.

This company has moved into its new quarters, the second and third floor of a navy yard building in the the Boston Navy Yard. Great credit is due the men of this organization for work done. The men have, on their own time, painted and done other necessary work on this building.

This company carried off the cup in a competition drill with units of the Army and Naval Reserve held at the Hotel Statler in Boston on the evening of April 19, 1928. Men composing this drill team worked hard previous to the competition, on their own time and without pay, they drilled several nights each week. Lieutenant Samuel D. Irwin was officer in charge during the drills.

#### RESERVE CO. WINS AGAIN

(Continued from page 16)

This concluded the ceremonies for the evening and the units marched off the floor to the cheers of an appreciative audience. In response to the cheers and congratulations of the other teams, who had accepted their defeat in a sportsmanlike manner, the Marine company (and a good many legionnaires) swung into the stirring bars from the "Marine Hymn."

Then followed a Marine cheer and cheers for the other teams. After this finale the teams disposed of their arms, and for those so inclined the cry became, "On with the dance!"

More than a thousand people were in attendance at this brilliant gathering, among the many veterans of various ranks were past department commanders General Clarence R. Edwards, the beloved leader of the Yankee Division, and General Edward L. Logan, recently retired.

In conclusion it is only fair to state that the successful efforts of the Three Hundred First Company were due to some extent to the whole-hearted spirit of cooperation existing between the "regulars" and the "reserves" stationed at the yard.

(Submitted by Pvt. L. G. Meredith, 301st Company, F. M. C. R., MB., NYD., Boston, Mass.)



A.T.M.

## Paymaster Talks

By A. E. Beeg

At last I have received word that my few words in the last issue has reached many of the members of the League. However, I am struggling along with keen eye for all the news that I can lay my hands on. Therefore all letters with the least touch of news will be used.

During the last two weeks memberships have been piling in through the mails and detachments have been stepping out to get the early worm. At least that's the way it looks in Washington. Summing up the whole thing everything seems to be running along exceptionally well. Dues are coming in fine, detachments are working around for membership drives, and members are digging out addresses of ex-Marines to sign up in order that they can get a necktie free.

While on the subject of neckties, it would be well to mention at this time that we have mailed out several, and here are some of the winners. From Canton, Ohio, we have J. H. Pence, the commandant; Edward Austin, George Haly and K. W. Vancil. Eight members from that group. From Fort Worth, Texas, we have C. M. Micheal, R. H. Romack, Claude Harlow, and Paul Konz, and that's eight more for that outfit. We all should recall the name of Paul Konz when he led the former members of the Fort Worth Detachment on a watermelon feast during the recent two years. We have not forgotten Konz. From Cincinnati we have L. O. Andrews, commandant, and Gordon Becker, four members from that group. From Waco we have Hubert Shannon and Joseph Gobel, and R. B. Standford, their commandant. From Jackson, Mississippi, we have Joseph M. Howorth, commandant of the Jackson Detachment, who has raked in six members to date. That's one week's work giving out the awards, as we proceed we shall mention the additional ones for this week.

### New England Division

Let me see, first, before making comment. Oh, yes; here is a letter that just came in from Rudolph Trow, the secretary and treasurer of the Worcester Detachment, with all dope on the business meeting to be held on May 10th, 1928, where the arrangements and plans will be made for Memorial Day. The ladies' night and the rifle committees will report their new business for discussion. After the business session up-to-date movies will be shown on "The Marines in China." Another film will probably be obtained on the "Marines at Parris Island."

## How About That News Article For The Leatherneck?

Let's Have It!

Advance notice was given that a special evening will be set aside for the ladies. Arrangements will be made with Mr. Meeham, manager of the Poli Theater, for a theater party on May 15, 1928, at seven p. m. This is to be a surprise week and no other information can be obtained. Following the theater party there will be a dance at Sherer's Restaurant, which will last until midnight.

It appears to me that all the fun in Worcester begins at midnight but no doubt everyone will have a good time. The paymaster of the Worcester wonders whether I could stand the shock of receiving some national dues. If there would be two hundred members I would be shocked, but I think five hundred would kill me.

### Eastern Seaboard Division

Washington, D. C., has added six additional members to their present membership and now has a total of 63 paid-up members. A very interesting talk was given by Congressman Moss of Minnesota and General Lejeune at the banquet at the Marine Barracks, attended by 95 ex-Marines. Entertainment was furnished by the Costello Post of the American Legion. The drum corps of the legion dressed in their red jackets and white pants and helmets furnished them with music and vaudeville entertainment.

Philadelphia has hit national headquarters books with another six members, all in fine standing and determined to get more. Philadelphia is gradually building towards the fifty mark in membership.

Brooklyn, N. Y., has reorganized its detachment under the direction of Major Rorke, U. S. M. C. R. The application for charter bore 17 members and in this morning's mail there were six additional members with the request that two neckties be awarded to John S. Barrett and George Bettex.

Newark, N. J., has reorganized their detachment and it has been named after Captain Burwell Clark, U. S. M. C., who was killed during the explosion at Dover, N. J. Newark has sent in their application for charter with twenty names and has intimated that additional memberships will follow.

Pittsburgh, Pa., has requested an additional dozen lapel buttons for their detachment and in the last mail we received 28 memberships from their de-

tachment with the promise that additional ones will follow. William MacConnell is still in the office as paymaster and has proved to be very successful with his job.

New York: Kilcommons, paymaster of New York No. 1, has just finished writing a short note and it contained the following information: "Enclosed find check for thirty-four dollars; also your end of the due cards." Short and sweet but it has hit the mark.

### Southeastern Division

Memphis, Tenn.: Word has been received from Sergeant R. W. Gordon, U. S. M. C., formerly the adjutant of the Marcus Beck, Jr., Detachment of Atlanta, Ga., that he intends to organize a detachment of the league in Memphis. All information, pamphlets, cards and buttons have been mailed to him with the information that the city of Memphis has wanted the convention of the league on two occasions.

Jackson, Miss.: Joseph M. Howorth, commandant of the Jackson Detachment, has scouted out for six members of his detachment and intends to get all the old members together. Howorth has succeeded in getting six by himself; I wonder what the six could do if they should start out for a membership campaign.

We have learned from Nashville that the membership campaign will go over in fine shape and that 50 members will be produced for that detachment; also a cash guarantee for \$150.00. Now that's when fifty more members will become acquainted with our organization and fifty more for the southeastern division.

Atlanta, Ga.: The ship came sailing in from Atlanta, Ga., with 52 members on the roll. Mr. Lance, paymaster of the detachment, mailed the heavy letter to national headquarters with the dope that all's well.

Birmingham has landed and has requested information of the national dues for thirty-five members of the detachment. Thirty-five more for the southeastern division! That's bringing home the bacon.

Savannah, Ga.: Word has been received from the Board of Trade that they wish to hold the national convention of the league in their city for 1929 or 1930.

### Southwestern Division

Mr. Warren S. Fruend, of Austin, Texas, has signed up as a member from the Lone Star State. Mr. Fruend resides at 305 West 7th Street, and served in the Marine Corps from May, 1917, to July, 1919. He was a member of the 97th Company, Sixth Regiment. Fort Worth, Texas, has sent in six additional members for their detachment and still more coming. There is room for some news from the Fort Worth gang.

Waco, Texas: Sam Langston, paymaster, is still out after the boys to come into the league and has won a necktie by listing Judge Stanford.

Dallas, Texas: Sergeant Stone, the paymaster, is sending them in as fast as he gets them. Dallas has listed 35 members to date, but we would like some news from Dallas and what's what on the convention. A surprise would not hurt the gang any.

Tulsa, Okla.: I must not overlook this, because here's a letter from John J. Nickols, who informs me that the detachment in Tulsa, Okla., will reorganize upon receipt of pamphlets, cards, etc. Now, that's a surprise as Tulsa has been silent for a long time.

#### Central Division

Hammond, Ind.: Mr. H. M. Keller, of the Northern Indiana Public Service Company, has informed this office that he will organize a detachment of the Marine Corps League in that city.

Mr. O. E. Kaufman will reorganize the detachment in Youngstown, known as the Colonel Alexander S. Williams Detachment, of which Gene Tunney is an honorary member. Walter Scheibel, paymaster of the Colonel A. S. Williams Detachment, has gone to the West Coast.

Detroit, Mich.: The Fuller Detachment of Detroit will reorganize this fall in time for the national convention. This is in accordance with the word received from the assistant national adjutant during his recent visit at Detroit.

Mansfield, Ohio: Mr. Thomas H. Powell has been elected as paymaster of the Richland Detachment. Eight members have been signed up in Mansfield and news that Mr. Ela S. Beeckman, former paymaster, has resigned.

Cincinnati, Ohio: LeRoy Cazel, paymaster, has sent in four members for Cincinnati and word that all's well. But no news as to the activities, Cazel. See if you cannot find someone to write about.

Canton, Ohio: This detachment must be after fifty members. In fact, the hints have been passed. They have signed up 18 already and are looking around for more. A dance will be held on 19th of this month. This being the third dance that has been held this spring all of which have proved very successful to the detachment.

Cleveland, Ohio: G. C. Hardesty has been having a hard time to find a meeting place for his detachment. He says if he can locate one Cleveland will be going strong. Hardesty is now in charge of the guards at the Federal Reserve Bank.

#### Western Division

San Diego Detachment at San Diego has been signing them up right and left. Busch, former paymaster of Salt Lake City outfit, has been installed and he has been after anyone who had Marine or ex-Marine tied to his name. The detachment signed up 46 members and everything looks rosy for the fifty mark.

Portland, Ore.: Skelton, paymaster of the Portland Detachment, has been handling a number of members and the rolls call for 37 members. The activities of the detachment are leaning towards the

coming boat picnic trip which will be held sometime during the month of July, when they will schedule the old "Undine" to take them to the wonderful islands where they will settle their meals with baseball, swimming and other summer sports; in other words, every one is out for a lot of fun. Skelton is going to keep us posted even though we shall not be there to take advantage of good nature and join the crowd.

Seattle, Washington: Adams, the commandant of Seattle, is handing the boys the membership cards and they naturally become a member of the league. Anyway, it is done in some manner, but when they send you a check for 36 lapel buttons and request an additional 36 something is up their sleeve. Word also has been received that detachments will be organized in Bellingham and Bremerton.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Salt Lake Detachment has taken up dues for four of their members and Mrs. J. E. Vincent, who is chairman, informs me that additional ones will follow.

Well, I have little to say this time, but I hope that I shall see more detachments and memberships coming. Last week was fine and you fellows are letting me out a little as I will soon be caught up, say, how about the fifty and the hundred.

So long and regards to the gang.

BEEG.

#### THE LEAGUE IN SAN DIEGO

Every ex-Marine and Marine who are in and around San Diego, California, are going to have a "go-getter" post of the league. A few meetings have been held within the last few months and progress towards establishment has been made.

This young post already boasts of nearly 50 members, 9 of whom were recruited at the last meeting on Wednesday, May 2nd, at the Chamber of Commerce building in San Diego.

The ever-growing importance of San Diego, the Marine Corps base, and the number of men who are ex-members of the corps who are coming to settle in San Diego makes the organization of a post of the league necessary. Ever since Marines discovered the numerous good features of San Diego as a service town there has been an increasing number of these men returning to settle here when they are discharged from the corps. Their experiences of life with Uncle Sam's premier military organization make them the citizens that any community may well be proud of. Many of them are well established in their own enterprises at the present time, and we know that there are going to be a great many more in the future.

The purpose of the league, of course, is to promote comradeship, good-will and hospitality among all men who have or who are wearing the globe and anchor. To make our slogan, "Once a Marine always a Marine," and our motto, "Semper Fidelis," come true.

No war service is required to belong; only that your service has been honorable in the corps.

#### NEWS FROM WACO

Thought maybe some of the readers might want to hear from Texas, as the national convention is to be held in Dallas this fall. Waco is only one hundred miles south of Dallas, and we are planning to be at the convention in November. We meet every month on the first Monday in the office of Judge R. B. Stanford, at the courthouse. We had a social at Mrs. Laster's home on the 2nd of April. She is the mother of one of the buddies our post was named in honor of. He lost his life oversea. His name was J. L. Laster.

At our last meeting we elected officers for another term, and below is a list of same:

Judge R. B. Stanford, commandant.  
Charles C. Curtis, vice-commandant.  
H. S. Beard, adjutant.  
Robert W. Martin, judge advocate.  
Sam Y. Langston, paymaster.  
John S. Goble, chaplain.  
Hubert Shannon, Sgt. at Arms.

Our post was named in memory of J. L. Laster and Roy B. Lange, both of whom lost their lives in the corps while overseas.

Well, I will sign off, and hope to see you in Dallas this fall.

SAM. Y. LANGSTON,  
Paymaster.

#### HOUSTON MARINES ON THE JOB

Great progress has been made by the McLemore Detachment of the Marine Corps League at Houston since the article regarding us in the May issue of The Leatherneck.

An intensive membership drive was launched about the middle of April with the view of obtaining at least two hundred members to attend the national convention in November.

To date the drive has been very successful, thirty-five members having signed up within the past thirty days. Everyone is working hard and with a prospect list of four hundred to work on we expect to reach our goal in a short time. The newspapers are cooperating nicely and we receive from three to six publicity notices every week.

We entertained with a dance Wednesday night, April 9th and about fifty Leathernecks with their wives and sweethearts turned out. More picnics, dances, swimming parties, etc., are being planned for the summer months.

Preparations are now being made to decorate the graves of fourteen Marines who have given all to uphold the traditions of our Corps; also to have a representative group of Marines to attend each grave Memorial Day, May 30th. About 2,000 flowers have already been donated for this occasion and many other donations have been promised.

At a recent meeting Mr. George Schleeter was named paymaster to succeed 1st Sgt. Walter E. Baust, U. S. M. C., who has been transferred to Dallas, Texas, and Sgt. Arthur B. Pfeffer, U. S. M. C., was elected adjutant.

Very sincerely,  
ARTHUR B. PFEFFER,  
Sgt., U. S. M. C.

# THE BROADCAST

Wherein The Leatherneck Publishes News From All Posts

## WHAT'S GOING ON AT HEADQUARTERS By TaBob

Bill Keller finally quit going to ball games, and about the same time Washington started to win ball games. The answer is obvious; "hold that line and keep Keller away from the Ball Park." Freddie Moore was a co-agitator, and ranks next to Keller as the official jinx.

Kitty Kinnear is smiling these days. Her entire family came down from New York State to live with her in the nearby suburbs of Virginia.

Edith Brown's new permanent is doing quite nicely, thank you.

Mr. Snell, Chief Clerk, made official quest of the Marine Corps team at their banquet, and the report is that each Marine Corps girl was the envy of her friends on the other teams; their places being decorated by beautiful roses. "Esprit de Corps"—just a little ahead of the rest.

Jane Blakeney says their new "bus" is a dandy, and makes the week-end trip to their "country estate" a real pleasure. Also, incidentally, she says it really is a bus. Wonder when the "bathing beauties" start their assemblies. "Shades of last August." That "gang" has the Hollywood "sea-shore" bathing crowd backed off the boards.

Charlie Browne is taking his annual spring vacation; hope he has better "painting weather" than last year; 10 days leave, 10 days rain, 10 days wasted. So goes it.

With the recent advent of new personnel at Headquarters, mixed tennis "twosomes" and "foursomes" have become popular, and Chris Bartley is much in demand. Several others of the feminine contingent are now threatening to learn the "40-love game."

Word reaches us that Hamilton, in the Chief Clerk's office, is stepping out in a Dodge sedan. Wonder if he'll sell the "flivver" fairly cheap.

Mary H. Doyle or "Hilda" as she's called by her buddies, has served notice of her intentions to resign during next month.

One of the most recent conversations heard at Headquarters goes something like this:

"Mama, are you ready to go to lunch?"

"Yes, Papa."

Give you three guesses.

The sad news just reached us of the death of one of our old-timers, "Jimmie" Lynch, more properly, William Lynch, former Gunnery Sergeant, U. S. M. C. Lynch died at the U. S. Naval Hospital, Washington, D. C., 2:55 p. m., May 6, 1928, of tuberculosis and laryngitis. He had been ill for several years. His widow, Mrs. Mary Lynch, a "yeomanette" during the World War, and clerk

at Marine Corps Headquarters, is at Castle Point, New York, and to her the entire personnel of Headquarters offers its sympathy. He served overseas, and was a member of the Second Division Association. Interment will be at Arlington National Cemetery.

Several new faces have been seen lately at Headquarters. The following named men have joined and assigned to duty. Privates Samuel W. Ford, Charles D. Herd, Virgil E. Howard, Ranald M. Briggs are on duty in the enlistment section; Privates Damon C. Lyle and Kennedy Pocock are with the adjusted compensation division, and Roy M. Alexander has been assigned to the muster roll section.

Major Thacher and Quartermaster Clerk O'Toole had quite a thrill while at the Marine Barracks, Naval Mine Depot, Yorktown,

Virginia, when fire was discovered by the sergeant of the guard in the Marine stables. Fortunately none of the houses were burned, but the building was destroyed. They had the opportunity of watching a very efficient fire fighting force in operation. The Mine Depot is to be complimented on the ability of the Marines stationed there. Major Thacher who was present as the official representative of the Major General Commandant was very much impressed by the promptness of the command in answering the call and the very excellent manner in which they went about getting control of what looked like a bad situation.

Quartermaster Clerk Barde is in the New York Naval District with Major



## THEY HIT THE MARK

Crack Marine Corps gun crew of the U. S. S. "Maryland," which made the highest merit mark attained by a battleship gun division for handling a 5-inch 51-cal. gun in short range battle practice and won the commendation of Secretary of the Navy Wilbur. The battery also broke a Navy record. Captain Shaler Ladd, commanding the Marine detachment on the "Maryland," is shown at right of photo.

Howard came out on the tennis court the other day, sporting a sweater with a "M" on it about 17 inches high. The effect was enough to tide him and his doubles partner over the first set. He did "look the goods."

Bell is putting in evenings at a big ice cream plant, and we've all been looking for him to drag in a crate of ice cream cones some morning, but—we're still waiting.

Bill Ramberg is a full-fledged auto-driving instructor, and is teaching Edna Bradley how to avoid lamp-post, trees, and what not, in her "brand-new Henry."

Charlie Hunter is back on the job, and looking good. We all hope the cure is permanent, Charlie.

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Clarke inspecting the Marine Corps activities in that district.

Gallagher has returned to his desk after an absence of about three weeks. McCabe greeted him with open arms upon his return, because he has been trying to carry on the both desks. Be that as it may, the reserve work was all up to date when Earl returned.

Sharpnack made a mistake on an officer's muster roll card one day and Miss (Captain) Al Bacot came across the card and bawled him out about it. Fred remembered it for a long time and it was a good thing he did, for he has received three calls for the same mistake since the first day it was noticed, and all from the same person. Have a heart "Al" and lay off poor Fred, he means well. Sharpnack raises dogs and now he knows how it feels to lead a dog's life.

Which reminds us of the day Captain "Al" was looking up a certain officer to have a fitness report made out and discovered, after looking through a dozen rolls, that the officer in question had been killed in Nicaragua.

Well the annual estimates for 1930 have been forwarded to the Paymaster and Carley can sleep at night without thinking of them.

The annual register of commissioned and warrant officers is another job that makes Shaughness and Thomas smile when it is finally published.

The compilation of under and over four, eight, twelve, sixteen and twenty years is an annual pastime with the muster roll gang and they are all glad when it is over.

If you want any dope on the new "Welch" bill or the Civil Service, ask Gilea. He gave up radio to study the Marines chance under the new bill.

Grigham will soon be booked for "St. Elizabeth's"—he claims Heeney has a chance against Tunney.

We are sorry to lose Major M. R. Thacher, who has been a most popular assistant "A&I." Major Thacher is being detached from Headquarters on May 28, 1928, and will proceed to San Francisco, for further transportation to China. During his tour of duty he has always been ready to join in on any of the activities of the office and has always been on the job with a smile. We hope your new assignment will be very pleasant, Major.

The Marine Corps bowling sweepstakes turned out to be a successful and inter-

esting event. With 26 entrants and eleven prizes, including 5 money prizes, a pair of gold cuff links, straw hats, 2 beautiful neckties and 2 three-pound boxes of candy, everyone had a chance.

The prize winners were:

H. B. Sturgis, 1st prize, 554, \$13.00.  
J. R. Thompson, 2nd prize, 535, \$8.00.  
T. A. Nubson, 3rd prize, 522, \$6.00.  
H. A. McElroy, 4th prize, 512, \$5.00.  
Frank Benedetto, 5th prize, 506, \$4.00.  
R. H. Dunavent, 6th prize, 495, cuff links (donated by Castlebergs, Jewelers).  
Charles Sutphin, 7th prize, 494, tie (donated by the Young Men's Shop).  
E. J. McCabe, 8th prize, 494, tie (donated by D. J. Kauffman, Inc.).

finished third, with a record of 45 games won and 36 lost, closely trailing the Agricultural and Navy teams.

Mrs. Brown is shown proudly displaying a beautiful Loving Cup, donated by Goldsmith & Company, local jewelers, and awarded for rolling high game in the league during the season. The story of her winning the cup is of regular "Leatherneck" caliber, exemplifying the "never-give-up" spirit.

One of her team buddies, Fay Morgenstein, was tied with a member of another team for high game, with 128, and the alley management had arranged special alleys on which the two would fight it out on the last night, after the closing game of the season had been rolled. Just before the last game was started, "Edith" informed the management that reservations for the special match were unnecessary, as she intended in this "last chance" to beat their record. Then the surprising thing happened; she proceeded to bowl, 132, winning the cup, copping the \$10.00 prize and settling the dispute or tie "at least to her satisfaction," and "Fay" was right on the job in congratulating her. It was a "Marine" finish.

The averages of the members are as follows:

Edith V. Brown, 93.42 (fifth place in league); Fay Morgenstein, 89.29; Irene L. Scott, 88.39; Mary V. Edenton, 88.24; Katherine M. Kinnear, 85.2; Anna A. McGoldrick, 82.32; Pauline

Chamberlain, 80.3. Every member of the team says "Watch us next year," which also sounds "typical of a Marine."

**MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "SOUTHERY," NAVY YARD, BOSTON, MASS. YE OLDE ARKE**  
By Cpl. Harold K. Jackson

Our versatile laundrymen, Yancey and Oseit, have at last arrived at the conclusion that they can stimulate business by growing ques, they claim that by this deception they can deceive the public and make them feel at home when they get their shirts mangled or lost.

I suppose that some of you people will wonder where our own Tiny's name is coming in in this installment. Well, it isn't coming, that's all there is to it. I am afraid that the popularity of being in print has gone to the poor boy's head and he is becoming demented, as it were. I can use his first name or nickname and



"Lady Leathernecks" from Marine Corps Headquarters win bowling honors, and bowl in true "Marine" style

Left to right: Anna McGoldrick, Mary Edenton, Edith Brown, Pauline Chamberlain, Fay Morgenstein and Katherine Kinnear. Irene Scott was not present for the picture. Mrs. Brown is holding cup awarded for rolling high game in the Federal League during the past season.

Julian Bird, 9th prize, 493, candy (donated by Wright Cake Company, Brooklyn, N. Y.).

H. E. Pierpoint, mystery (or booby) prize, 405, candy (donated by Wright Cake Co., Brooklyn, N. Y.).

Special prize for high game won by Dunavent, 127, straw hat (donated by Bond's).

Credit is due to H. C. Ross and James H. Foley, both of the pay department, who put the contest over in fine shape.

The Marine Corps Headquarters entry into the fast Ladies' Federal League, composed of members of the fair sex from the different government departments had a very successful year.

With a limited number of bowlers to choose from, Edith Brown, captain, formed a team composed of the following members: Edith V. Brown, Fay Morgenstein, Irene L. Scott, Mary V. Edenton, Katherine M. Kinnear, Anna E. McGoldrick and Pauline Chamberlain. They

then if he tries to come back at me I can always say that I am writing about the pet cockroach that we have in the compartment. The first time that it (the cockroach) made its appearance in this part of the ship it backed poor Tiny up on the table and kept him there until the gang started coming in off of liberty, one of the boys started after it with a bayonet and the cockroach scuttled for her hang-out. Tiny claims that he really was not afraid of it, but he was afraid that he would step on it and he just could not bear to see the poor creature suffer. Bertha (Oh, yes, Tiny has trapped it and named it Bertha) is now as docile as the most timid house cat. Tiny's been teaching her a few simple tricks and to date he has had very little success. Bertha will bring his slipper to him, but when she goes back for the other one she will invariably hide it under the lockers. He (Tiny) claims that if the animal will live long enough he will train it to go after the morning papers.

This scribe will have to commence hustling now, believe me. Generally, I've been chided by the gang for going shore-side so darn often, but if I desire to keep up the reputation I will have to take off Pronto as the first sergeant has actually been ashore two nights this week. We of the lower rank and file have been staying aboard and wondering and planning what we can do or say to improve conditions as it is certain that all the old guard is going to be dethroned, by this new fashion plate. Yes, if you haven't guessed it, I'll tell you it's E. W. Beck.

It has just been a short while ago that every one was wondering just why Fritz Oseit always was asking for needles, day in and day out, but at last it has come out as all things will and we find that he gets a bunch of splinters in his hand every week or so. We can't find out what causes this, but we have an idea that he works around something woody. How about it, Fritz?

What with all these Marathon races nowadays we are all wondering why some enterprising promoter does not come to the U. S. S. "Southern" and form a Marathon with Canavan, Brandt and Harris. As a sort of trial we have been checking on the various merits of this notorious trio and we find that Harris is leading, in pursuit of the

Goddess of Morpheus, by a margin of 17 hours 15 minutes and some odd seconds. Although everyone of this triad is in wonderful condition, it is surprising that Harris should be in first place with the others so far in the rear; still Canavan and Brandt are fighting a close race for second place.

Last week when one of the gang asked Rebel Minton the difference between a locust and a fly, he replied that he did not know as he had never "opened a Locust."

After all the discussions and debates that we have had among the men of the detachment as to the injurious effect of too much water, Rebel Minton defies the laws of nature and manages to spoil a perfect record by taking as many as two shower baths in the short space of four or five days and now look at him, in the sick bay with chills, fever, and a general run-down condition. Although the doctor did not hold out much hopes for him, he is coming along fine now. But the doctor told him that the next time he took so many ablations in such a short space of time, that it would be fatal.

#### MARINES DANCE AT SAN DIEGO

The Marine Base, San Diego, California, was the scene of a delightful dance on Saturday, May 5th. Colonel Lyman, with his usual ability, appointed a committee of arrangements that was most untiring in efforts to make the affair one grand success. The auditorium was transformed into a veritable tropical garden with palms and colored lights, giving great chances for moonlight waltzes—all credit is due to the following efficient committee:

Sgt. Major L. H. Alexander, Sgt. Major E. O. Swift, 1st Sgt. E. Arnold, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, PhM. 1st Class Robert Hicks, U. S. N., Sgt. James Pavlis, Corporal Harris L. Ackert, Corporal Roy E. McGeachy and Pfc. Ernest Courtney.

An orchestra recruited from the Marine Band at very short notice, through the persistent efforts of 1st Sgt. E. Arnold, proved by the applause and numerous encores demanded that the boys have made a name for themselves even at this early date. All the latest musical hits were played with vim and pep; most especially a lovely dreamy waltz into which "taps" had been deftly written—it was so lovely no one wanted to go home. The following is the orchestra:

1st Sgt. E. Arnold, piano; Pfc. H. E. Wolfe, banjo; Pfc. E. O. Herman, trombone; Pvt. F. A. Logan, violin; Pvt. W. E. Harrison, clarinet; Pvt. P. C. Emmerick, alto saxophone; Pvt. L. D. Colby, tenor saxophone; Pvt. W. E. Sprinkle, 1st cornet; Pvt. O. E. Geissberger, 2nd cornet; Pvt. A. E. Wycoff, string bass; Pvt. R. J. Sansone, drums and traps.

Navy officers and their wives attended as did many non-commissioned officers and their wives—and the most beautiful bevy of girls we have ever entertained at the base. It won't be long now—ENCORE.

#### SAN DIEGO

Major Robert W. Voeth, U. S. M. C., has just returned to San Diego from Nicaragua where he has been serving as quartermaster of the Guardia Nacional with the rank of general. Major Voeth in an interview with representatives of the press claims that Nicaragua invited the U. S. to intervene, and that Uncle Sam's sea soldiers were not sent there at the behest of Wall Street, as has been reported by different people. The Marines were sent there at the written request of the Nicaraguan government and in conformity with the Stimson agreement to supervise the presidential elections that take place in October. Without the intervention of the United States as arbiter, said Major Voeth, it would be almost impossible to carry on an election without the greatest bloodshed. For this reason both parties (Liberals and Conservadores) agreed to accept the friendly aid of the U. S. Government.

Before Major Voeth left 800 Nicaraguans had enlisted in the Guardia Nacional and were being distributed throughout the country so that the situation would be well in hand by the time of the election.

Major Voeth was commissioned second lieutenant as the result of a competitive examination by President Theodore Roosevelt in 1909.

Mrs. Voeth, who also returned from Nicaragua a few days ago, brought with her a handsome specimen of toucan, a bird of magnificent plumage, belonging to the parrot family, but of which there are said to be very few in the United States. Mrs. Voeth plans to place the toucan in the San Diego Zoo, where there is now a considerable collection of speci-



These Marines Comprise the First Brigade Motor Transport Company, Port au Prince, Republic of Haiti

mens for whose capture and imprisonment the Marines are responsible.

### Sea Going

It has been announced that Admiral Louis R. de Steigeur will haul down his four-starred flag from the main truck of the U. S. S. "California" on June 26 and Vice Admiral William V. Pratt, now commanding the battleship divisions, will succeed him as commander in chief of the battle fleet.

The ceremony will take place at San Diego immediately after the return of the fleet from Hawaii. It also will be the occasion of other important flag transfers in the battle and scouting fleets.

Admiral Pratt will be relieved as commander of the battleship divisions by Rear Admiral Louis McC. Fulton, now superintendent of the naval academy. Rear Admiral Josiah S. McKean will be relieved as commandant of the 11th Naval District, comprising the San Pedro-San Diego area, by Vice Admiral Ashley H. Robertson, now commanding the scouting fleet. Rear Admiral Montgomery M. Taylor, now commanding battleship division three will succeed Admiral Robertson, and Rear Admiral Sumner E. W. Kittelle, now commanding the Cavite, P. I., naval base, will relieve Rear Admiral W. W. Phelps as commander of the fleet base force.

Rear Admiral Thomas J. Senn will succeed Rear Admiral Luke McNamee as commander of the battle fleet destroyer squadrons, the latter becoming commandant of the Norfolk navy yard. And that's that.

First Sergeant Irvin, who mothers the Sea School Detachment at the Marine Base at San Diego, says that:

The JIMMY-LEGS is not a disease. The RUNNING-LIGHTS are stationary.

The ANCHOR-WATCH has no jewels. It is not safe to smoke a HAWSE-PIPE.

BARBETTE is not the name of a girl. HASH-MARKS are not German money.

A DEAD-LIGHT was never known to be alive.

The BLACK-GANG is composed of white men.

SICK-BAY will not be found on the map.

A DIVING-CHEST is not a physical defect.

An ANCHOR-BALL is not an annual Ships' dance.

A HOLYSTONE is not used by a Chaplain.

Two BITTS is not money.

The SCUTTLEBUTT is not an ash can.

An order to be PIPED is not a job for the steam fitters.

The ABSENTEE-LIGHTS are never absent.

A SWAB is not a Seaman.

A SQUEEGEE is not a gambling device.

The CinC is not a pill.

The HEADS are not ivory domes.

### Straight Shooters

Scoring a total of 1623 points, the U. S. Marine Corps rifle team selected from men now at the Rifle Range at La Jolla defeated the San Diego Rifle and Revolver Club squad in a match on Sunday, April 15th, on the Marine range near Biological grade. The civilian team scored 1557 points. Gunner Jensen was in charge of the Marine team. The scores:

U. S. MARINES	
Gy.-Sgt. Morf .....	333 points
Pvt. Dodge .....	326 "
Sgt. Jennings .....	323 "
Pvt. Wilkinson .....	321 "
Cpl. Jensen .....	320 "
	1623 "

### S. D. RIFLE AND REVOLVER CLUB

Ray Arnold .....	324 points
H. H. Brotzman .....	322 "
J. M. Asher .....	306 "
H. H. Taylor .....	303 "
S. R. Seibert .....	302 "
	1557 "

### Nicaragua Marines Talk to the Folks at Home

From an Associated Press note in the San Diego Evening Tribune we copy this:

Following successful experiments, exchange of greetings and gossip between Kansas members of the United States Marine Corps serving in Nicaragua and relatives in Kansas, by radio, was announced here today. The aerial exchange has been perfected by two U of Kansas amateur radio operators, working with the Marine Corps station in Nicaragua.

The students, Fergus McKeever of Lawrence and George I. Jones of To-

peka, operating low wave length stations, 9DNG and 9AEK, established connection with NNI-NIC in Nicaragua Sunday night and a message of greeting from Gov. Ben S. Paulen was relayed to Kansas Marines. Last night the greeting was acknowledged.

We'll soon be able to tell Pa to not forget and milk the old black cow, by heck.

### Good Company

Second Lt. Charles E. Chapel, commanding the Base Headquarters and Headquarters Company, has received a commendation from Colonel C. H. Lyman, commanding the Marine Corps Base at San Diego, for the "Excellent morale and discipline" existing in the company. This commendation was based on the fact that although the strength of the company averages two hundred men there were only two punishments inflicted upon its members during the period from February 1, 1928, to March 31, 1928.

### Chaplain Returns

For the Marines at San Diego it is gratifying to know that Commander H. S. Dyer, Ch. C., U. S. N., returns for duty at this base for the third time since its establishment. This time he comes from the U. S. S. "Arizona."

Commander Dyer needs no introduction to the Marines. Everyone likes him—he makes you feel that he is your "buddy" right from the start. His personality is backed up by real achievements. When he was with us in 1924-25 he turned out a very successful ball team, and was always capable of showing the boys just how it was done.

His duties here besides being Chaplain will be officer in charge of the Base Library, Motion Pictures, and the Marine Corps Institute.

### PHYSICAL TRAINING OF RECRUITS AT RECRUIT DEPOT, SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

By "Elong" Ellison, Phy. Instr.

To most of my readers this article is old stuff; and to others, not quite so old; it might even be new to a few. It is for the benefit of these few that I am writing it.

After some deliberation, Captain R. Winans, who is the commanding officer of Recruit Depot, decided that the old schedule of training for the recruits was



Marine Corps Recruits at San Diego take their Daily Dozen in Setting-up Exercises. (Photo by Bill Tierney.)

quite inadequate, especially in respect to the physical development of the men who will in the future uphold the traditions of the Corps.

A schedule was drafted whereby the recruits would receive additional physical training. The new schedule was forwarded and eventually approved of by Headquarters. It officially went into effect on March 26, 1928, the 91st Platoon being the first to start training under the new schedule.

During the first three weeks of training the men get approximately six hours each of boxing and wrestling, together with plenty of exercises and recreational games. When the platoon returns from the Rifle Range, the men are given advanced courses in both boxing and wrestling. Swimming is also taught in the seventh and eighth weeks; those who already can swim are given a chance to qualify and those who cannot are taught to swim.

In neither boxing nor wrestling is it possible to teach a man to become really proficient in such a brief period of time. In fact, all that can be taught is mere fundamentals, except for the men who have had previous experience in either sport. Our aim, primarily, is to build up the men physically and to teach them to live clean lives, to have confidence in themselves, and, above all, to be able to protect themselves in time of need.

At present we are building an outdoor ring, which is nearing completion. When it is completed, inter-platoon smokers will be held once a week for the purpose of providing entertainment as well as stimulating interest and competition between the various platoons.

Too much credit cannot be given to my able assistants, namely, Corporals Raymond J. Poppelman and Herbert W. Tann. Both have shown much patience and perseverance over all.

### THE LIBRARY AT SAN DIEGO

By Pvt. B. Lidyard

The Base Library at San Diego offers to the personnel a delightful contrast to the squads right of police work of the every day routine of duty that is found even in the best of regulated posts—a spot of peace, comfort, education and recreation has been developed under the direction of Corporal W. B. Wilson.

The library is not only the largest in the Marine Corps, having eight thousand nine hundred and twenty three volumes in circulation, but it is equipped with a very large and expensive radio set that brings in the latest news, music and

other entertainment. An ample number of large over-stuffed lounges and chairs forms a part of the luxurious furnishings that tend to offer a strong inducement to rest one's weary bones if nothing else. The library subscribes to sixty-five of the best magazines in the country and thereby furnishes the necessary materials for those who prefer reading.

The personnel, under the leadership of Corporal Wilson consists of Privates Box, Billings and Lidyard. Through their efforts the place is open every day in the week, offering to all the very best and latest literature and music.

### SAN DIEGO NOTES

By Cpl. A. Green, Jr.

Riflemen who are expecting to "go west, young man" will be interested in the recent developments and improve-



### HITTING THE BALL AT SAN DIEGO

Here are a few of Uncle Sam's Devil Dogs who are going to be prepared for any old "push" that comes along.

ments made and being made at San Diego. Most notable among these is the construction of permanent barracks buildings, one of which is almost completed at the Rifle Range, La Jolla, for the accommodation of the permanent Rifle Range Detachment, team men, and requalification men. The barracks will accommodate about 30 men and will provide all necessary and up-to-date plumbing facilities. Men who are expecting to go to San Diego for rifle work in the Western Division will be pleased to learn of the new construction. As yet the building is incomplete, but work is being pushed on the job and it will probably be ready for occupancy sometime in May this year. Until such time as funds are available for the construction of more buildings, recruits will continue to be housed in tents for the few weeks they spend on the range.

Another feature of improvement in small arms target work is the completion of a pistol practice range within the confines of the Marine Base at San Diego. This has just been accomplished

and will probably be in use at an early date.

Old timers will be surprised to note the difference in the appearance of the San Diego Base from that of a few years ago. Much time, money and labor has been spent in the cultivation of trees, shrubbery and lawns. We are proud of our base and are trying to make it that which it is fast becoming—a home for the men stationed here.

Very little has been said of our base because we have had so few men, but we are beginning to fill up slowly, due to the diverting of central recruiting to San Diego. As fast as we "get our house in order" we are going to boast about it. Are you with us, Gyrenes?

### SECOND BATTALION, "SIXTH" STAGE BLOODY SMOKER

Bloody indeed was the Second Battalion smoker at Recreation Hall, Taku Road, Tientsin, in ten bouts.

Tumley, 80th Company, and Day, 94th Company, set the pace with a whirlwind barrage. Tumley was high man by an edge in the first three rounds. In the fourth round Day was knocked out by a vicious hay-maker.

Lester Monroe of the 78th Company and Hogan of the 79th, mixed in the second bout. A lucky punch doomed Hogan from the beginning and the bell saved him from taking the count in the first round. After one minute of fighting in the second round Monroe was asleep.

The third bout saw Hancock of

Battalion Headquarters and Dawson of the 81st Machine Gun Company stepping fast and furious. Hancock took the first round by a slight margin. In the second round Dawson retaliated with a knockout.

The fourth bout between Luthe of the 79th and Schaffer of the 78th promised to be no more savage than the average for the first three rounds. But in the fourth round Schaffer uncorked a powerful wallop and knocked Luthe through the ropes and onto the concrete where he landed head first, narrowly missing Chaplain Gottschall. The bout was awarded to Schaffer on a technical knockout.

Tuswir and Johnson did some fast stepping and hard hitting in the fifth bout. Johnson hurt his right hand in the second round but continued to put up a plucky fight at a great disadvantage. He rates a lot of credit in spite of the fact that he was knocked out in the last round.

In the sixth bout, Lowry of the 81st, clearly outclassed McKay of the Service

Company. An uppercut by Lowry in the third round finished McKay.

"Slim" Walker from Battalion Headquarters, hit "Mike McTigue" Bobarnick with everything but the bulkhead in the seventh bout. But they were not evenly matched in the first place as Walker was much taller and had at least two or three inches reach on Bobarnick. Walker scored a technical knockout when the referee counted ten as "Mike" leaned his head on the ropes, groggy, and half unconscious.

In the eighth bout "Babe" Krasowski and "Kid" Flannigan staged the only fight of the evening to go the limit.

Krasowski was undoubtedly the heavier and stronger, but Flannigan was clever, speedy and "heady." Krasowski uncorked many knockout blows but "Kid" Flannigan was always somewhere else and was quick to assume the offensive after one of Krasowski's rushes.

In the first round Flannigan slipped to the deck as he drove Krasowski into a corner with a counter rush. He was on all-fours in an instant and in the act of springing up when his second, Amato, yelled in his ear, "stay down!" Flannigan hesitated an instant and then, with a "Sleepish" grin dropped to his knees for the count of nine. Through the rest of the bout he easily held his own and rated the draw.

In the ninth bout Houchell and Johnson proved themselves to be slugging fools. In the third round both were so groggy and dizzy that they could do little more than fall against each other. In the last round Houchell was awarded the decision. Harper of the 81st Machine Gun Company and Baylis of the Service Company staged the last bout of the evening. It was easily Harper's fight. Baylis was counted out in the second round after being down twice.

An interesting side feature of the evening was the attitude of the ladies present. They were all attention and willing, even anxious to see bloodshed. If appearances were at all indicative of fact they were more blood-thirsty than the men. Well, folks, stand by for the regimental smoker.

"WANDERER."

#### PORT AU PRINCE

By "Frenchy" S.

In my last article I spoke of sports in Haiti throughout the Brigade, but little less than astounding is the extent to which sport has been taken up in Port au Prince, everyone seems to be at it.

For three years the Headquarters and Headquarters Company basketball team held top hand by winning everyone of

their scheduled games, but this year the Second Regiment team took first place, defeating the Brigade in their two games with them by the scores of 19-7 and 19-14.

The following is the standing of the league for 1928:

	Won	Lost	Pct.
Second Regiment . . . .	6	0	1.000
Brigade . . . . .	4	2	.667
Aviation . . . . .	2	4	.333
Gendarmerie . . . . .	0	6	.000

As it looks now, the First Brigade, U. S. Marine Corps, Port au Prince, Haiti is in shape to compete against any organizations when athletics are on the program.

Coming to the personnel of organizations, the Motor "Travail" Company are still living up to their names and ideals. Since the last transport of the "Kittery," we see Captain McDonald vice Lieuten-

he sends any more radios like this one: 4916 SHIP NOT MORE THAN THREE PURPLE MONKEYS, TWO DOZEN RED, WHITE AND BLUE SNAKES PERIOD MAGENTA ELEPHANT WEIGHING TWENTY TONS, STRIPED MICE, POLKA DOT LIZARDS, SCOTCH PLAID GUINA PIGS RECEIVED THANKS AM WELL SIGNED JOHN SMITH 1010.

"Monkey business, 'Hoop Scoop,' monkey business."

Well, here's how.

#### SOMOTILLO SCANDAL SHEET, MARINE DETACHMENT, U. S. S. "CLEVELAND"

By D. T. Garner and H. S. Morris

Somotillo, the town that God forgot, is situated in the hills of Nicaragua, near the Honduran border. The duty of the Marines up here is to patrol the hills on the lookout for any stray bands of bandits that might have designs on the much hated "Gringo."

When the gang received the news that we were to be transferred to the hills, each Marine had visions of being a hero, bringing in the scalp of Sandino.

The ship arrived at Corinto the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of April. Everyone had their heavies rolled ready to disembark the following morning. The morning of the twenty-fifth we disembarked and entrained for Chinandega, arriving there the same afternoon. We remained there for about three days,

which gave us sufficient time to get a pack train of twenty-four ox-carts together to carry our provisions and such supplies as we needed for our nine months stay in the hills. This train was the largest ever to leave Chinandega for the hills. Considering the number of new men in our detachment, who were unaccustomed to this country and its many hardships, the train came through in fine shape, due to their splendid work. We arrived at Somotillo the morning of April the first at three-thirty a. m. At present everyone is enjoying the new life and the trip would have indeed been complete if the "Old Gang," who were transferred to Annapolis, could have been with us. We hope if any of them read this they will drop us a line.

First Lieutenant John C. McQueen is our new commanding officer and we also have a new top-kick, both of whom are liked very much by all men of this command. Our new top-kick is an ex-All-Marine football star. Perhaps some of the old timers who read this will remember Robert R. Stock.

Now, lest we forget, we wish to men-

(Continued on page 44)



Minister MacMurray Inspects the Marines at Shanghai, China

ant Whitney in charge, assisted by Lieutenant Meints (also Mess Officer). The new Top-kick is First Sergeant Miller, and Lieutenant Meints says he is the kind of man he likes, never hungry. Anyway, statics is bad, and looks like the Travail Company can't get along without their reliable painter "Smitty" and along with him we find "Pat" the tire man (always ready to retire). Oh, what sweet disposition that boy has, and when he gets busy, well, we'd rather hear Glasscock gargle "Jennyko," altho' when he gets to "Allez caille Mama" he's all tangled up. Just look at the picture of the Motor Travail Company for some of your buddies of Haiti.

The headquarters bunch is now in possession of a little box capable of emitting spontaneous sounds, although our file clerk, Newc Smith, has to labor at the dials.

Our new radio clerk, "Hoop Scoop" Townsley, just made resolution never to bid four clubs when he holds a three of spades hand. (Result, 400 in the hole.) And he's also regarding all "John Smith's" with suspicion and says they must be satisfactorily identified, before



Published each month by The United States Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C., for the advancement of education. Copy closes on the 10th of month preceding date of issue.

Editor and Publisher, First Lieutenant Carl Gardner; Associate Editor, Gunnery Sergeant James M. Frost; West Coast Representative, Gy. Sgt. Neal G. Moore, Marine Barracks, San Diego, Cal.; Sports Editor and Advertising Manager, Corporal Ralph E. Daniels; Circulation Manager, Corporal Chauncey W. Baker; Assistant Circulation Manager, Private First Class Harry E. Hesse; Staff Assistant, Pvt. Frank G. Roach.

### Better Lies Should Be Invented

**D**URING the World War the newspapers of the allied countries carried thousands of lurid stories of the brutal atrocities committed by the German soldiers on or against the helpless civilian population of the French and Belgian territory that the German army had invaded. These stories were passed from mouth to mouth and increased in their horror with each telling. But after the war was over there occurred an abrupt change in public opinion as to the character of the common soldiers of the German Imperial Army. This change was mainly due to the discovery of the nature of public information in war time. And this discovery led many intelligent people to swear that they would never again put any faith in war-time communiques, official or otherwise. But it is interesting and, at the same time depressing, to note that the rumors coming from Nicaragua have betrayed some of the brightest of these intelligent citizens into an hysteria very much like what they so recently condemned.

English and Americans and French began to recall, as the fever of the war died down, that they had known personally a great many German residents of their respective countries; and, that further these residents had been ordinarily law-abiding people, never displaying any proclivities for spearing babies or mutilating young children. They began to wonder if all these rumors about German atrocities could be true.

The results of post-war studies are widely known. In general, the stories were false—sometimes the feverish by-products of panic, and sometimes the deliberate output of propagandists. It was widely believed that the experience had taught the people of America especially a lesson. Now, however, we find a new experiment in atrocity-mongering under way. And this time it is not Germans, nor foreigners of any other type, but it is our own Marines who are cast in the role of villains.

As an outstanding example, the New York Nation, in one of a series of articles by a Mr. Carleton Beals, screams in large headlines "Marine Atrocities." But in reading the article Mr. Beals reports only in circumstantial details. And he specifically declines to vouch for the truth of the stories of the so-called "atrocities." The article itself does not support the heading. But Mr. Beals claims to have been through the territory controlled by the Nicaraguan bandits and to have actually interviewed Sandino himself. If there had been instances of Marine atrocities it is very likely they would have been brought directly to the attention of Mr. Beals and he would be able to vouch for their truth and would not have to make the statement "I give them for what they are worth."

Fortunately, there are hundreds of thousands of Americans who know American young men and who know American young manhood as it is found in the Marine Corps. Most of them have had first-hand contact with the discipline, the courtesy, the meticulous regard for Marine Corps traditions, which prevail wherever an outfit of Leathernecks is assembled. It will take a lot of better lying to make the intelligent people

of America believe that our service in Nicaragua has transformed us into fiendish murderers of children and old women.

WE VOICE the sentiment of the entire Marine Corps when we say that the untimely death of Private Pagett is sincerely regretted. Private Pagett had won a place of affection in the hearts of the United States Marines not only because of his proving to be such an interesting and colorful mascot but also on account of the spirit in which he had been presented to us by the Royal British Marines. Private Pagett died in his boots, so to speak, since his death occurred just after his having returned from a trip with the Marine baseball team.

IN RECOMMENDING the rank of Lieutenant General for the Major General Commandant of the United States Marine Corps, Congressman Updike had the following to say:

My purpose in introducing this measure is to grant the Commandant of the Marine Corps the requisite rank which that officer, as head of a separate military service in the naval establishment, should hold.

The Marine Corps is called upon by the Nation to handle delicate international situations in the interests of national security and world peace and it is fitting that its commanding officer should hold a rank in accord with his position.

In the Navy itself this is recognized by law, which provides that the Chief of Naval Operations and the Commander-in-Chief U. S. Fleet, the Commander of the Battle Fleet and Asiatic Forces hold the rank of Admiral while so serving. In addition, Commanders of the Scouting Fleet, Naval Forces in Europe and Battleship Divisions of the U. S. Fleet are Vice-Admirals. The Commandant of the Marine Corps would rank with the Vice-Admiral under my bill whereas now he ranks with Rear Admirals of the Navy.

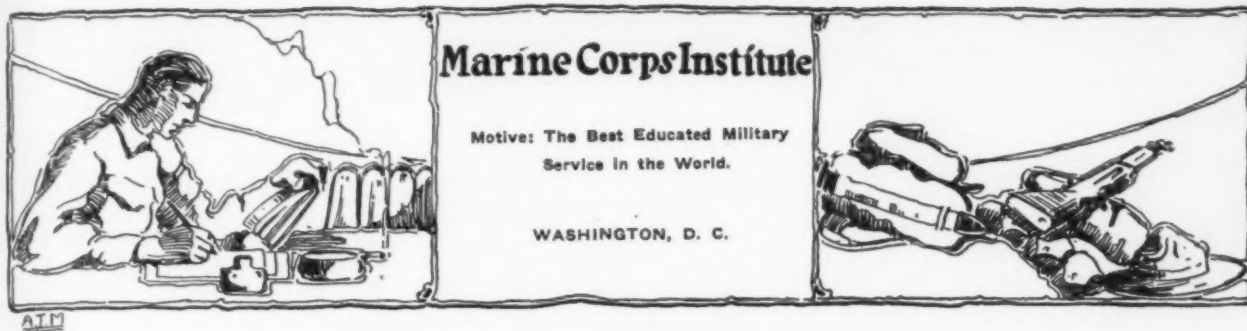
In regard to the Army, I understand that the President has favored legislation to create the rank of General for the Chief of Staff. In addition, Secretary of War Davis made the following statement concerning the need for increased rank, which can apply with equal force to the Marine Corps:

"It is a principle of military organizations, recognized by long experience, that rank should be commensurate with command. In all the lower organizations of the Army, this principle has been applied and is applied in our Army. In the high commands, this principle has seldom been applied in our Army and cannot be applied now under existing law."

MARINES IN CHINA seem to be spending much of their spare time writing to the newspapers. Most of the letters relate to the attitude of the foreign civilian population towards the man in a Marine uniform. Some correspondents maintain that the civilian population do not show the proper respect and appreciation for the service man. Others say that the attitude of the civilians is all that it should be. And still others, the large majority, say that they are not interested in the way the Marine is regarded. The last mentioned say that they are in China for a definite purpose and that purpose is not to be showered with attention by the people whom they are there to protect; that they are there to fulfill their duty in a dignified, efficient manner, in keeping with Corps traditions.

It seems to us that all this writing on a much discussed subject is a pure waste of time. We would be the first to make strenuous protest against any affront to a man in uniform just because he was in uniform. But our experience in China makes us believe that if there is one person welcome and appreciated it is the United States Marine. The Marine gives a feeling of security to the Americans residing there and the large majority of them will give every courtesy to him. Unfortunately there are always some individuals that will prove the exception but these exceptions prove the rule. To place these exceptions on the same basis with the whole civilian population is just as bad as the civilian who criticizes the whole Marine Corps when some individual member oversteps the bounds of propriety.

There is always a certain aloofness existing between the civilian and the military man. Their spheres of activity are entirely different. A Marine cannot expect the civilian to rush up and pour compliments in his ear. This is never done. A person rarely ever gets bouquets thrown at him until after his death. Let's stop all this newspaper bickering between Marines and civilians. We are men, not thin-skinned children. Let's see if we cannot come to a better understanding of the civilian attitude.



### May 10, 1928—Monthly Report

Total number individuals enrolled.....	7,339
Total number enrolled since last report.....	293
Total number disenrolled since last report.....	354
Number examination papers received during period.....	2,375
Total number graduates to date.....	3,859

## A Student's Success is Our Best Advertisement

Superintendent Business Schools,  
Marine Corps Institute, Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter 1st of March 27, 1928, addressed to me while I was attached to the Sixth Company, Tenth Regiment, Quantico, Va.

I am glad to give you a brief resume of my experience since my discharge, to prove that the commercial course I have completed has been of good use to me.

In the first place, any Marine who completes the commercial course with the idea of utilizing the benefits therefrom has made a start on the road to success.

As I received two increases in salary during 1924 and am getting another one this month (three in twelve months) I feel my above statement is a fact, not a fallacy. And to strengthen that statement the future looks optimistic for me, to say the least.

I have been with the Tide Water Oil Company since my discharge in 1923.

The complete commercial course enabled me to get a position in their accounting department, where I now supervise their accounts receivable and handle other accounting procedures.

Had I not possessed the training of this course I doubt whether they would have accepted my services. Now that I have had business experiences, I find that my commercial course is not sufficient for accounting principles, so I am now undertaking a course in higher accountancy.

You can see that my course has given me an advantage, since I knew nothing of bookkeeping before starting the course; in fact, I had only seventh grade education.

I can always look to the Institute as my real starting point and I believe there are many other marines and ex-marines who share my opinion.

Good luck to your efforts, and my best wishes for your success in educating men of the Marine Corps.

Very truly yours,

/s/ CHARLES W. HOLTZMAN.

### Select Your Course and Fit Yourself for that Job on the Outside

The Marine Corps Institute offers a selection of 233 academic and vocational courses containing the latest information about the subjects to which they pertain. The average cost of these courses if taken by a civilian with a correspondence school would be One Hundred Fifty (\$150.00) Dollars. **THEY ARE GIVEN FREE TO ALL MARINES.**

Ask your school officer for a catalogue, select a course in which you are interested and then fill out the attached slip and mail it to the Marine Corps Institute.

### MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE, WASHINGTON, D. C.:

I DESIRE TO ENROLL IN THE..... COURSE.

Rank

Name

Organization

Place

## OUT OF THE BRIG

By LOU WYLIE



Lou Wylie

Dear Fellows: The "Ride 'em Rough" destroyers have been here and gone, leaving, undoubtedly, a trail of broken hearts behind them. They arrived in port with their usual boast — "that there were some fellows off a battleship that came in with us, on leave, and they got so sea-sick,

etc., etc." Never having ridden on a destroyer, we can only remember some of the things told us by ex-destroyer officers, so what they had to say was most probably true. We will say that if all destroyer men are as quick as this bunch were to accommodate themselves to the ways of a city, and to make themselves as thoroughly at home, that they really must be a clubby bunch, and as cosmopolitan as we have heard say that they were. After the extremely correct and military behaviour of the Texas gobs, it was quite a relief to have a gang come along and take the city by storm, and in as gentlemanly a way as these boys did. They were not in port twenty-four hours before most of them had annexed themselves a girl, and they gaily started out to see the city. They filled up the taxis, stood in groups on all the street corners, crowded into the shows, congregated before windows, and even sat on curbs and had long discussions about the difference between New Orleans and real tropical cities, in the wee sma' hours of the morning. The day after the destroyers sailed, a nice matronly old lady in the French Quarter went to market, and on the way back was heard to lament "Mon Dieu, Mon Dieu, but the city, she seem dead without all the nice little doughboys." And for a fact they were really missed, for they were full of fun and mischief without being unduly noisy, malicious or destructive, which shows that it is the exception and not the rule when a gob is ashore and goes bolshevik.

Before getting off the subject of the destroyers, we must make mention of the Naval Chess Champion, Ensign Winston E. Whitehead, of the U. S. S. "Dobbin." The Ensign makes no boasts, he merely says, when asked if he plays chess, "Yes, a little," but after several games with him you are very liable to get up and ask him who was chess champion in the Navy before he enlisted. We are about six games in the hole to him, so if any marine is good at the game and can find the opportunity to do so, we would like very much for him to challenge the lieutenant and take these six games back from him. In fact, we are so anxious to be avenged that we will stand treat to real home-made cake to the Leatherneck who will do it. Has the Corps any expert chess players?

Ensign Whitehead is also responsible for this joke. It seems that a businessman was invited out to lunch with his pastor, and unexpectedly called on to say grace. Never having asked the blessing in his life, and at the same time not wanting to appear lacking, he repeated, "Dear Lord, accept our thanks for these our many sins and forgive us for this food that we have before us."

Ensign Whitehead also brings word of a whaleboat race which he saw at Guantanamo between the "Wyoming," "Arkansas," "Utah" and "Florida," Marines from the U. S. S. "Wyoming" winning the race.

In these days of drug stores that sell everything but suspension bridges and lawn mowers, there might be some truth in the yarn we heard about the girl who asked her beau how he came out in his pharmacist examination. "Oh, I flunked," was the reply, "you see, I burnt the toast."

In addition to land, air and water service, U. S. Marines are getting an additional course in South American revolutions. It is in still rather an undeveloped stage now, but later may be made a regular course and even, after it is well organized, be handled via the correspondence route. But that will be some time off.

We have a letter from Private Edward L. Newman, Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, who was formerly stationed at the Naval Station at Algiers, where he made quite a mark for himself on the Marine Corps baseball team. It seems from Newman's letter that he is still playing ball, and that he is also a little homesick for the station over the river. Can you beat that, in Hawaii and aching to come back to New Orleans. It certainly seems that Captain Israel deserves that reputation he has amongst the enlisted men of being one of the most loved officers in the Corps.

Now that it is June, and there is much talk of June brides, sweet girl graduates, blue whites, and green onions, some spring poetry might not be amiss so we have this specially manufactured for the Brig, by its chauffeur:

Springtime is a chaplet we reverently wear,

Each spring is a shiny bead that the seasons bear.

When the scented lilacs whisper that it's spring

We add another bead to our shimmering string,

But as the string grows longer and as we older grow,

You will have to pardon if we gebd ud gold or so.

Congratulations to Capt. Murl Corbett, even if we are a little late. In case you run out of material, Captain, why not ring in a good one about buying a new Ford with that ten, and then trading it in for a Lincoln or Rolls Royce and getting a couple of dollars boot. Or, since you are a fighting champion—but maybe we had better not suggest. We don't want to take your laurels "off'n" you, you know.

## TO THE MEN IN THE SERVICE

By Lou Wylie

Sing us the men who are dauntless,  
The fellows who fearlessly dare  
To follow the call of adventure  
Over seas, through strange lands, and  
the air.

Who are haltered not, nor are bitten  
By the bridles of commerce and gain,  
But who list to the call of the bugle  
And thrill to its silvery refrain.

The fellows who shoulder the rifles,  
Who man and command all our ships,  
Who soar in our aeroplanes, sunward  
With dawn like gold on their wing tips.

Let pale clerks wrestle with figures  
And straddle their tall office stools,  
Or prosperous, grow into bankers,  
They're slaves of a type, and all fools.

We sing of the restless, adventurous,  
Who ever are anxious to roam,  
Who serve as the Guards for our Banner,  
With a tent or a ship for their home.

LATE NEWS LETTER FROM HEAD-  
QUARTERS, 48TH COMPANY,  
SECOND BATTALION, FIFTH  
REGIMENT, CHINANDEGA,  
NICARAGUA

By Roy C. Brunzell

For the second time has the Marine Detachment from the United States Ship "Florida" been called to duty beyond the seas, again in the troublesome country of Nicaragua. On the 18th of March the Marines of the Scouting Fleet, plus thirty men from the Marine Barracks, Guantanamo Bay, Cuba, were organized into the Scouting Fleet, Marine Expeditionary Force and was ordered to report aboard the U. S. S. "Arkansas" for passage to Colon, Panama. By train across the Canal Zone to Balboa and aboard the U. S. S. "Rochester" was a feat accomplished in exactly four hours, which is not considered slow time. Four days of cramped quarters and crawling up the face of the continent at a turtle's pace found the ship anchored in the shallow bay of Corinto, Nicaragua. The original "Florida" guard was now somewhat reduced by the transfer of eighteen men to the "Wyoming" Detachment scheduled to proceed to the hills upon landing.

The morning sun on the 25th of March shined brightly upon a landing force of eager Marines anxiously casting their eyes toward the beach and in an hour were plodding up the main street of the town to the railroad station. The Ferrocarril del Pacifico de Nicaragua, the only railroad on the West coast of Nicaragua, and travels from Corinto to Geauada. Arriving at Leon, our detachment was billeted in the grand opera house commandeered for military purposes only to receive orders to move back to Chinandega the following morning. Back we went and took over the compound here in the hope of settling down. Our detachment again had changed, this time with the addition of the Marine Detachment of the "Camden" and the eight men from Coco Solo. We were organized into the 48th Company, 2nd Battalion, 5th Regiment. The "Camden" Detachment has now two outposts along the railroad, one at Ameya and the other at Poso Cabela, relieving the bluejackets.

# The Lexington and The Saratoga

**T**HE LONGEST and most powerful naval vessels in the world have just been added to the American Navy with the completion of the new aircraft carriers "Saratoga" and "Lexington," writes J. Earle Miller in Popular Mechanics Magazine. Built to tear through the seas at thirty-three knots, or about thirty-eight land miles an hour, each can put eighty-eight planes into the air, and at the same time carry on a respectable fight against an enemy on the sea or in the air, for each is armed with eight big eight-inch long-range guns and twelve five-inch antiaircraft rifles.

Started at the close of the war as battle cruisers, the two ships were changed, after the Washington disarmament conference, into aircraft carriers of the latest type. With their superstructure condensed in tall towers on the starboard side and their smokestacks streamlined into a single unit, they are the weirdest ships in the Navy. Bigger than battleships, but as fast as the lean gray destroyers, they are entirely different from anything else afloat. Their great speed requires enormous power, four electric generators, each of 35,200 kilowatts capacity, for each ship. The power of each vessel is sufficient to supply all the electrical needs of a city the size of Boston. Steam turbines, run by sixteen oil-fired boilers, turn the generators, which transmit power to eight enormous electric motors, each of 22,500 horsepower, connected in pairs to four propellers. With 45,000 horsepower driving each propeller, the combined output of 180,000 horsepower makes them the world's fastest big ships.

The Navy's entire fleet of six electric driven battleships now in commission—the "New Mexico," "California," "Tennessee," "Maryland," "Colorado" and "West Virginia"—has less power than either of the new ships.

Because of the concentration of all the superstructure, gun turrets and other above-deck equipment at the extreme right hand side of the ship, the "Lexington" and "Saratoga" are balanced by placing their fuel oil, water and gasoline tanks in the hull on the opposite side. As each tank is emptied, it can be filled with water to keep the ship in trim.

The broad, long landing deck is large enough to drill a regiment on, for the ships have a length of 888 feet and a beam of 105 feet. At either end, the deck flares out over the hull, and also drops somewhat to increase speed when a plane takes off. The deck is equipped with arresting gear to stop a plane on landing within a few feet, instead of allowing it to run along for some distance, as is done on a land field. When the landing deck is in use life nets are rigged along the sides, so that members of the deck force can, if necessary, leap clear of the deck when a plane is landing.

Two levels below the landing deck, the ship has hangars and machine shops for handling the eighty-eight planes, which include everything from light and fast observation and attack squadrons, to heavy bombers and torpedo planes. Huge freight elevators are built in, to lift the completely assembled planes to the flying deck, the elevators coming to a stop flush with the deck, so they act as part of the flying field when not in use. A new type of catapult, mounted near the bow, can launch seaplanes, while the flying deck is being used by both land planes and amphibians.

Either of the aircraft carriers, according to Navy officers, is capable of meeting any existing battle fleet single-handed. With the eight-inch guns in their turrets, built for unusually long-range work, they can stand off enemy destroyers and cruisers, while their great speed will enable them to maneuver out of range of the heavier battleships. The twelve five-inch anti-aircraft guns are designed to keep the air clear of enemy planes while the carrier's own force is taking the air.

The flying deck is long and wide enough to accommodate the entire complement of set-up planes at one time, and still leave room for ships to take off. Not all of the eighty-eight planes on each carrier will be kept fully assembled at one time, but others can be set up as fast as needed, to replace airplanes shot down or incapacitated by mechanical troubles.

Some idea of the immense size, weight, power and speed of the "Saratoga" and "Lexington" can be gained by comparing them with other naval vessels. The 32,600-ton "Maryland," "Colorado" and "West Virginia," biggest battleships in the

Navy, are overshadowed by the aircraft carriers, with a displacement of more than 33,000 tons. The difference in size is even more marked, for the battleships carry enormous weight in heavy armor.

In shaft horsepower either of the new ships, with 180,000 horsepower delivered to her four propellers, is equal to more than five 35,000 horsepower battleships of the "Maryland" class. Their enormous power will drive them practically as fast as the swiftest light cruisers in the fleet, and only two knots slower than the best of the first-line destroyer squadrons, while they can outrun the older torpedo boats.

Complete with her complement of planes, the Saratoga cost approximately \$45,000,000 to build. She is the fifth ship of the U. S. Navy to bear the name of "Saratoga."

## A Brief History of the Five "Saratogas"

The U. S. S. "Saratoga" (1) was a sloop-of-war of 18 guns, built at Philadelphia in 1777 and commanded by Captain John Young. During her brief career she captured four British vessels, fought a naval engagement with the British armed brig Elizabeth, and was lost at sea, in March in 1871.

The second vessel named "Saratoga" was a ship displacing 734 tons and carrying 26 guns. She was launched in 1814, forty days after the timber to build her was cut from the forest. In September, 1814, she was flagship of Commodore Thomas Macdonough in the battle of Lake Champlain, receiving the surrender of the British Squadron. She was sold at Whitehall, N. Y., in 1825.

The third "Saratoga" was a sloop-of-war of 1025 tons, carrying 22 guns, built at Portsmouth, N. H., in 1842. This vessel took part in the Civil War, operating with the South Atlantic Blockading Squadron. Later on she was gunnery ship at Annapolis and school for naval apprentices. In 1890 she became Public Marine School Ship at League Island, Pa. This vessel was sold August 14, 1907.

The U. S. S. "Saratoga" (4) was originally the armored cruiser "New York," Admiral Sampson's Flagship at Santiago. She was launched December 2, 1891. July 3, 1898, and was present at the surrender of Admiral Cervera's Squadron off Santiago, Cuba. On February 16, 1911, the "New York" was officially designated the "Saratoga," and on December 30, 1919, her name was again changed to that of the "Rochester." She is now the flagship of the Special Service Squadron.

The fifth vessel bearing the name of the "Saratoga" was authorized by Congress August 29, 1916. She was originally intended to be a battle cruiser, and work began on her at the American Brown Boveri Electric Corp., in Camden, N. J., the old New York Shipbuilding Corp., September 25, 1920. Work was ordered suspended on construction of battle cruiser No. 3, the "Saratoga," February 8, 1922. An act of Congress, July 1, 1922, authorized the vessel to be converted to an aircraft carrier as a result of the decisions of the Disarmament Conference held at Washington in 1921. Work was begun again July 13, 1922, on such parts of the vessel as were common to the plans of a battle cruiser and the proposed plans for the conversion to an aircraft carrier.

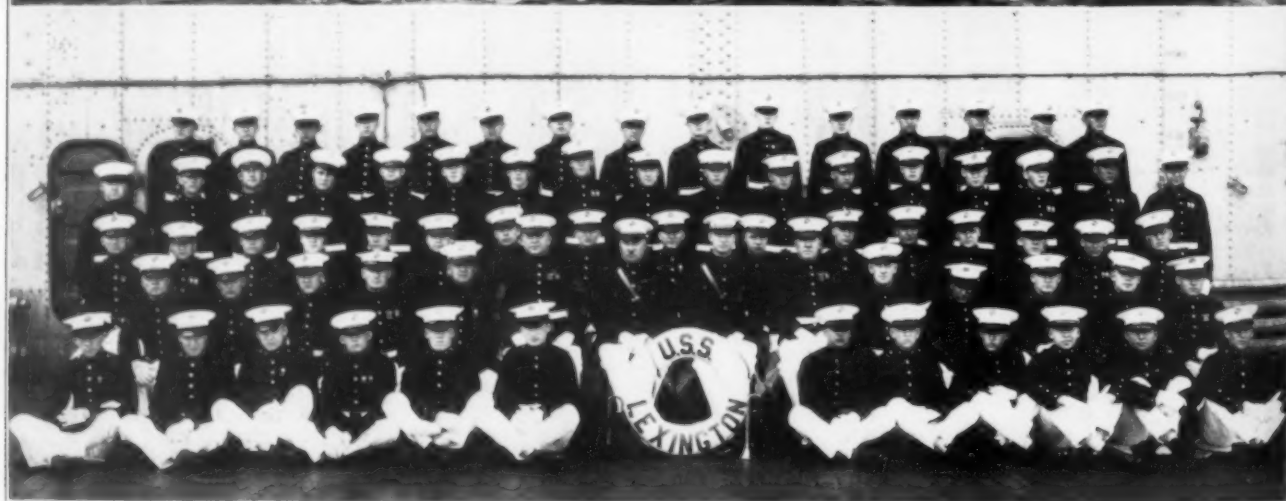
The keel of the "Saratoga" was laid September 25, 1920, and the ship was launched on April 7, 1925, Mrs. Curtis D. Wilbur, wife of the present Secretary of the Navy, sponsoring the launching, and christening the vessel the U. S. S. "Saratoga."

The "Saratoga" was commissioned at Camden, New Jersey, November 16, 1927, Admiral Julian Latimer taking over the ship for the Navy from the American Brown Boveri Co., and presenting her to Captain Harry E. Yarnell, the first officer to have the privilege of commanding the commissioned vessel.

## There Have Also Been Four "Lexingtons"

The airplane carrier "Lexington" is the fourth ship in the United States Navy to bear this name. In 1775 the first "Lexington," a converted merchant brig, carrying 16 guns, under Captain Barry, fought and captured a British ship, the Edward, off the Virginia Capes. This was the first capture of a war vessel by an American commissioned cruiser. The "Lexington" took an active part in the Revolutionary War until 1777, when she was defeated and captured by the Alert, in the Bay of

# THE U. S. S. LEXINGTON



Upper left: Captain Albert W. Marshall, U. S. N., *Commanding U. S. S. "Lexington."*  
 Upper right: Commander Newton H. White, U. S. N., *Executive Officer, U. S. S. "Lexington."*  
 Center: The U. S. S. "Lexington," sister ship to the "Saratoga."  
 Below: Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Lexington," Captain J. G. Ward, *Commanding.*

# THE U. S. S. SARATOGA



*Upper left: Captain Harry E. Yarnell, U. S. N., Commanding U. S. S. "Saratoga."*

*Upper right: Commander Kenneth Whiting, U. S. N., Executive Officer, U. S. S. "Saratoga."*

*Center: The "Saratoga" passing through Panama Canal.*

*Below: Marine Detachment, U. S. S. "Saratoga," Captain Robert C. Thaxton, Commanding.*

Biscay, after a two and one-half hour fight, a stern chase of four hours, and another hour's fight when the "Lexington's" powder supply was exhausted.

The second "Lexington," a sloop-of-war, built in the New York Navy Yard in 1825, served in the Mexican War. She was later converted into a supply ship, and sailed with Commodore Perry to Japan in 1853 when he opened the heretofore closed door of the Orient.

The outbreak of the Civil War found another "Lexington" serving with gallantry. She was bought at Cincinnati by Commander John Rogers in 1861, and armed with seven guns, but no armor plate. Near Norfolk, Missouri, on September 10th, 1861, under Captain Stembel, she engaged in the first gunboat fight of the war. This vessel served in Foote's squadron when Forts Henry and Donelson were captured, made several destructive trips along the Tennessee River, served as a troop transport, and took part in the Red River expedition.

The present "Lexington," one of the two modern airplane carriers to be built for our Navy, is the longest naval vessel ever built and the largest ship of any description ever constructed in this country. It was on January 7th, 1921, that the first keel plate was laid on the keel blocks. Seven years, nearly to a day, elapsed from that time until she steamed away. The "Lexington" was originally designed as a battle cruiser, but on July 17th, 1922, the plans were changed. It was decided that it should be converted into an airplane carrier, which necessitated that a considerable part of the structure be altered to conform to the new type of craft.

She was launched on October 3, 1925, when the great hull, weighing over 27,000 tons at the time, slid down the launching ways into the waters of Fore River at the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corporation's plant there. This company turned over to Rear Admiral Andrews, U. S. N., the completed "Lexington" on December 14, 1927.

A visit to the "Lexington" reveals an enormous amount of electrical installation. Electricity drives the anchor windlass which hoists the anchors, the rudder is electrically controlled, and the ship is steered from four different control stations by electricity. It hoists and lowers the boats and planes, with electrical boat davits and cranes. Electric elevators lower and raise the planes to the various work shops and hangars throughout the ship.

The cooking and baking for the officers and crew is also done electrically, and there are installed seven ovens and sixteen ranges which require 325 Kilowatts of electricity, enough energy to meet the power requirements of six destroyers. From the galley the food is carried by dumbwaiters to the various pantries, and the provision elevator.

For ventilating the ship, there are installed 165 blower motors, ranging in size from one-half horsepower to 25 horsepower, which change the air every few minutes. There are also 50 one-quarter horsepower portable blowers and 370 12-inch fans installed throughout the ship.

Throughout the ship there are upward of 7000 lights and lighting outlets, which furnish complete illumination. The flying deck is illuminated by flood lights located on the stacks.

The interior communication system of this ship is composed of so many circuits and instruments, that only a few will be mentioned.

There are 328 ship service telephones in different parts of the ship and orders can be passed over a public announcement system, which consists of 236 loud-speaking telephones and three transmitting stations.

When the ship is under way orders from the bridge to the engine room regarding speed and direction, the number of revolutions to be made, the course to be steered, the smoke telegraph, which telegraphs to the fire rooms, the color and amount of smoke from the stacks, are all transmitted electrically.

An electric log records the speed of the ship through the water and an electric revolution counter records the R. P. M. of the shaft. Electrical instruments also record the velocity and direction of the wind.

For steering, there is a gyro compass system which consists of 2 master gyros, and 22 repeater compasses, which, of course, is electrically operated.

For auxiliary power for various systems, there are installed approximately 400 batteries of various sizes, ranging from a 40 ampere hour to a 900 ampere hour, which consists of 3 groups of 126 cells each, in parallel, which in case of failure of the ship's supply is capable of operating the electrical steering gear. Batteries also furnish power for lighting in case of

failure of generators and automatically switch on through magnetic operated switches.

The ship's generating plant that furnishes the power for the various electrical apparatus throughout the ship consists of six 750-K.W. 240-volt turbo generators, shunt wound, located in two dynamo rooms or "flats."

For lighting, 4 motor generators consisting of 230-volt motors and 125-volt generators, located in two distribution rooms, furnishes the power. This installation is different than on any man-of-war, except the "Saratoga." Each of the huge motors weigh 100 tons, and are about 20 feet in diameter.

In the control room is located the control panel where the connections from the generators to the motors are made, and the speed of the ship is regulated by different combinations of motors and generators, is a maze of meters, switches, levers, contractors, and pilot lights, which tells the man on watch the operating condition of the various machinery when the ship is under way. More than 75 miles of 2,000,000 circular mile cable, which is as thick as a man's wrist was used in wiring this plant.

104,000 gallons of fresh water is supplied daily by the gigantic evaporating plant, the largest and most efficient ever installed in any vessel. The fresh and salt water pumps have a capacity of 21,363,600 gallons per hour. This would serve the needs of a city of 4,000,000 people.

To maintain this vast plant more than 125 electricians mates of various ratings are required. They are divided into different groups, such as power, lighting, main drive, I. C., and distribution room, and a chief electrician mate is in charge of each gang, and the whole under the supervision of the electrical officers.

#### Painting of "Saratoga" Presented

In presenting an oil painting of the U.S.S. Saratoga to Secretary Wilbur, in Washington, D. W. Niven, manager of the Federal-Marine Department of the General Electric Company, of Schenectady, N. Y., said:

"Our Pacific Fleet is about to receive a fighting craft without equal in the Fleets of the world: The Airplane Carrier Saratoga has made her way Southward on the Atlantic, successfully passed the Panama Canal, and is now entering the broad waters of the Pacific—a proud demonstration of American engineering skill and achievement. She stands today at the top of a worthy list of electrically driven naval vessels, with 180,000 S. H. P. at her disposal, a speed of 35 knots, and capacity for over 80 airplanes to be used as the eyes of the Fleet. She represents the most outstanding accomplishment in the field of electric drive on naval vessels.

"Starting 15 years ago, Mr. W. L. R. Emmet of our company blazed the trail by advocating electric drive for the Jupiter. Since then the Navy Department has consistently developed the application of electric drive to its capital ships. The New Mexico, Tennessee, California, Colorado, Maryland, West Virginia, and last, the Lexington and Saratoga have fully demonstrated the wisdom and foresight of the engineers of the Navy. Their early expectations and prophecies have been entirely fulfilled by the performance of these ships, and it is safe to say that even they, when approving electric drive on the Jupiter, could not foresee the enormous strides to be taken in 15 years.

"During this period the General Electric Company has been proud to collaborate with the Navy Department in the advancement of this art. Those of us who have been intimately connected with this development look back with pleasure on the labors that have passed. While the day of fighting ships of this size has just been reached, we feel confident that the engineering skill necessary to produce them for the Navy will also be applied in the future toward the advancement of our United States merchant marine. It is significant, indeed, that at the same time the Saratoga is making her successful voyage to the West Coast, the largest electrically driven merchant ship, the California, is paralleling her performance. The lessons learned in the Navy are being applied to the merchant marine and thus the arts of war have been turned to advantage in the arts of peace.

"The General Electric Company considers it fitting to commemorate the commissioning of the Saratoga. Mr. Walter Green of our company we believe has been very successful in transferring to a canvas the spirit of the power and speed of this mighty ship, and it gives us great pleasure to present the original painting to you, Mr. Secretary, as an expression of our cooperation and good will toward the Navy Department."

## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

By "Doc" Clifford

Honorary Chaplain, U. S. M. C.



"Doc" Clifford

The 81st Company Marines is still making history and sending out occasional "Communiques" to surviving members of that famous group who, under Captain George Bowers formed the old and original Eighty-First. The last communication began as follows: March 27, 1928, Genoa City, Wisconsin.—"Not serious to be true—but the mail must go through—just a buddy swamped. You know how it was when you slipped straddle legged off of one of those bloomin' duck boards that the Frogs had in the bottom of those gulleys they called trenches—one foot caught between the slats, the other in a 'ole off the edge and you had a Hotchkiss or four boxes of ammunition loaded on you and about thirty-five pounds of Uncle Sams miscellaneous arrangement, called a pack, jammed up under your tin lid at the back of your neck as you slid down the side of the ditch er tryin' ter ketch a holt er somethin' to keep you from piling in a heap—and you wind up with one arm buried in the mud up to your elbow and the water er soakin' in the seat of yer britches as you finally come to a sittin' fall—but a buddy takes the gun offa your back, can't let that drop in the mud, and he gives you a brace as you pull up on your feet again, the case isn't so helpless. You have been in that fix. After a blessin' of the elements and the dam war in general you went on again. So Bass, the ole pack horse called for help and wrote me—"you write the communique—send me a sheet 'THIS COMMUNIQUE IS WRITTEN BY—' and sez 'ere is where you start. It's easy enough to start and to finish, but there's a lot in between and here we go."—H. M. Robinson.

The letters which reach me by mail also constantly remind me of "ten years ago." Those who were there ten years ago do not forget the many scenes which they witnessed, and could not if they would. Only a few short weeks ago I talked with Paul J. Crosby in the Naval Hospital, Brooklyn. Crosby had suffered much, especially during the last few years, all of which was traceable to his devotion and sacrifice during those days with the Marines in France. He was full of hope for the future, but was nevertheless ready for the final Roll call and on March 3 he passed on leaving a wife and three little ones to mourn his loss. His buddies do not and will not forget.

Constant reminders are flashing over the country from the energetic and ever-alive president of the Second Division Association, urging that "men of the Second" catch the "Spirit of St. Louis" and attend the tenth annual reunion May

31, June 1, and June 2. There will doubtless be a record attendance this year, but I am afraid I shall have to content myself with what I can hear from others when they return from the big doings.

Have you ever heard of the hardworking and reliable group of men whose duties cause them to be located close to the Quantico R. R. Depot? They are known as the Motor Transport Company of the First Regiment, and although they do a lot of hornblowing and make a lot of noise, I have never yet heard any of them "blowing their own horn." They have to be thoroughly efficient to take care of and keep their job; are required to know all the vagaries and whims of the Fords and Macks and Whites and other makes of trucks and cars; and they have to possess the patience and good temper of many jobs in order to serve the "all and sundry" calls, demands, and passengers with which and whom they have to contend. This, however, they do and maintain their honor and gentlemanliness throughout. The gunnery sergeant, Clyde R. Darrah, who is now on a ninety-day furlough was once described to me as "a fine man with a very large family and still growing." The Commanding General's chauffeur is a staff sergeant of splendid worth and as such will always be GOODE. Believe me, Harry knows his stuff and ranks equal with Robert E. McCook in charge of the Machine Shop. I always feel kind of sorry for McCook for I have never met him but what one side of his face is much swollen although he suffers no pain.

The sergeants are five in number, but I could not get any really private information on one of them except Fred Bithell and then only that congratulations were in order; he had just been promoted. Of the others, Warren Bates was away at Holabird, Md.; Sam M. Graham is in charge of the Q. M. Stock Room; Max Rossbacher, the genial truckmaster, and Leslie C. Scott, chauffeur to the Brigade Commander. The Corporals, six of them, are as quiet as the higher-ups, even Gibson D. Mallory, the dispatcher, having very little to say. Robert E. Boyd and Marcus W. Goudy, both chauffeurs, of course, are not expected to talk very much but they sure can drive. David A. Passmore is in charge of the Inspection Department; John Pilat, the company clerk and Martin F. Reidy keeps the records of the company. From first to last the whole of this group of men are well worth knowing and with their friendship you become possessed of the "worthwhile."

The Quantico Rifle Range Detachment have to be constantly on hand for when no group are "shooting the range," there are so many things necessary to keep the butts and the range in condition that the construction gang are always looking after something requiring attention, and, with the present shortage of men due to the number serving abroad, even the Post Bandmen have gladly given an extra hand in the new cements which have been put in this year. The Detachment's First Sergeant is Francis G. Burns, but whether of the Irish Clan or a bit of real Scotch like "Bobbie," it's hard to determine, although all who know

him declare "he's hard to beat." Lew Johnson is the Q. M. Sergeant, while Gy. Sergeant William Plies is armorer. Corporal Walter R. Grow is carpenter and electrician for the rifle range system and Joseph P. Lee is acting Police Sergeant. Working on the construction are Gy. Sergeants Glenn W. Black and James E. Taylor, with Corporals Asa Gibson and William Paulbitske. At the time of writing, our old friend, Perry E. Paisley, the Mess Sergeant was in the Washington Naval Hospital from which we hope he has, by this time, returned.

The following lines were suggested as suitable for the "Poem of the Month" and I like them so well I pass them on:

## MY CHURCH

"My church has but one temple  
Wide as the world is wide,  
Set with a million altars,  
Where a million hearts abide.

My church has no creed  
To bar a single brother man.  
But says 'Come thou and enter'  
To everyone who can.

My church has no roof, no walls, no floor  
Save the beautiful sod,  
For fear it would seem to limit,  
The love of the illimitable God."

Charleston, S. C., has a clerk who is a GOODMAN from Charlotte, N. C.; Edgar is also Q. M. Corporal and known to his associates as "Red." Terms of duty at the Sea School at Norfolk, on the U. S. S. "Wyoming" and at Charleston have covered his Marine experience since leaving Parris Island. One of his comrades curiously enough is Norman J. GOODENOUGH, and coming from Pennsylvania I know of some folks who would readily say "he also is alright." Sergeant Jos. A. "Baldy" Newland is filling the position of Police Sergeant. Eight years service shows very lightly on Newland; they say he very rarely has any worries. The two "Musics" of the Post are Trumpeters James Horace Roof and Harris A. Brent. All the Charleston contingent boost their mess sergeant and cook, and I certainly agree for there are no men better than they are. The baker, Ernest E. Beller, has been in the service twenty-three years and only likes one thing better than his trade and that is a rod and line, for he is an expert fisherman. Two men were leaving the post on the day of my arrival, one, Ben F. Jackson, whose home is in Texas. His two brothers did service in the Army while another was a first class radio man on the Leviathan when in the Navy. Carter "L" Hooper hails from Nashville, Tenn., and takes his "excellent" discharge back home with great pride and satisfaction. The mess sergeant, Jos. C. Bianchi, who is rounding out his twentieth year, predicted that both Jackson and Hooper would miss the "three reg'lar squares" and judging by the last they had before leaving I guess they will.

Can you imagine two young fellows living in the same town, attending the same Sunday School, and members of the same church, and not knowing of the

(Continued on page 58)

# Here and There

BY  
Jeff Daniels,  
Sports Editor —

# SPORTS

## Marines Undefeated!

### CORPS BASEBALL TEAM WINS SEVENTEEN GAMES

Coch Keady's Charges Have Some Close Calls, But Display Traditional Fight and Sportsmanship to Repeat Feat of Football Team; Leading College Nines in List of Defeated.

The Marine Corps baseball team has finished one of the best and most successful seasons in its history. Playing a schedule of nineteen games with the best college teams in the east and south, the success of this season's Marine diamond stars is the source of great joy and pleasure to all connected with the athletic policy of the Corps. Two games scheduled were rained out and the remaining seventeen were WON!

Despite the fact that there was a scarcity of material in comparison with former years, and that the squad when it opened its training period at Norfolk early in March was limited to 24 men, among them only ten veterans of former baseball teams, the successful completion of the schedule with no defeats was accomplished.

#### How It Happened

After two weeks of training at the Marine Barracks, Norfolk, Va., the Marine team was brought to Quantico the first week in April to begin its battle against the New England College teams which each year make their pilgrimage to the South. In this series of games The Leathernecks met the best of the New England teams and turned them back, stopping Vermont twice. Dartmouth, a team that has defeated some of the leading college nines of the east, also fell twice before the crack Marine outfit. Following, the strong Lafayette team, always a thorn in the side of Marine baseball clubs, met defeat, being turned back in a rugged and stirring seven-inning game, called because of rain. The score was 5 to 4.

#### Harvard Loses

Following a lay-off of a week the next opponent was the much touted Harvard University nine, one of the best, if not the best in college baseball this year. Harvard has since won all but one of its sixteen college games by large scores and has successfully defeated Michigan,

Date	Games	Marines	Op.
2	University of Vermont.....	7	1
2	University of Vermont.....	5	3
5	Dartmouth College.....	4	2
6	Dartmouth College.....	8	0
7	Lafayette College.....	5	4
12	Harvard University.....	2	1
17	Randolph-Macon College.....	8	3
18	Catholic University at Washington, D. C.....	12	0
25	Guilford College.....	8	3
27	Wake Forest College.....	12	0
2	University of Virginia at Charlottesville, Va.....	9	6
3	Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, Va.....	3	2
4	Washington and Lee University at Lexington, Va.....	3	2
8	Temple University.....	13	12
9	Temple University.....		Rain
12	Western Maryland College.....	26	2
14	Virginia Military Institute.....	8	0
16	Washington College.....	6	5
17	Washington College.....	3	2

the Western Conference crack outfit, and leading exponent of western collegiate baseball. To Marines this was a big day as it was the first time in the history of Marine Corps baseball that one of the leading Big-Three college teams was entertained on our home grounds. In one of the finest and most closely contested games ever seen on the parade grounds at Quantico the Marines defeated Harvard after eleven innings of stirring baseball, a game that will long be remembered by all who were fortunate enough to see the great struggle waged that day by two finished and evenly matched baseball clubs.

Harvard not only proved to be a great baseball team, but despite their defeat by the close score of 2 to 1 in eleven innings, they also showed they were true sportsmen all the way and were as warmly applauded by all who attended the game as was our own Marines. We are glad to announce that Harvard will again visit us in 1929 while on their southern trip.

#### Three More Victories

After the Harvard victory, success again greeted the Marines in their games against Randolph-Macon, Catholic University and also Guilford College, one of the two teams that defeated the Marines in 1927. Wake Forrest, the other team to defeat the Marines in 1927, was rained out, disappointing many fans who looked forward to witnessing this star outfit play.

Early in May the team took its usual southern trip through Virginia and was

**SEVENTEEN STRAIGHT VICTORIES!** Comment in this column on such an astonishing record for a baseball team playing college nines of the highest order is superfluous. How it was done is told on this and following pages.

Marines the world over, thousands of ex-Marines, and the Corps' many sport followers will be sorry to learn that there will be no President's Cup football game with the Army in 1928. It was officially announced at Marine Corps headquarters recently that the Secretary of the Navy is in receipt of a letter from the Secretary of War which states that due to the lengthy Corps Area athletic program scheduled for Army athletes, and because the preparations, etc., for the President's Cup clash interferes with the program, the Marine Corps' traditional opponent will not be seen in action against the Leathernecks this fall. The Marine Corps sincerely regrets the loss of this important game from their schedule.

The situation regarding the President's Cup competition at this time is that an attempt is being made to enter the Coast Guard, now scheduled for the Marines' opening game, in the cup competition. Efforts are also being made to enter a Navy team, probably from Newport, R. I. This column hopes that both teams mentioned will be entered officially as cup contenders.



#### THE KENTUCKY DERBY

Weather, rainy; track, sloppy.  
Won by Reigh Count, Lang up.  
Started good, won easily.  
\$50,000 added and gold trophy.



successful in all three of its games played at the University of Virginia, Washington and Lee, and Virginia Military Institute, the last two being closely contested and evenly played games all the way through.

Temple University, one of the best hitting and scoring teams in the East, next visited us and were booked for two games. The Marines were out to win their thirteenth in a row in this contest and for a while it looked as if they were to be doomed to disappointment and fall down in their string of victories. With Temple leading all the way and scoring frequently despite the fact that the whole hurling staff was sent against them, the visitors managed to stay well in front until the eighth inning when a five-run rally, followed by two more in the ninth, turned the tide and sent the Philadelphians down to defeat in one of the most dramatic finishes seen at Quantico in years. Rain caused the second game to be called off and the visitors had to be content with a 13-to-12 defeat. It was one of the closest calls for the Marines, but they won.



With but four more games to be played, fans began to pull for an undefeated season. It looked as if the Marines would not have much opposition when they took Western Maryland over the hurdles easily in a heavy-hitting game by the one-sided score of 26 to 2, and then followed this up with an 8-to-0 victory over V. M. I. on the latter's return visit. With but two games remaining, everyone felt safe with Washington College, a small college from the Eastern Shore of Mary-

  
**Captain**  
**SAM W. FREENY**  
 He hit  
 409  




  
**Head Coach**  
**TOM KEADY**  
 Two seasons  
 undefeated  




  
 He will conduct  
 the gridiron  
 campaign this fall  


land, as the opponent. However, Marine baseball followers were in for a couple of surprises, for the Leathernecks had to display their best baseball and fighting strength to turn the tide in two exciting games that kept the crowds on their toes all the time.

In the first encounter the Marines trailed all through the game and at no time were they better than tied until the ninth. With the score disclosing the Marines one run behind in the last stanza the outlook was dark and fans were about reconciled to defeat. But the players were far from giving up. They had faced the test before and this time they were not found wanting. They came up to bat for the last time and before the spectators realized it a Marine was on first with none out. New hope for the fans.

A sacrifice put the runner on second and as the situation tightened the next batter lined out a bingle which sent the first runner home and tied the score. Chenoweth was next up and what he did was plenty. With one lusty swing he sent the ball far over the field, chalking up the winning run, and furnishing another thrilling climax. It was to be almost duplicate in the following and last game of the season.

With the last battle on and Leatherneck rooters praying for a win, the Marine team seemed to crack. With no defeat to mar their record the strain was terrific and, despite the steady pitching of Scarlett, the Marines were playing loosely, committing some serious errors of omission and commission. Washington collected two runs. At the same time, however, the Marines had tallied two also and the situation became intense.

Here Coach Keady displayed the strategy that has made him famous, and sent in the Marines' star chucker, Jesse Kidd. This was the third time in four days that the coach had sent Kidd in at a time when the situation called for the best, and he arose to the occasion. Once more Marine supporters settled back to see a tight battle waged, realizing that if the Marine record was to be unmarred it was

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going to require nothing but the best that Kidd could offer, as well as air-tight fielding to hold Washington. The Marines came through, and with the same fight and team work that characterized their playing throughout the season, they settled into their stride. During the last five innings, and behind the excellent hurling of Kidd, Washington was much less dangerous. Another ninth-inning rally was also in store. Duncan reached second when his fly was dropped and advanced to third on a sacrifice. The climax came when the reliable Eddie Derr sent him across the home platter with a neat bingle, winning the last game and chalking up seventeen straight wins for the Marines.

So, following an undefeated football team, we now present an undefeated baseball nine. Seventeen victories is a man's-size job to put over and the Marine Corps is more than proud of the men who accomplished it. They had to work hard, fight hard and play hard to do it. And in closing the book on this year's season it is not out of order to offer some comment upon the victors.

For the third straight year the team was led by Capt. Sam Freeny. To every lover of Marine baseball Sam is known throughout the Corps. A born fighter and a natural leader, he has been an inspiration to every club that he has ever played on. Fortune for the team and the Corps, Sam had his greatest year in Marine baseball and set a hot pace for the others to follow. He led the team in hitting for the third straight year and was, as usual, one of the fielding stars of the team, working with Levey on the bases, he piled up a stolen base record second to the speed marvel of the Corps and something of a record for future Marine stars to shoot at during the coming years. No finer tribute could be given a man than that which Coach Tom Keady paid to Freeny at one time.

In talking about ball players, Keady said that in his long experience he had never seen a higher type man, a finer personality, a more determined player who buried his own interests to put his best efforts forward for the success of his fellow players and team. And with it all Sam Freeny was a real fellow and everything that a true sportsman typifies to credit his Corps, an inspiration to his men and a real boost for clean sport. He will be missed, but in leaving the big team he will carry with him the best wishes of his fellow players and the

The table below discloses how the Marines accomplished their amazing string of seventeen consecutive victories.

Name.	Games Played	At Bat	Hits	Pct.	2-Bs.	3-Bs.	H'me Runs	Stol'n B'ses	Field'g Pct.
Freeny .....	17	61	25	.409	3	0	2	17	.995
Levey .....	17	68	26	.382	3	1	0	18	.897
Hudson .....	13	42	13	.302	2	0	1	5	.906
Chenoweth .....	17	60	18	.300	3	2	2	9	.938
Smith .....	8	10	3	.300	0	0	1	1	.916
Derr .....	11	36	10	.277	0	0	0	0	.900
Bishop .....	15	45	12	.266	1	0	0	0	.777
Duncan .....	17	66	16	.242	0	1	0	1	.966
Kidd .....	10	21	5	.238	0	0	0	0	.888
Bukowy .....	13	17	4	.235	1	0	0	1	.923
Hill .....	17	62	14	.225	1	0	2	1	.967
Hannah .....	5	10	1	.100	1	0	0	0	.857
Sullivan .....	8	20	2	.100	0	0	0	0	.777
Scarlett .....	6	12	1	.083	0	0	0	0	.909

## PITCHERS' RECORD

	Won	Lost
KIDD .....	9	0
SMITH .....	3	0
SCARLETT .....	3	0
BUKOWY .....	2	0

whole Corps. His has been a work well done and we are proud of him.

Jimmy Levey, known throughout the Corps wherever college and service athletics are mentioned, showed the same wonderful ability at covering the short-stop position that he has in his football playing. If there is anyone in baseball, either in college or out of college or in big league baseball who can cover more ground, move with more speed and grace than our Jimmy, then we would like to be shown. He covered more ground than a circus tent and was the sensation of college baseball with his fielding, hitting and base running. Jimmy was close on the heels of Captain Freeny for batting honors, a fielding marvel, and led the team in stolen bases. There is a great future in baseball for this speed marvel and that is a certainty.

Chenoweth, known throughout the Corps as "Chenny," was a close second to Levey in working around the second sack, and had his best season of baseball. Fielding sensationally all through the year, he was an inspiration and big help to our success, and his timely hitting as usual sent across the runs that counted and were responsible for so many victories. Chenny was right on the heels of the other base runners and showed his same old ability to steal a base in a pinch and when it counted.

Third base was a problem to Coach Keady, and after a lot of experimenting he was forced to take Hudson from the catching berth as soon as Derr's injuries had healed, and place him on the third sack. Hudson did a capable job at the third sack and has proven a valuable man both there and in the catching berth. Due to the failure of Hannah's arm to respond to treatment the third base problem was the hardest to solve.

The reliable "Bozo" Duncan covered left and played his usual steady and at times brilliant game in the field but fell down from his usual high batting average.

Curg Hill of football fame covered center field and what Levey was to the infield Curg was to the outfield, as he is one of the best outfielders ever seen in Marine Corps baseball. Nothing is too hard or impossible with this sterling player and he saved many a run as well as several games with his wonderful outfield catching and throwing.

Right field proved another hard nut for the coach to crack, and after several shifts Bishop was selected to fill that position. He did very well for his first year in big-time baseball in the Marine Corps. Bishop proved to be a timely hitter and won several games with hits in the pinches. He should prove to be a valuable man in another season with the team.

The pitching was capably taken care of by four men. Bukowy and Scarlett, from last season's team, were the only old men who reported for the spring work, and when the team returned to Quantico from its training trip, but four pitchers were retained on the squad.

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## Two Marines Win Places on Olympic Rifle Team



Above picture shows the men who will represent the United States on the International Free Rifle Team of 1928 in Holland this summer

They are, left to right: Sergeant Morris Fisher, U.S.M.C.; W. L. Bruce, Wyoming; Lieut. P. M. Martin, U. S. A.; Lieut. Sidney Hines, U. S. A.; Lawrence Neisslin, Washington, D. C.; Marcus Dinwiddie, University of Virginia; Gy-Sgt. P. E. Woods, U. S. M. C.

The accompany table shows the 18 ranking shooters and their scores at the close of the five days' firing in the official tryouts. Six Marines are among the eighteen, Gy-Sgt. Woods ranking third and Gy-Sgt. Fisher fifth

Name	Rank	Standing			Kneeling		Prone	Grand Total
		1st	2nd	3rd	1st	2nd		
1. Martin, P. M., U. S. A., 1st Lt.....		400	424	404	440	444	469	2581
2. Nuesslein, L., C. I. V., Wash, D. C.....		417	421	417	430	415	454	2554
3. Woods, P. E., U. S. M. C., Gy. Sgt. . .		410	414	406	433	423	451	2537
4. Hinds, S. R., U. S. A., 1st Lt.....		401	395	389	443	443	460	2531
5 Fisher, M., U. S. M. C., Gy. Sgt.....		397	396	390	445	448	455	2531
6. Bruce, W. L., C. I. V., Wyo.....		376	403	406	437	451	450	2523
7. Dinwiddie, M. W., C. I. V., Va.....		397	409	384	442	431	451	2514
8. Spooner, L. S., U. S. A., Capt.....		399	399	403	419	427	461	2508
9. Knuebel, J. H., U. S. A., Capt.....		388	395	397	441	424	449	2494
10. Seitzinger, U. S. M. C.....		373	388	399	431	449	453	2493
11. Tucker, J. R., U. S. M. C., Sgt.....		384	388	396	429	431	452	2480
12. Wood, W. A., Jr., U. S. A., Capt.....		407	383	389	428	405	448	2460
13. Tillman, N., U. S. M. C., Gy. Sgt....		376	376	379	429	433	441	2434
14. Hankins, J. F., U. S. M. C., Sgt.....		363	385	379	424	433	450	2434
15. Haack, W., C. I. V., Calif.....		380	387	366	421	429	442	2425
16. McDougal, D. S., C. I. V., Wash., D. C.		362	378	403	426	406	448	2423
17. Betke, B. G., U. S. M. C., Gy. Sgt....		356	374	353	419	422	470	2394
18. Rutherford, P., C. I. V., Wash., D. C..		282	293	330	385	373	412	2075

### "Here and There"

Tony Plansky, burly former Georgetown football star, has captured the Pennsylvania relay carnival decathlon championship for the third time in four years, establishing himself as an outstanding Olympic candidate by overcoming a recordbreaking field of rivals.

Eleonora Sears, sturdy-legged Boston woman, walked with a brisk, skipping step from Newport to Boston (74 miles) in 17 hours.

And Charley Paddock has smashed another world's record, doing the 175 dash in 17 2-5 seconds. He accomplished the feat through mud, a cold rain, and several dozen spectators who spilled onto the track after a part of the grandstand collapsed. We must wonder what his time would have been with clear sailing.

Sabin Carr's pole vault record fell at Fresno, California, recently when Lee Barnes, University of Southern California track star, cleared the bar at 14 feet, 1 1/2 inches. At the same meet, John Luck tossed the iron ball 51 1/2 feet, for a new world's shot-put record. Charles Borah (not the Senator) equalled the world record for 100 yards (9 3-5).



**YOU'RE WRONG.** The Likeness above is not that of Bernarr McFadden, but of Harry Stuhl, proudly displaying the muscular results of his service in the Marine Corps

The King's Plate, the richest stake of the Canadian turf, and the oldest continuously-run race on the North American continent, has been won seventeen times by the Seagram Stable.

Emerson Spencer, brilliant Stanford sprinter, broke the world's record in the 400-meter race at Stanford Stadium recently, speeding over the distance in 47 seconds flat, four-tenths of a second better than the time made by Ted Meredith in 1916.

Going about their work, fishermen off the Canary Islands found Captain Franz Romer lying exhausted in the bottom of a 20-foot rowboat. He had tried to row across the Atlantic.

Lawrence Robertson says, and should know, that if the U. S. A. wins the Olympic honors in 1928 it will be by a margin scanty to an extreme. We will have to repeat in football, track and field, swimming, boxing and rowing, and he claims that we cannot be at all sure even in some of these. Competition will be keener in boxing and swimming. However, regardless of who wins, the world will know that the U. S. was in the race.

And now there is a call for later opening dates for baseball. More games than ever have been called this season due to bad weather, and many players have been down and out with colds and influenza as the result of capering about or worse, standing still, on wet, rainy days. McGraw, Huggins and many another diamond potentate claim they will come out for later opening dates, the former stating that he will go before the executive committee of the two major leagues in December and request that the 1929 opening be set about the last of April. What think you?

## PARRIS ISLAND MARINES SHUT OUT S. I. A. A. CHAMPS

"Donnelly's Fence Busters" Continue  
Winning Both Home and On Road;  
Now Have Eleven Wins Out  
of Fifteen Starts

The Parris Island nine continued their winning streak on April 19th, when they shut out Clemson College by the score of 6-0. Clemson arrived with a clean slate and the knowledge that they were the S. I. A. A. champions for the past three years.

The old master, Balis, was on the mound for the Devil Dogs and with his fast ball cutting the corners and his slow ball completely baffling the opposition the best the collegians could do was three scattered hits. With two on in the fourth, Howell, a recent addition from Quantico, cracked out a clean two-bagger and the Marines led 2-0. From then on fast work on the bases together with clean singles the locals added two more runs in the sixth and two more in the eighth. Howell's well placed hits when hits meant runs featured for the home club.

On April 20th the Clemson nine came back with a vengeance and beat the locals 7-4. The situation was reversed from the day previous, for the Cadets made their bingles all count for runs. Vitek essayed to chuck them for the Marines, but was injured in the third inning and had to be relieved by Lytton. Pearman, pitching ace for the visitors, although allowing nine hits, kept them well scattered. It was anybody's game in the ninth as the locals had two on and none out. Hart and Tolan whiffed on three fast ones and Munari flied out to left.

On April 23rd Coach Donnelly took the team on their first road trip. Newberry College furnished small opposition in the first game the sea-soldiers romping home to a 10-1 victory. Vitek was on the mound for the Marines and issued but four hits, going the entire route. Balis, playing right field, furnished the fireworks both at the bat and in the field. In the seventh, with Newberry at bat and two on, a long fly labeled "Home Run" came out in his territory. Balis backed up against the fence and stuck his glove up just far enough to have the old apple nestle home. In the ninth with two on, two out and the count two and three, Balis, in the true Dick Merriwell style, crashed one over the garden wall. The Newberry fans gave him a big hand as he trotted around the sacks.

Continuing the trip against Presbyterian College, the next day the locals were sadly outclassed, losing by the score of 11-3. Six errors, due mostly to a tricky right field and inability to hit caused the first defeat away from home. Lytton got away to a bad start and was injured in the second inning. Reid relieved him, but the college boys had their batting togs on and won as they pleased.

Clemson College was the next stop and with Balis in mid-season form, the Ma-

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Head Coach  
Donnelly

## BENTON FLOORS KEENAN TO WIN CLEAN DECISION

Marine Sharpshooter Outbattles Australian in Fast Headliner to Win Featherweight Championship of Shanghai

(China Press.)—Catching Keenan rushing in, Rudy Benton one-twoed him with a left hook and a right cross that sent the more experienced Australian boxer to the mat, flat on his face, for a needed count of nine in the sixth round of their 10-round headliner at the Carlton Cafe. Keenan stalled through the round. He made several game but ineffective attempts to come back but Benton was awarded the decision on that fateful knock-down with generally cleaner, more forceful blows.



"Rudy" Benton

Keenan scored in the in-fighting but the American Marine "wised up" speedily and altered his tactics by using his left, with which he jabbed and jolted Keenan on countless occasions.

### Benton in Form

Benton, the little Marine lightweight, appeared in top form at 131½ pounds. Syd Keenan weighed in at 125½, but seemed considerably more than six pounds lighter, probably due to the fact that Benton had "dried out" before weighing in, whereas Syd hadn't. Benton started things moving in the first round but couldn't solve the Australian's style. He landed a long right to the solar plexus that had sufficient sting to rouse Keenan and the Australian tore in, out for blood. Keenan was far superior at close range, but his punches lacked the steam that Benton always packed into his gloves. The first round was even. Keenan got a shade in the next on hooks he landed at close range. The third went to Benton by a wide margin. The Marine started using his left hand and jabbed beautifully, stopping rushes and making openings for his rights. Syd did not land one clean blow in this round. The fourth was fairly even again, Benton scoring at long range and Syd from close in.

Benton earned a shade in the fifth. Then came the sixth and biggest round. The two sparred about. Keenan was on the offensive. He whirled in and out, out-smarting Benton. He rushed again but this time Benton caught him. A straight left held Syd in his headlong charge sufficiently long for a smashing right to land squarely on the side of Syd's chin. Benton jumped sideways to let Syd fall, and he did, with a bang, face down. He was badly hurt and needed the nine he let Referee Herzberg chant over him. Benton was on Keenan like a flash now but the wily Australian stalled through. The seventh round saw

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## MAHONEY OVERWHELMS MAX JIM IN SLUGFEST

Marine Star Takes 10 Decisive Rounds From Spaniard in Headliner; is New-comer With Fourth Regiment

(China Press.)—Making his first appearance here as a member of the Fighting Fourth Regiment of the United States Marine Corps, Jack Mahoney, welter-weight ace from Tientsin, out-batted, out-generated and out-slugged Max Jim, hard-hitting Spaniard, in their 10-round headliner at the Carlton Cafe. Mahoney's victory was clean-cut. He took every one of the 10 rounds. On several occasions, it seemed that he must floor the Barcelona boxer but the Spaniard withstood a terrific battering without going down. He was game but beaten by a cleverer, cooler fighter. Mahoney used his left with tremendous effect in countering and his right to great advantage in the in-fighting, to gain a popular victory.



Jack Mahoney

### Mahoney Confident

Mahoney and Max Jim both were 145 pounds. They started going in the first round. Max Jim did the leading, but couldn't connect while Jack was countering beautifully with left hooks that stung. There was considerable clinching but Jack was to be seen fighting all the time, raining rights and lefts to the solar plexus. The second round was even better. Both swung hard for a kayo. Mahoney was making Max Jim miss but was himself slapping in lefts and rights that steadily increased his lead.

Mahoney was as cool as a chunk of ice and surprised all who saw him at work in the gymnasium. There he was timing not too well. In the ring last night, he seldom missed and each time he hit, he hurt as Max Jim's nearly-closed right eye and his generally battered face and body showed. Mahoney forged still further ahead in the third and again in the fourth. Max Jim connected with a right but had to take many hooks in return. The rate of exchange at this stage was about four to one in Mahoney's favor but he bettered his average in the closing rounds.

### Wild Fifth Round

The fifth was a fierce round. The fireworks started with the bell. He drove the Spaniard into the ropes with a rain shower of blows. The Barcelona boy was on the retreat now. His few leads were foiled by Mahoney's ducking while the Marine countered with hooks that thudded to the head and solar plexus. One furious exchange saw Max Jim take enough punishment to floor an ox but still he kept on his feet. The sixth round was even wilder. It, too, was Mahoney's but it was marred by unfortunate fouls. These came when Mahoney rushed his man and Jim ducked, his shoulder catching the Marine low. Mahoney was slowed

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## DOPE FROM THE SIXTH AT TIENTSIN

By Mark Ballard

Well gents, and others, the "Fighting Sixth" should change its cognomen to the "Battling Sixth."

Colonel Snyder, desiring to find the latent talent for boxing in his regiment, is having a series of smokers to find the same.

The "Sandsniffers," i. e., the 1st Batt. (Capt. Hunt, C. O.), put on the first one March 21. It was a complete success in more ways than one. As the papers say, a good time was had by all. Here is the line-up:

1. Barr, 75th Co., vs. Westbrook, 74th.
2. Harrison, Hd., 1st., vs. Milling, 74th.
3. Copeland, 75th, vs. Jensen, 73rd Co.
4. Semft, 75th, vs. Reimon, 74th Co.
5. Caplan, 73rd, vs. Howard, 75th Co.
6. Greenman, 74th, vs. McCaig, 75th.
7. Hornack, 76th, vs. Hink, 76th Co.
8. Metz, 73rd, vs. Horn, 76th Co.
9. Phipps, 73rd, vs. Sloan, 75th Co.
10. Gover, 73rd, vs. Phalon, 74th Co.

Barr and Westbrook mixed it fast and furious. Westbrook was the more aggressive, but Barr knew his onions. His punches were well judged and his technique was good. He won the decision at the end of four rounds of good scrapping.

Milling won the decision over Harrison after four rounds of good, fast work. They are both fine lads, but Milling has a slight edge on Harrison.

Copeland won the decision over Jensen by a very narrow margin. Both the lads are in the light-heavyweight division and are slugging fools. A fine mix-up.

Semft won a decision over Reimon by his ability to punch at the right time. Reimon is a good man, but doesn't understand all he knows about boxing.

Caplan scored a technical KO over Howard in the second round. It was a "ding how" fight as long as it lasted.

Greenman won a decision over McCaig. It was a one-sided affair. Greenman hit McCaig with everything but the bulkhead, but still McCaig came back for more. He was knocked down again and again, but refused to quit. Dizzy, groggy and punch drunk, he still tried to get Greenman. Wave upon wave of applause sweeping the hall testified to the deep admiration of the audience for his grit. I think that he will be remembered long after the defeat is forgotten.

Hornack fought Hink to a draw. It was a good fight and well worth watching.

Metz took the decision over Horn after four rounds of good, fast stepping. Their footwork was excellent and appreciated by the audience.

"Wildcat" Phipps took on "Battling" Sloan and a fine fight it was. Sloan had the advantage of weight and reach, but Phipps was in better condition. They fought an extra round to give the judges a chance to try and pick the better one, but it couldn't be done. As everybody expected, the result was a draw.

"Bill" Gover scored a technical KO over Phalon in the first round. It was decidedly Gover's fight from start to finish. Phalon thought he was out in the rain and it was raining gloves.

Fred Biesen-kamp, former star end and boxer at Parris Island, is now Justice of the Peace at Lock No. 4, Penn. He wants to hear from his old gang.



As THE LEATHERNECK goes to press the standing of the clubs and leading batmen in the Major Leagues are as follows:

AMERICAN LEAGUE					
	Won	Lost	Pct.		
New York	22	5	.815		
Philadelphia	16	8	.667		
Cleveland	19	13	.594		
Boston	13	15	.464		
St. Louis	14	18	.437		
WASHINGTON	11	16	.407		
Chicago	11	20	.355		
Detroit	12	23	.343		
Player and Team.	G	AB	R	H	Avg.
Barnes, Wash'n	19	59	11	24	.407
Kress, St. Louis	28	96	20	28	.396
Ruth, New York	27	93	35	35	.376
Hale, Philadelphia	24	88	18	33	.375
Miller, Phila'phia	23	83	11	30	.361

NATIONAL LEAGUE					
	Won	Lost	Pct.		
Chicago	20	12	.625		
St. Louis	18	12	.600		
Cincinnati	19	13	.594		
New York	13	11	.542		
Brooklyn	15	13	.536		
Pittsburgh	13	14	.481		
Boston	9	17	.346		
Philadelphia	6	20	.231		
Player and Team.	G	AB	R	H	Avg.
Grantham, Pitts.	27	97	19	41	.423
Callaghan, Cinn.	23	70	11	28	.400
P. Waner, Pitts.	27	108	24	41	.389
Ott, New York	17	60	9	23	.383
Hornsby, Boston	26	92	19	35	.380

## TUNNEY—SHAKESPEARE

Gene Tunney's much-talked-of intellect and forensic abilities "is no foolin'." Recently at Yale he held an audience of some 400 students spellbound for 45 minutes while he discoursed on his favorite author, Shakespeare, and incidentally remarked that his first acquaintance with the famous author occurred in France while serving with the Marines. His company clerk was a Shakespeare addict.

Gover is one of the cleanest living, gamest chaps it has ever been my pleasure to meet. He does not drink, smoke or dissipate in other ways. He has played basketball all season and is an all-around sportsman. I need not add that he is well liked by his buddies in the "how-i-teazer" platoon.

A few days ago he won a decision over Brown of the Tenth Regiment at the Army Recreation Hall. I understand that he substituted for someone else. Everyone believes we have a coming lightweight in our midst.

Well, bozos, the 2nd Batt. is going to pull a smoker on the 31st and I will tell you all about it in my next. So keep your patience well in hand until you hear from me again.

## "Here and There"

Gene Tunney is back in Speculator, N. Y., where in his old camp he is engaged in light training for his coming battle on July 26 with Tom Heeney, ambitious challenger. The ex-Marine's camp, where he built his body from that of a light-heavyweight to the 200 pounds of bone and muscle that now rules the ring, is up in the Adirondack hills, on the shore of Lake Pleasant. Far away from the worshipping throngs, in a little town of less than a thousand citizens, the champion, clad in a battered red sweater, blue shirt and grey trousers, takes his long walks that are preparatory to the more strenuous work which he will probably start this month (June). The Champion has but ten pounds to take off and is in beautiful condition. "Courageous Tom" will need to be too.

And, following, ladies and gentlemen, are the six challengers scheduled to fight champions this summer:

June 7, Yankee Stadium, New York—Light-heavyweight Champion Tommy Loughran versus Lomski, Slattery or Delaney.

June 21, Chicago—Featherweight Champion Tony Canzoneri versus Joie Sangor.

June 21, Polo Grounds, New York—Welterweight Champion Joe Dundee versus probably Sergt. Sammy Baker.

July 26, Yankee Stadium, New York—Heavyweight Champion Gene Tunney versus Tom Heeney.

June or July, Chicago—Middleweight Champion Mickey Walker versus Ace Hudkins.

Of all the champions who are taking on new clients this summer this column believes that Mickey Walker has taken on the most dangerous. Ace Hudkins is a wham in every sense of the word. Mickey can hit harder maybe, but the "wildcat" hits fast and often. He says himself, "I'm pretty sure I'll have no great amount of trouble with Walker." They all have something like that to say, but Hudkins has the disturbing habit of carrying out his thoughts in the best pugilistic manner.

With the British Open Golf Championship safely tucked away, Walter Hagen, golf's premier showman, is touring Europe. Gene Sarazen, runner-up, is home again.

Another British golfing title went to an American last month when Douglas Grant won the St. George's Challenge Cup from a field of 82 competitors, including England's best Amateurs. His score for 72 holes was 71 75—146.

Nyle Austin, 17-year-old San Bernardino, California, girl, has set a new world record for endurance swimming for women. She paddled continuously for 32 hours and 20 minutes, surpassing by 20 minutes the record held by Mrs. Lottie Moore Schoemmel.

# PRIVATE PAGETT

Born 14 February, 1925—Died 5 May, 1928



**A**FTER returning from a three-day trip on duty with the Marine Baseball Team to Lexington, Va., Private Pagett, our much beloved mascot, died of heat exhaustion.

The Marine Baseball Team left Quantico May 3d for a series of games with V. M. I. The team made the trip in trucks and Private Pagett was assigned the seat of honor beside one of the drivers. He stood the trip to Lexington fine, but while he was in Lexington he was the object of much admiration and attention on the part of the people of that city. The weather was unusually hot and oppressive. The excitement of the trip together with the unreasonable heat was too much for our mascot and immediately after his return to quarters he fell in an exhausted condition. Every human aid possible was given him; once he seemed to revive and was actually able to walk across the room, but he soon fell again and died. He was buried in Quantico on Sunday, May 6th, with the full honors due him.

Private Pagett, as we all know, was given to us only a year ago by the British Royal Marines, after they had heard of the death of Sergeant Major Jiggs. He was a much appreciated gift not only because he was a regular he-dog fighting mascot but especially because of the spirit with which he was given by the Royal Marines, as testifying to the very cordial and friendly relations that we have had with our fellow Royal Marines wherever we have had the good fortune to be thrown in contact with them.

Private Pagett's service record book shows that he enlisted in the U. S. Marine Corps 27th June, 1927, to serve for life. He was born 14th February, 1925. When his record book is finally closed he will no doubt be given "Excellent Character" in spite of the fact he has several offenses to his credit. One of his offenses reads as follows:

"June 30, 1927. Chasing a blonde stenographer down the hall. Transferred to Barracks."

Another:

"25th July, 1927. Attempting to incite a riot by quarreling with the Post Dog. Confined in Chains."

And again:

"12 August, 1927. Biting the hand that fed him. Public Reprimand."

These offenses occurred a short time after Private Pagett's enlistment and while he was still a raw "boot." But after he had gone through his recruit training we find that from 12th August, 1927, until his death he does not have a single offense charged against him.

Private Pagett will be succeeded by his four-months-old son, a white bull pup raised by Mr. Frank Vedder, clerk in charge of the Post Office of the House Office Building. The new mascot has not yet been officially named, but will undoubtedly be given the title of Private Pagett,

Jr. He is pure white with the exception of one black spot. He is one of a litter of seven puppies of Countess IV who belongs to Mr. Vedder.



The Late Private Pagett

## PARRIS ISLAND WINNING

(Continued from page 38)

ines won 7-3. Balis, until the ninth, kept his hits well scattered and had the S. I. A. A. champs shut out. Pinch hitters were the order and four hits and an error gave Clemson three runs. A fast double play and a long fly to center, taken care of by Gorman, ended hostilities and the Devil Dogs were ready for their next invasion.

Traveling on to Spartansburg, the locals, who are fast becoming known throughout the South as "Donnelly's Fence Busters," took on Wofford College. Vitek toed the slab for the Marines and allowed only five hits, shutting the home team out 10-0. The sea-soldiers started the slaughter in the first inning and chased five runs over the pan. Again in the third, three hits, a walk and an error made the score 8-0, and in the fifth two more counters were tallied, making the total for the day ten. With three clean cut wins out of four games played in the bag the homeward trek was made and loud and long was the team's reception upon their arrival at the Island.

Playing again on their own ball orchard, little trouble was experienced in taking Wofford College into camp by the score of 7-6. The game was slow and rather uninteresting due to numerous errors by both teams. The locals tallied three runs in the first on four

hits and a walk, two in the third on hits by Balis and Lusignan and an error. Again in the seventh Balis crashed out a three-bagger and counted on a two-bagger by Sikora, he being brought home by a neat single by Sadler.

The locals divided with Newberry College on May 10-11, the visitors taking the first game 2-1. Adams, for the Collegians, and Vitek, for the locals, pitched air-tight ball the first game, keeping the hits well scattered. The visitors scored two in the third and the Marines tallied once in the sixth. Balis, pitching for the sea-soldiers in the second game and until the eighth, had the visitors shut out with the Leathernecks leading 6-0. Two errors, a base on balls and four hits netted six runs for Newberry and it was anyone's ball game.

In the home half of the eighth, Vitek, first up, reached first on an error and came home on Munari's three-bagger to right center. Gorman connected for two bases, bringing Munari across the pan and it was the Marines game, 8-6. This brings the local's record to eleven won, four lost.

## BENTON FLOORS KEENAN

(Continued from page 38)

the tide veer. Syd was scoring all the time, at long and close range, baffling Benton in the American's attempts to put over a kayo by clever ducking and footwork. Then Benton forged ahead again. He took the eighth, ninth and



Our New Mascot, a Son of Private Pagett.

tenth rounds comfortably, landing often and forcefully, but never able to slip across the haymaker he kept in readiness for Syd at all times.

## MAHONEY WINS

FROM MAX JIM

(Continued from page 38)

up a little but he kept after Jim, trying hard to finish the fight on a knockout. The seventh and eighth stanzas were lively, but not as good as the last two rounds, which saw Mahoney boring in and slamming Max Jim all over the ring. In the closing round, Mahoney hit Jim a dozen blows that would have floored almost anybody but he kept going, beaten but on his feet.

## MARINES UNDEFEATED

(Continued from page 36)

Jesse Kidd proved to be the best pitcher the Marine Corps has had in years and due to the remarkable hurling of this young star, the Marine Corps team was always in line to win when he went to the mound. With nine straight wins against the best teams on the schedule his record is remarkable. Not alone as a starting pitcher was Kidd successful, but his remarkable relief work was the deciding factor in keeping the team undefeated. Scarlett, Smith and Bukowy's work on the mound contributed to the team's success.

Eddie Derr did all of the catching once his injured finger was well, and through his remarkable receiving and head work the showing of the pitching staff was outstanding. Eddie is a sterling catcher, one of the best, and his accurate throwing discouraged all liberties on the bases, while his fine hitting in the last few games came in handy and won several of the closing wins turned in by the team this year.

## "Here and There"

Cops vs. Preachers. Staunton, Va., has its volley ball enthusiasts, but it would seem some of its cops have not been so enthusiastic about the Sunday sermon. So, six cops made a bet with six preachers to the effect that if the cops won a game of volley ball the preachers would go to jail for an hour, and if they lost, they (the cops) would go to church on the following Sunday and remain for the sermon. On the following Sunday morning it was noted that the police force occupied the front pew while the reverend preacher cried, "God is on the side that hits the hardest volley ball."

"I am old, it is true, but I am tough." And so saying, one Dunois, more than 70 years old, won a three-kilometres race in Paris. He was the youngest man in the race.

Getting a pitcher's goat has its drawbacks. In Delhi, N. Y., recently, a fielder's error allowed an opposing baserunner to score. The hurler, Vern Whitaker, of Delhi Academy, got sore and struck out the next 23 men who came to bat.

In another part of this column it was mentioned that the swimming endurance record for ladies had been broken by a young lady in California, but before the presses could start it was again broken, not only for ladies, but for men too. The new champion is Mrs. Myra Huddleston, of Mattoon, Ill., who remained in the water for 50 hours, beating the ladies' record by a whole day and the men's by 4 hours. Mrs. Huddleston weighs 240 pounds.

Frank Lombardi, Los Angeles high school boy, has equaled the world's record of 9 3-5 seconds for 100 yards—and he was set back a yard for making a false start.

MAJOR FEGAN PRAISES  
COACHES AND PLAYERS

In a Statement for The Leatherneck, Marine Corps Athletic Officer Expresses Admiration for Victors; Players Will Receive Suede Leather Jackets.

Interviewed by THE LEATHERNECK, Major J. C. Fegan, athletic officer, U. S. Marine Corps, made the following statement regarding the phenomenal success of the Corps baseball team during the season of 1928:

"With the closing of the 1928 baseball schedule of seventeen games, including games with some of the principal colleges in the East and resulting in seventeen victories for our team and nine victories for Corporal Jesse L. Kidd, our leading pitcher, I feel that a message to the Corps is due, both in the way of an explanation and a word of praise for the team. In this message I want to be only general, as the personnel of the team is well known.

"The result of the season speaks for itself. It represents a vast amount of hardship, self-denial and courage on the part of the team. The squad of fifteen players won its victories for the most part through a high type of sportsmanship and skill; and played all games with a view of bettering the standing of the Corps in the eyes of their opponents. They deserve not only the fruits of their skill but the admiration of the Corps they represent. Suede leather jackets will be presented to them as a reward for their work.

"To have played an undefeated season is more than a rare achievement, especially in meeting the class of teams that the Marine team played this spring.

"Next year the team will lose Captain Freeny, who has been the standard bearer of the team for the past three years, also Hudson, Hannah and Duncan, because they have played three and four years on the team. While the absence of these men will be keenly felt it is believed that there are youngsters coming up in baseball who will be ready to step in and fill the vacancies perhaps as well as the old ones.

"A good share of the success of the team is due to the methods, ability and ingenuity of Head Coach J. T. Keady. It will be remembered that last year he turned out an undefeated and untied football team. Now, on top of this achievement comes an undefeated baseball team. I know of no equal performance in the history of college athletics; in fact, it is even more than remarkable. I can best account for this wonderful record by saying that our teams have been represented by members of the Corps who are loyal and self-sacrificing, and that the victories they have won are largely due to splendid cooperation and coaching."

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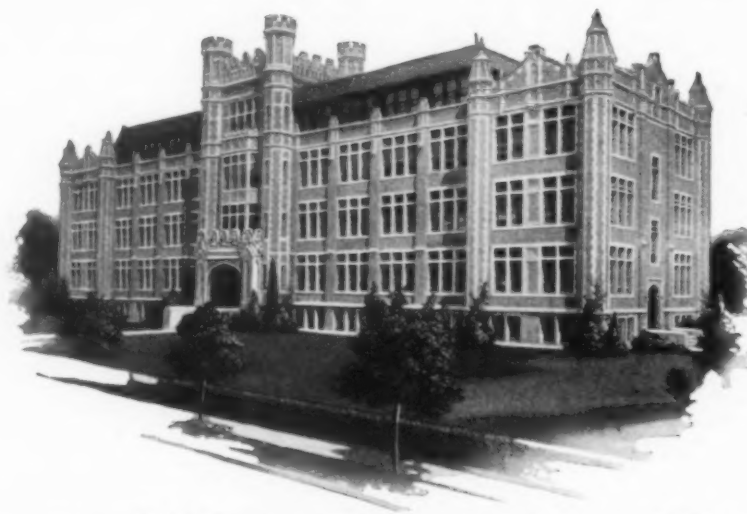
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# Tunney's First Year As a "Pro"

By ED VAN EVERY

*The story of the ex-Marine's climb to the top is especially interesting at this time of training for the defense of his title. In this installment Ed Van Every concludes the Champ's first year of professional fighting. THE LEATHERNECK reprints the series through the courtesy of the EVENING WORLD (N. Y.).*

## CHAPTER VI—continued.

**G**ENE TUNNEY'S feat of stopping the rugged and stout-hearted Al Roberts stamped the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion as a pugilistic prospect of real worth. It was agreed that he could both box and hit and that he had generalship and other assets in his favor, and it was intimated by some of the experts that he might even be destined to fill Jack Dempsey's shoes some day. As it has turned out even the experts hit it right here and there and now and then.

Still for all the nice things that were said about him, Gene was forced to take two months vacation from ring activity. Having crowded four fights into little over a month, it was deemed best that Gene take a short lay-off. While his weight was given out as 175 for the Roberts bout, his actual poundage was barely 170, so he went to Lakewood, N. J., for a couple of weeks and through matches falling through and one thing or another, it was not until the night of April 5, 1920, that Gene took part in the



ED VAN EVERY

seventh bout following his discharge from the Marines.

Gene had been billed for a bout with Jack Tully two weeks previous, but Tully failed to show up, so the bout was called off. For the program arranged Tunney was billed to meet none other than Dan O'Dowd. This was the same boxer against whom the A. E. F. champion had made his professional debut, and the only one of the six Gene had faced thus far that he had failed to stop.

### Carpentier at Ringside

Dave Driscoll had arranged quite an evening for the fistic fans in the Newark Armory. Georges Carpentier was a guest of honor and was to see his first card of professional boxing matches in an American ring. Willie Meehan, the roly-poly Coast heavyweight, who had won a referee's decision over Jack Dempsey, was boxing in the main bout.

Al Roberts, Tunney's last K. O. victim, was picked as the plump boxer's victim.

Dan O'Dowd was not able to box that night. He was either taken ill or was injured in training, or something—anyway Knockout Sullivan was substituted and was knocked out in the first round. The crowd accused the management of handing Gene a soft one. And yet, for the minute or two it lasted, it was quite a battle, and though none suspected it, Gene Tunney WAS ON THE VERGE OF BEING KNOCKED OUT.

I never knew this until about two years ago when I was working on a magazine article which had to do with the vulnerability of the human body and the effect of various knockout punches. In getting some data on the subject from Gene he told me how the "eye-tooth punch," delivered in his bout with Sullivan, had saved him from dangerous straits for the only time in his career. This interview took place shortly after Tunney's K. O. victory over Tom Gibbons.

"Sullivan had a heavy right hand punch, a fact I was perfectly acquainted with when he was put in as a substitute on the night of our bout in Newark," said Gene. "You see I had boxed him in France while we were both in the service. He was bowling the soldier champions over in great style over there but I had managed to outpoint him without much trouble in a ten-round encounter, eliminating him in the semifinals for the A. E. F. light heavyweight title.

"Maybe I was a little bit careless as I came up at the bell for our clash in Newark. Anyway, Sullivan rushed out and caught me just right with a heavy right hand smash to the point of the chin. I was badly hurt, and perfect condition and a durable jaw were all that kept me from going down. I was stung and no mistake and so badly dazed that I had a hard job keeping him off as he rushed me to the ropes.

### Nailed on the "Button"

"A punch to the jaw that connects just right, and that is put over in the first seconds of a contest while a boxer is still cold, has a more harmful effect than a punch to the same spot a little later when the human machine is properly warmed up. Roberts had connected with a heavy right almost with the bell in the fight which preceded my bout

with Sullivan, but the Roberts wallop had landed a trifle high and had not affected me to any great extent. But with Sullivan it had been different—I had been nailed flush on the 'button.'

"I managed to roll inside of some heavy smashes that fell about my head as I backed away, still dizzy from that first wallop. And then I fell into a clinch and after the referee had separated us, in charged Sullivan again. I was still a bit shaky, but quite able to take advantage of the fact that my opponent was coming in wide open. And so I let fly with a right to the jaw. It landed a bit high, but the effect was startling.

"My blow had landed on a little nerve centre close to the eye. It is even a smaller target than the 'jaw button,' but it is a spot just as vitally effective. My counter was the 'eye-tooth' blow, and it felled Sullivan like a log before the ax of a woodman. Sullivan didn't move until his handlers and myself had dragged him back to his corner."

## CHAPTER VII

**F**OUR days after Gene Tunney bowled over K. O. Sullivan with the "eye-tooth punch," he scored another knockout which is not in the record books. However, the affair got little or no mention at the time, and then few, if any of the Greenwich Village followers of the boxer who was to become heavyweight champion of the world were in at the "kill." The most important fact in connection with this ninth bout of Gene's was that it was his first bout away from a Jersey ring and from the vicinity of Greater New York.

Jack Clifford, a Brooklyn heavyweight was the victim, and the bout was in Binghamton, where Doc Bagley was acting as matchmaker. Bagley became Tunney's manager shortly after this contest, succeeding Sammy Kelley, who had been handling the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion for Billy Roche, who was the first to take charge of Gene's affairs upon his return from France.

The bout with Clifford lasted three rounds. Whether Gene finished him with a right or left, and how, I have not been able to find out. Tunney, Bagley and others questioned on the matter, all seem hazy on this scrap. Two months went by before Gene went to work again.

(Continued on page 45)

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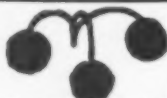
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## THE BROADCAST

(Continued from page 25)

tion some of the principal characters of this command. Our galley staff consists of two cooks second class and three messmen; also the well-known mess sergeant, who is none other than Lewis D. Harrell. We think he is endeavoring to make us all eligible for the rank of sergeant major, considering the amount of chow he puts out. The two cooks, Pts. 1cl. Jelen and Bidwell are responsible for the quality of the chow. "Smoky Joe" LaGasse of the galley force is trying to outdo all the "Spicks" by growing a moustache and chin whiskers. We must say that he looks like a villain in a one-act murder play.

We also want to say a word about one of our new corporals, Swaw. He is from Missouri, so, therefore, he was elected as wet nurse to our horses. He is assisted by Pvt. 1cl. Price.

One of our new members from Indiana is trying to educate us in English. We could not elucidate clearly on all that he tries to tell us. His favorite expressions are "By Dad" and "Go South."

We also have a new sergeant, Larroche, more commonly known as "Cockroach," who with our tallest Marine, Pvt. 1cl. Darnell, who is six feet, four inches tall, renders us an attempt at music on their mouth harps.

Bidwell, who held the record for receiving the most mail last year, is dying of despair for want of letters. We think he has even gone so far as to write himself some letters.

If any other ship can produce an "hombre" that can lay away any more chow than Roy Vincent "Hay-Stomper" Crottsley of this camp we will remain silent in the future.

We hope that all other detachments are billeted as well as we are. So long until the next "Spasm" of the Somotillo Scandal Sheet.

## A RESUME OF THE REVISED PERSONNEL BILL

By Major Keyser

It will put the commissioned personnel situation in the Marine Corps on a reasonable parity with that now existing in the line of the Navy, without introducing any new features which might meet with disapproval by the Bureau of the Budget due to conflict with the President's financial program. In general, it applies the provisions of the Board's bill of November, 1927, which relate to the general and field officers, while leaving the present laws relating to the promotion of company officers practically unchanged. The principle features of the revised draft are:

Establishes the proportion of total commissioned strength in each rank as identical with that provided by the Britten bill for the line of the Navy.

Provides promotion to major general of the line by seniority from brigadier generals of the line.

Transfers all permanent staff officers to the line, except the two present permanent staff brigadier generals.

Provides that one of the three heads of staff departments shall be a temporary major general while so serving.

Provides for the promotion of second lieutenants to the rank of first lieutenant after three years' service in the lower rank, and extends the probationary period for second lieutenants to three years.

Extends selection for promotion down to include promotion from major to lieutenant colonel, thus paralleling present practice in the Navy.

Provides for the retirement of field officers who are not selected for promotion to a number, in each fiscal year, sufficient to cause the promotion during the year to each field rank to equal one-seventh the authorized strength of the rank. This would result in the forced retirement of a maximum of approximately 16 field officers each year, which is  $5\frac{1}{2}\%$  of the field ranks, or  $1\frac{1}{2}\%$  of the total commissioned strength of the Corps.

Officers retired for non-selection to have been considered by two successive boards and not selected for promotion or staff eligibility by either board, and then only to the number provided in the preceding paragraph. This is a new feature, and was not contained in the original bill.

Officers retired under any section of the bill shall receive retired pay as now provided by law for colonels retired for age in grade, or for other officers retired after second failure on examination for promotion, which pay is equal to  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  of their last active pay for each year of service counted toward the computation of their pay on the active list, but not to exceed 75% of their last active pay.

Retains the eligible lists for appointment of leads of staff departments.

Retains the provisions of present laws with reference to the professional examination and re-examination of company officers for promotion.

The proposed bill will cost approximately \$200,000 more than the present cost of the active list during the first year of its existence, and in subsequent years it will show a slight excess also until the eighth year, when it will show a saving; in the fifteenth year it will show a net saving, and after the twentieth year this saving will amount to about two million dollars, that is, the accrued saving by the twentieth year will amount to that sum.

The principle changes in the proposed bill as compared with the original bill are the doing away with the payment of any bonus to officers, and no selection and elimination for the company officers. The latter will be handled as at present, that is, any company officer who fails twice on his promotion examination will be no longer eligible for promotion, but will remain on the active list until he reaches the age of 45 years, when he will be retired with  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$  of his pay for each year of service. Most of those officers, by the time they reach that age, will have enough service to give them half or more of their active pay on the retired list, and this should do away with the keeping on the active list for sentimental reasons of officers not really qualified for promotion.

## TUNNEY'S FIRST YEAR AS A "PRO"

(Continued from page 43)

### Match Failed Again

Gene was next matched with Dan O'Dowd, the only opponent young Tunney had failed to stop since he had taken up boxing in a professional way. He was to meet the boxer who had been his first opponent on his return from overseas, and Syracuse, April 27, 1920, was to have been the place and the date. But again this match fell through.

In the meanwhile Tunney was getting his name in print occasionally. There was some discussion as to whether Gene or Battling Levinsky would make the most suitable match for Georges Carpentier. And there was even talk again of a match between Tunney and Martin Burke. Charley Doesseric, the Bayonne A. A. matchmaker, was reported to have increased his offer to Gene from \$1,000 to \$1,500, though what he would have used for money if Burke had been in a position to accept the match is something that is also a mystery.

It was not until the night of June 7 that Gene again got into action, and at the Armory A. A., Jersey City, he was part of a double twelve-round feature. Gene was matched with Jeff Maddess, while in the main bout Tommy Noble, a claimant of the English featherweight title, tackled Andy Chaney of the Baltimore Channeys.

Madden, like Cilford, hailed from Brooklyn, but was advertised as the heavyweight champion of Panama. The title didn't mean anything, neither did the fighter as an opponent for Tunney. Madden was no match for Gene, and it was a shame to serve Tunney such soft opposition. Madden suffered a broken nose and a fractured jaw and had to be removed to the Jersey City Hospital. But he must have been tough at that, for after his jaw had been bandaged Jeff hurried back to the club to see Chaney trounce Noble.

### Madden in Poor Shape

Tunney, who seemed slow and methodical after his layoff and who was up to 177 pounds for this match, started off by pecking away with lefts in the first round. Madden, it soon developed, was in poor condition, and he fought himself out before the first three minutes were up without laying a glove on the Greenwich Village idol. Although Gene had his opponent punched dizzy in short order, Madden took what was coming his way with dogged courage and refused to go down for the count.

In the second Tunney permitted Madden to smash away at his stomach and then felled Jeff with a short left hook. He came up only to be nailed with a right uppercut, which caused Jeff to pitch over to the canvas on his face. He squirmed about and managed to come up on tottering feet. And then the referee humanely stopped a contest that should have never started and Madden was rushed to the hospital.

This bout drew some very caustic criticism, particularly from Vincent Treanor, who covered the bouts for The Evening World and who commented as follows in The Evening World:

"The sooner such matches are banned as that between Tunney and Madden the better for the good of the boxing game. Against the poorest sort of an opponent they match a boy, in Gene Tunney, who looks like the nearest thing to a heavy-weight champion right now, with the exceptions of Jack Dempsey and Fred Fulton.

"This chap Tunney can knock down most anybody with a punch on the chin, and though he probably held back, still he broke the nose and the jaw of the man he so badly outclassed and punched him straight to the hospital. Tunney might just as well have killed Madden with one of his blows as Jess Willard was charged with doing when Bull Young died after being knocked out. Such bouts hurt boxing."

### CHAPTER VIII

ONE of Jimmy Johnston's heavyweight hopes was Gene Tunney's victim in what was his tenth straight K. O. victory. Ole Anderson took it on the chin in what was the present heavyweight champion's twelfth professional engagement following his discharge from the Marines. It took place on the night of June 29, 1920, at the Armory A. A., Jersey City.

Although Jack Dempsey's conqueror was to engage in several more fights during the remaining half of the year, he was only to register one more K. O. that year and he was to run into some tough going one way and another. He suffered something like six postponements in the case of matches with one opponent alone, a battler known as Paul Sampson.

Then a proposed match with Martin Burke, which would have gone over big then, went through, followed by several on-again and off-again situations. Burke, who had performed the impressive feat of beating four opponents in one night and thereby winning both the middle-weight and heavyweight A. A. U. titles in 1918, had been doing well as a professional and had taken a fifteen-round decision over Willie Meehan, the fat boy from the Coast who had outpointed Jack Dempsey in a four-round bout. As Burke was a clever and cagey boxer the fight fans were anxious to see what Tunney could do when really extended.

### Hands Still Bother Gene

But just when it looked as though everything was finally set for the match Tunney was forced to ask for a postponement on account of his injured hands, and when he decided to go through with the match, in spite of his injured hands, an attack of ptomaine poisoning made a delay imperative. Other engagements forced Burke to depart from the vicinity, and so the Tunney-Burke match was not staged until the following year.

Gene's hands, which he had injured during his bouts overseas in fighting his way to the A. E. F. light heavyweight title, were now giving him all kinds of trouble. Both hands were damaged, the right in particular. The middle knuckle on the right fist had been driven up into the back of his hand.

The condition of Gene's hands were such on the night of the engagement with Anderson that Tunney was really acting somewhat foolhardy in going through with the fight. While the name

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of Ole Anderson means little to the present day followers of pugilism, and he was no more than a fair third rater at best, still the match did not look like a soft one for Gene.

Ole had some weight on Tunney and in some respects had something on him in experience. Anderson, for one thing had gone the ten-round route with Bill Brennan, and Gene had met no one of the calibre of the late Bill Brennan up to that stage of his career. Jimmy Johnston, while not as good a hypnotist as he is today, was just as shrewd in the handling of boxers and he thought there were possibilities in Ole. Jimmy had had considerable experience with big fellows, such as Fred Fulton, A. Reich and others, and he was telling every one that "my Ole isn't the worst heavyweight in the world."

There was a prolonged delay before Tunney and Anderson got into the ring.

Ole got mixed in his directions or something and it was after 10 p. m. before the bout started. Anderson still bore some marks from his recent battle with Brennan, his left eye being discolored and his lips cut.

#### Starts After Tunney

Anderson started right out after Tunney with the bell and was soon doing some nifty blocking with his jaw. Ole took stiff lefts to the jaw with indifference—for a time. But with the second round two-thirds gone one of those lefts sent Ole down on his hands and knees against the ropes, and he stayed down for nine. He fell into a clinch when he got up and his head came in violent contact with that of Gene's. As the latter broke away the blood was streaming down his face from a cut over the left eye.

Gene brushed the blood away from his eye with his gloved hand and then leaped in and cut loose with his right with such force that the wallop, which found the jaw, stretched Anderson his full length on the canvas. Just then the bell clanged the end of the round and Jimmy Johnston helped to drag his man to the corner still very much out.

Desperate work by Johnston in the corner did not help much, as Ole came up for the third in shaky condition. Gene's right, which had been made useless by the blow he had put over at the wind-up of the second, was not called into play. He thumped Ole with a shower of lefts until the beaten heavy fell back against the ropes bewildered. He was unable to hold up his hands now, and Johnston, sensing his man's plight, tossed in the towel. The round lasted forty seconds.

#### CHAPTER IX

FOUR months elapsed between the time

Gene Tunney scored his tenth K. O., which was over Jimmy Johnston's heavyweight, Ole Anderson, and his next ring appearance. It was not until October 22, 1920, that the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion was again able to fight. It was his thirteenth bout since his return from overseas and while it went on record as his eleventh straight K. O. victory this thirteenth bout, which was with Sergeant Ray Smith, did not mark the turning point in the present champion's luck.

In those closing months of 1920, the Tunney stock as a fistic prospect took a decided slump. It seemed as though his hands, which he had injured during his service bouts, would never be right again. After his enforced layoff his come-back bouts the balance of the year were decidedly disappointing.

After his first six months of battling that year his prospects had been decidedly bright. His long string of knock-outs and his evident boxing skill, together with his war-time title had made Tunney such a card that he was offered a match for July 15 of that year with Battling Levinsky, which at that time looked like a bout to decide the opponent for Georges Carpentier in his first match here, for the world's light heavyweight crown.

#### Match Falls Through

When the match fell through, Gene retired to Keansburg, N. J., where he started in training for a match with Martin Burke, and for which it was reported that his manager, Doc Bagley, had obtained a guarantee of \$3,000, with an option of 30 per cent of the gate. But young Tunney was forced to ask for a postponement, and there followed quite a controversy in which each side charged the other with running out of the match. However, as it developed, Tunney would not have been able to keep the engagement even if Burke had not departed in disgust.

Tunney's injured hands gave him so much trouble when he resumed training he was forced to undergo a slight operation which would necessitate a six weeks' layoff. It was just as well that the bout did not go through on the postponed date as it would have been a financial frost as it would have been forced to run in opposition to the Harry Wills-Fred Fulton contest staged under the auspices of the International Sporting Club. It was also at this time that Gene announced that he would not box Negro opponents. Yet a little more than five years later the refusal of Wills to match with Tunney gave Gene his chance with Dempsey.

Finally after four months of idleness Tunney started fistic activities in Camden, N. J., and against Ray Smith, as already noted. The Sergeant had been a strong contender overseas for the A. E. F. heavyweight title and had boxed Bob Martin, the champion, to a draw in

1918. Martin and Smith had both turned professionals, as had Tunney, after being mustered from service. While Smith had been twice stopped by Martin, he also had two verdicts to his credit over Fighting Bob. Naturally there was considerable rivalry between Smith and Tunney.

There was nothing very exciting about the opening round of the Tunney-Smith clash. Gene, who was plainly favoring his injured hand, tried to left hand his way to victory. Somehow, Tunney did not seem to get going so good, and as he was being paid \$1,000 for this match the crowd started to yell for action. They got it in the next round, but not in the way they anticipated.

#### Fall Through Ropes

During this session Gene suddenly decided to take a chance with his right. He jumped in with a right hook to the head, and the blow and the unexpectedness of the rush carried Smith to the ropes. The ropes were probably not properly tightened for they gave as Smith fell against them and over he pitched carrying Tunney with him out of the ring.

They both fell heavily and were so badly shaken that it was a minute before they were able to get back into the ring. Then it was found that Smith had suffered a severe strain, and it was finally announced that he would be unable to continue. And thus Tunney won a technical K. O. in the second round.

It was three days later that Gene engaged in his next bout, and it proved to be one of the most disappointing of his career. It broke his K. O. string and that wasn't the half of it.

#### CHAPTER X

THE CHAMPION'S worst fight took place in Paterson, N. J., on October 25, 1920. It was three days after Tunney had scored a technical K. O. over Ray Smith, and that counted as his eleventh straight knockout. The worst fight of Gene's was his thirteenth bout as a professional following his return home as the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion. But it was not the thirteen hoodoo that cramped young Tunney's style so much, it was his damaged hands that accounted for his unsatisfactory showing. What made the bout specially annoying to Gene was that Georges Carpentier, who performed in a three-round



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exhibition, looked on during Gene's poor showing.

Attempts had been made to bring Tunney and Carpentier together in the ring while both were in the service, but Georges had declined on the score that he had been doing enough fighting for glory and that the time had come to consider his own personal interests so far as his fistic prowess was concerned. Much had been made of Carpentier's refusal to box Tunney in France by the American's admirers.

And now Carpentier was in this country and was being played up in the headlines as a great hero of the ring and the battlefield and he was cashing in well on his publicity. Tunney was bidding for a match with Georges for the light heavyweight crown, but after this bout with Paul Sampson, with which this article is concerned, Gene was forced to take another long layoff to heal his fractured hand and talk of a possible match with Carpentier immediately died out.

In his exhibition that night Carpentier boxed two rounds with Italian Joe Gans, a middleweight, and one with Marcel Thomas, a French welter. Needless to say, Carpentier was paid more for his little stunt than was Tunney for his ten-round bout with Sampson. Tunney's guarantee was reported to be \$1,250 for that engagement.

Sampson, whom Tunney was finally meeting after about six postponements, was fairly well known at that time. He was said to be Swedish born, and while he was knocked out in two rounds by Tom Gibbons the year after the Tunney match, he had some success in Europe later on and was heavyweight champion of Germany for a spell. He certainly made Gene look anything but the coming conqueror of Jack Dempsey.

Gene started out as though his right was glued to his side and there was little action in the first three rounds, with Sampson not altogether at fault. In the fourth Tunney cut loose with a right uppercut that clipped Paul on the jaw and drove him back to the ropes. He slipped down to the canvas. But Sampson was right up and back at the A. E. F. champion.

Sampson did considerable sprinting during the early part of the fight and this did not make Tunney's countering style, affected as it was by his useless right hand, look at all good. It was not until the eighth that Gene really started to go after his opponent again, and he sent a rather effective left for the head and body which seemed to have Sampson pretty well slowed up. Some of the fans started to predict a victory for the Greenwich Village boxer in the next round.

In the next round, however, Sampson started a strong rally and carried the fight to Tunney at a very stiff pace. Gene was carried back again and again under these attacks and was forced to break ground repeatedly. The ninth round was undoubtedly a big one for Sampson. He started off in the tenth and final round as though he was going to carry off the final session by a sufficiently wide margin to entitle him to the newspaper decision.

Toward the close of the round there was a brisk mix-up from which Tunney

emerged with the blood streaming from his mouth. Then Gene cut loose in desperate fashion. His right was gone but he did plenty with a persistent left. One of these lefts found the chin so heavily that Sampson was sent staggering. Gene followed up his advantage and stung his opponent with a series of blows to the head that rocked Sampson badly and it seemed as though a few more blows would mean the finish. But Gene was still battering away in vain at his dazed opponent when the bell changed the finish.

And so Gene Tunney's K. O. streak was broken and he was out of commission once more. The next day it was announced that he would not be able to box again for at least a month.

#### CHAPTER XI

PHILADELPHIA boxing fans got their first look at Gene Tunney on Thanksgiving Day of 1920. It was when he boxed Leo Houck in the first of their two meetings of that year. The verdict of the Quaker City fans was that the A. E. F. champion was not so good. Nor did they gather a more favorable opinion three years later when his bout there with Jack Renault was stopped in four rounds and declared no contest.

Back to this same city where he fought his indifferent matches with Houck and Renault came Tunney as challenger for the world's heavyweight boxing crown and was given a wonderful reception by the city authorities a year ago last August. And in that same city he realized his ambition and wrested the fistic crown from the brow of the man-killing Jack Dempsey.


Who would have thought it, as they watched him go through that first drab affair with Leo Houck? Up until then, Gene Tunney, who had arrived from overseas with the title of A. A. E. light heavyweight champion, had shown genuine promise. He had run up a string of eleven straight knockouts—some claim twelve, as he is also credited in his record with stopping Ed Kinley. However, a search of the old files reveals no data on this engagement, but they do uncover the fact that Kinley was young Tunney's sparring partner for a time during the first year of his professional ring career. The search also reveals that Gene stopped two men, Bud Nelson and Jack Clifford, the first year, but these bouts are not noted in the record books. Apparently there is a little confusion here, but then the record books are seldom straight on very early fights of any of the boxing stars.

#### Hand Still Bothers Him

It was the first engagement for Gene in a month. Of his thirteen or fourteen bouts since he had left the ranks of the Marines, every one of his battles had given satisfaction except the one previous to his first Philadelphia appearance. Gene had been forced to fight that tussle with practically one hand, and before he had gone a minute with Houck he found that his right hand was still not much of a reliance. And Tunney had come to Philadelphia for this match highly flouted as a knockout artist and a future champion. The fact that he had stopped Al Roberts, Ray Smith, Ole Anderson and others not so well known made him a real feature on the pro-

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gram, even though Lew Tendler, the Quaker City favorite, was boxing in the star spot.

Houck figured to be little more than a fair trial horse for the New York light heavyweight hope. Leo, a very heady chap who is today the boxing instructor at the University of Pennsylvania, has done quite well in the ring, though he was then getting near the end of his career in the squared circle.

He had been fighting more than ten years. As far back as 1908 Houck had boxed a six-round draw with Jack Britton, and had more than held his own with such stars as Mike Gibbons, Jack Dillon, Eddie McGoorty, George Chip, Jackie Clark, Johnny Wilson and other top notchers. In 1911 three times he boxed Battling Levinsky, from whom Tunney was later to win the American light heavyweight title.

In the first minute of the bout with Houck, Gene decided to put the right hand that had been giving him so much trouble to the test. As a rule Gene was too good a boxer to lead with the right and he had schooled himself into the use of an accurate left. But after feeling out his opponent with a few left leads he shot out with a right for the head. Houck dropped under it, the blow landed high and Gene had the bad news immediately. There was a sharp pain through his arm when he went back to his corner at the end of the round Gene could feel that his hand had started to swell.

Gene did not let his ringwise opponent know that his right was gone, but kept shooting it out quite freely with plenty of vim, but always careful, of course, to miss. But even missing hurt and as early as the end of the second round the hand was so badly swollen that it was necessary to loosen up the laces of the glove. Naturally, it was a pretty dull bout. Houck knew too much and was still too good a man to be easily defeated by a one-armed boxer of Tunney's then limited experience. At the same time, Houck did not have any great success in getting by Gene's left.

There were some brisk exchanges here and there and some neat footwork, but it was not very exciting. The consensus of opinion among the ringside experts was that Tunney barely edged his way to victory in this no decision contest. One New York newspaper man who saw the bout and who had watched Gene in his debut a year previous in his first fight out of Marine uniform against Dan O'Dowd, gave it as his opinion that Tun-

ney had not advanced a bit as a pugilistic prospect in those twelve months.

## CHAPTER XII

**T**RAGEDY stalked in the ring the night of Gene Tunney's final bout in 1920. It was December 7, in Newark, when a promising boy who fought under the name of Mickey Shannon came to his death following a bout with Al Roberts, one of the most noted of the present heavyweight champion's knockout victims, during his first year of boxing as a professional.

Gene engaged Leo Houck in a return battle and it was in the bout that followed this one that the tragedy occurred. In the fourth round Roberts had been dropped flat on his back and apparently done for when the bell came to his rescue. The Staten Island boxer came back in the fifth still slightly groggy, but managed to land a wild swing that slowed Shannon up.

In the sixth a right uppercut to the head sent Shannon sprawling to the canvas and he lay there stretched out and never moved. He had struck the back of his head with force as he fell and it developed later that the ring floor had not been properly padded.

That evening was quite a nightmare to Gene Tunney otherwise. He had entered the ring with his damaged right hand still bothering him, and on top of this, in the fourth round, he had the misfortune to fracture the left thumb. Gene should never have gone through with this match. It was only two weeks previous that he had aggravated the injury to his right hand, and he was forced to put through many trying weeks the following year to bring his hands back in shape and was fortunate to do so at that.

## Wins Beyond Question

However, it was getting close to the Christmas holidays, and near the end of a year that had been not over prosperous for the A. E. F. light heavyweight champion financially, though his income had been considerably in excess of that of the previous year, when he had been boxing in the Marines. Gene was anxious to redeem himself for his poor showing against Houck in Philadelphia. This time young Tunney at least had the satisfaction of winning beyond question over Leo. In his six-round encounter with Houck in Philadelphia Gene's margin of victory was slight.

It distracted somewhat from Tunney's decisive edge in this non-decisive victory, that Houck was not in the best of shape. At least, his opponent, who had made his reputation fighting as a middleweight, weighed in for his bout at 180 pounds, which was five pounds more than Gene scaled.

The going in the first three or four rounds was tame, with Houck being in the main at fault. Leo, at the weight probably felt none too sure of himself over the ten-round distance, his left in the fifth as he could not referee, Harry Ertle. This was in the fourth and the first good mix-up of the bout followed, and when Gene went to his corner he broke the bad news of the accident to his left hand.

Gene took quite a few chances with his left in the fifth as he could not afford to take over many with his right, as he was trying to save his shots with the right for a K. O. punch, if possible. The boxing in this round and the sixth was fairly even and fairly fast, with Gene having somewhat the better in spite of the fact that he was doing most of the work with his damaged left hand. However, he had discovered that he had a thumb injury, and by care in the way he hit with this hand he managed to get away with it in good style.

## Sends Houck to Floor

In the seventh Gene worked Leo into an opening for the right and he took a chance for a K. O. Unfortunately, the blow landed high, and while it dropped Houck and he stayed down for the count of nine. Tunney knew he couldn't afford to fire many more shots with the right as the injury in this case was a badly misplaced knuckle.

Houck, who had looked to be in trouble in the seventh, came up surprisingly strong for the eighth and waded into Gene at a decidedly lively pace. He went at Tunney so hard that the latter went to his corner at the end of the round with his left eye puffed and before the fight was over Gene had one of the finest black eyes he has ever suffered.

There wasn't much doing in the ninth. It seemed as though both were saving up for a hard finish in the final three minutes. If such were the case, then Gene certainly had benefited most. He came out in this round and tore loose with both fists, regardless of their condition, and mauled his opponent all over the ring.

Tunney's second year of professional fighting will be continued in the July number.

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Capt. L. A. Desses.

1st Lt. F. D. Weir.

Officers last to make number in the  
grades indicated:

Col. R. Y. Rhea.

Lt. Col. J. A. Rossell.

Maj. A. De Carre.

Capt. M. A. Reichel.

1st Lt. M. F. Schneider.

## MARINE CORPS CHANGES

April 19, 1928.

Captain Charles Grimm, upon reporting  
relief, detached Rec'g Office, Cincinnati,  
Ohio, to MB, Quantico, Va.Capt. G. C. Hamner, detached Gendarmerie  
d'Haiti, to MB, Quantico, Va., via first avail-  
able Government conveyance.Capt. J. H. Fay, detached Gendarmerie  
d'Haiti, to MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y.,  
via first available Government conveyance.1st Lt. G. C. Thomas, upon completion  
course at Motor Transport School, Camp  
Holabird, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.1st Lt. J. A. Bemis, upon completion  
course at Motor Transport School, Camp  
Holabird, Md., to MB, Quantico, Va.

April 20, 1928.

2nd Lt. V. H. Dartt, detached 3rd Brigade,  
China, to Observation Squadron 8M, NAS,  
NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first available  
Government conveyance.2nd Lt. C. B. Graham, detached 3rd Bri-  
gade, China, to Observation Squadron 8M,  
NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first avail-  
able Government conveyance.2nd Lt. L. R. Henderson, detached 3rd Bri-  
gade, China, to Observation Squadron 8M,  
NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., via first avail-  
able Government conveyance.

April 21, 1928.

Major J. C. Smith, upon completion of the  
course, detached the Command and General  
Staff School, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, to  
duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps  
Schools, MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to  
delay enroute until June 25th.Captain W. W. Ashurst, upon completion  
of the Company Officers' Course, detached  
the Infantry School, Ft. Benning, Ga., to  
special temporary duty in connection with  
rifle competitions at MB, Quantico, Va. Upon  
completion of this special temporary duty,  
assigned to duty on the Staff of the Basic  
School, MB, NYd, Philadelphia, Pa.Captain A. L. W. Gordon, detached Gen-  
darmierie d'Haiti to First Brigade, Haiti.Captain DeWitt Peck, upon completion of  
the course, detached the Command and Gen-  
eral Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas,  
to duty on the Staff of the Marine Corps  
Schools, MB, Quantico, Va.2nd Lt. P. A. Putnam, detached Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, to Observation Squad-  
ron 8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for  
preliminary aviation training, via first avail-  
able Government conveyance.

April 23, 1928.

Major G. A. Stowell, on May 1st detached  
MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Recruit-  
ing District of St. Paul, St. Paul, Minn.Captain J. E. Davis, upon completion of the  
course detached the Air Corps Tactical  
School, Langley Field, Hampton, Va., to duty  
with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., and to  
additional duty on the Staff of the Marine  
Corps Schools.Captain J. W. Knighton, five days after the  
reporting of his relief detached Headquarters  
Recruiting District of St. Paul, St. Paul,  
Minn., to duty in the Office of the Judge  
Advocate General, U. S. Navy, Washington,  
D. C.Captain R. J. Mitchell, upon completion of  
the course, detached the Command and Gen-  
eral Staff School, Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas,  
to Observation Squadron 8M, NAS, NOB,  
San Diego, Calif.Captain L. G. Wayt, detached Third Bri-  
gade, China, to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I.2nd Lt. F. B. Loomis, detached Third Bri-  
gade, China, to Observation Squadron 8M,  
NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for preliminary  
training, via first available Government con-  
veyance.

April 24, 1928.

Lt. Col. J. K. Tracy, upon completion of  
the Field Officers' Course detached MB,  
Quantico, Va., to duty as CO, NP, NYd,  
Portsmouth, N. H. Authorized to delay en-  
route until June 25th.Lt. Col. R. O. Underwood, upon the report-  
ing of his relief detached from duty as CO,  
NP, NYd, Portsmouth, N. H., to MB, Quan-  
tico, Virginia.Major T. A. Secor, detached Third Bri-  
gade, China, to Department of the Pacific  
in accordance with recommendation of Board  
of Medical Survey.Captain H. R. Anderson, on or about May  
20 detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H.,  
to Department of the Pacific.Captain O. R. Cauldwell, upon completion  
of the course detached the Command and  
General Staff School, Fort Leavenworth,  
Kansas, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.Captain E. D. Howard, detached MB,  
Quantico, Va., to Aircraft Squadrons, Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Nitro"  
scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va.,  
on or about April 26th.2nd Lt. W. W. Conway, detached MB,  
Quantico, Va., to Aircraft Squadrons, Second  
Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Nitro"  
scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va.,  
on or about April 26th.2nd Lt. E. C. Ferguson, detached MD,  
U. S. S. "Pittsburgh," to MD, AL, Peking,  
China.2nd Lt. W. W. Davidson, detached MD,  
AL, Peking, China, to Department of the  
Pacific.2nd Lt. L. Norman, detached Second Bri-  
gade, Nicaragua, to Observation Squadron  
8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif., for pre-  
liminary aviation training, via first available  
Government conveyance.Chf. Qm. Clk. R. W. Jeter, detached MD,  
NYd, Norfolk, Va., to duty at MB, Farris  
Island, S. C., and to Naval Hospital, MB,  
Farris Island, S. C., for treatment.

April 26, 1928.

No changes were announced.

April 27, 1928.

Major M. R. Thacher, AA&I, on May 25th  
detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Wash-  
ington, D. C., to Third Brigade, Marine  
Corps, China, via the USAT U. S. "Grant,"  
scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif.,  
on or about June 8th.Captain C. T. Brooks, detached Third Bri-  
gade, Marine Corps, China, to MD, AL, Pek-  
ing, China.Captain J. M. Pearce, detached MD, AL,  
Peking, China, to Headquarters Marine  
Corps, Washington, D. C.1st Lt. V. M. Meigs, detached Observation  
Squadron 8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.,  
to MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif.2nd Lt. J. L. Wolfe, detached Third Bri-  
gade, Marine Corps, China, to Observation  
Squadron 8M, NAS, NOB, San Diego, Calif.,  
for preliminary aviation training, via first  
available Government conveyance.

April 28, 1928.

No changes were announced.

April 30, 1928.

No changes were announced.

May 1, 1928.

Colonel C. B. Taylor, upon completion of  
the course detached Naval War College,  
Newport, R. I., to Headquarters Marine  
Corps, Washington, D. C.Lt. Col. W. E. Noa, AQM, on or about  
June 9th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to  
MD, AL, Peking, China, via the U. S. S.  
"Henderson," scheduled to sail from San  
Francisco, Calif., on or about June 25, 1928.Lt. Col. R. O. Underwood, upon the report-  
ing of his relief detached NP, NYd, Ports-  
mouth, N. H., to MB, Quantico, Va. Author-  
ized delay two months enroute.Major R. E. Davis, upon completion of the  
course detached Naval War College, New-  
port, R. I., to MB, Washington, D. C.Major F. E. Garrett, upon completion of  
the course detached Naval War College,  
Newport, R. I., to duty as Coordinator,  
Fourth Area, New Orleans, La.Major P. C. Marmion, upon completion of  
the course detached Naval War College,  
Newport, R. I., to MB, NYd, New York,  
N. Y.Major G. H. Osterhout, upon completion of  
the course detached FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla., to  
MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif. Authorized to  
delay one month.Captain T. J. Curtis, assigned to MB, NYd,  
Puget Sound, Washington, for duty, and to  
Naval Hospital, NYd, Puget Sound, Wash-  
ington, for treatment.

May 2, 1928.

Captain H. S. Fassett, upon completion of  
the course detached FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla., to  
MB, Quantico, Va., for duty on the Staff ofBARR'S  
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the Marine Corps Schools. Authorized delay one month enroute.

Captain C. F. Kienast, detached First Brigade, Haiti, to MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., for duty, and to Naval Hospital, Norfolk, Va., for treatment.

May 3, 1928.

Major R. W. Voeth, detached MCB, NOB, San Diego, Calif., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Authorized delay of one month enroute.

Captain F. Harris, relieved from duty with the Marine Corps Schools Detachment, MB, Quantico, Va., and assigned to duty with AS, ECEF, MB, Quantico, Va., for preliminary aviation instruction.

1st Lt. C. W. Pohl, detached from duty as Assistant Naval Attache, AL, Peking, China, to Department of the Pacific.

1st Lt. J. C. Grayson, detached Third Brigade, China, to Department of the Pacific.

May 4, 1928.

1st Lt. Col. F. A. Barker, upon the completion of turning over his duties to his relief detached from duty as Coordinator, 4th Area, New Orleans, La., to MB, Quantico, Va.

Major R. S. Geiger, on May 14th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

Captain T. E. Watson, detached Third Brigade, China, to Department of the Pacific, via first available government conveyance.

May 5, 1928.

1st Lt. J. W. Cunningham, detached Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. S. M. Bankert, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, Quantico, Virginia.

Chf. Qm. Clk. F. L. Van Anden, detached MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va., to Depot of Supplies, Marine Corps, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va.

May 7, 1928.

No changes were announced.

May 8, 1928.

Captain L. L. Leech, detached FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla., to MB, Quantico, Va. Authorized to delay one month enroute.

Chf. Mar. Gnr. S. M. Bankert, detached MB, Quantico, Va., first Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Kittery," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about June 6th.

May 9, 1928.

Captain D. Spicer, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Bridge," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 21st.

1st Lt. J. W. Cunningham, detached MB, NOB, Hampton Roads, Va., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Bridge," scheduled to sail from Hampton Roads, Va., on or about May 21st.

1st Lt. C. H. McCulloch, detached MB, NYd, New York, N. Y., to MB, Quantico, Va.

2nd Lt. W. B. Trundle, detached Observation Squadron 3M, NAS, San Diego, Calif., to duty with Observation Squadron 3M, First Brigade, Haiti, via the U. S. S. "Sapelo," scheduled to sail from San Pedro, Calif., on or about May 29th.

May 10, 1928.

No changes were announced.

May 11, 1928.

Colonel W. B. Lemly, AQM, detached Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., to duty as Brigade Quartermaster, Third Brigade, Marine Corps, China, via the U. S. A. T. "Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about June 8th.

1st Lt. Col. E. T. Fryer, upon completion of the present course of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to duty as OIC, Southern Recruiting Division, and additional duty as OIC, Southern Reserve Area, New Orleans, La. Authorized delay one month enroute.

1st Lt. Col. W. N. Hill, detached MB, NS, St. Thomas, V. I., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., via first available government conveyance.

2nd Lt. M. S. Crawford, detached NAS, Pensacola, Fla., to Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Bridge," scheduled to sail from Charleston, S. C., on or about May 23rd.

Chf. Qm. Clk. J. Lippert, detached Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C., to MB, NS, Cavite, P. I., via the USAT U. S. "Grant," scheduled to sail from San Francisco, Calif., on or about June 8th.

May 12, 1928.

1st Lt. Col. F. J. Schwable, AQM, upon the reporting of his relief, detached MD, AL, Peking, China, to Headquarters Department of the Pacific, San Francisco, Calif., via first available government conveyance.

Captain T. E. Bourke, upon the completion of the course detached FAS, Ft. Sill, Okla., to duty as CO, MD, U. S. S. "West Virginia," Authorized delay one month enroute.

Captain C. G. Hicks, on or about June 5th detached MB, Quantico, Va., to MD, U. S. S. "Arkansas," and to special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, via the U. S. A. T. "St. Mihiel," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about July 12th. Authorized delay enroute New York, N. Y., from date of detachment until July 11th.

Captain H. Pefsey, detached MD, U. S. S. "Florida," and from special temporary duty beyond the seas with the Second Brigade, Marine Corps, Nicaragua, to duty as CO, MB, NMD, Yorktown, Va., via the U. S. S. "Bridge."

2nd Lt. A. Kautz, Jr., resignation accepted to take effect May 25th.

Mar. Gnr. W. Keogh, detached MD, RS, NYd, New York, N. Y., to Second Brigade, Nicaragua, via the U. S. S. "Bridge," scheduled to sail from New York, N. Y., on or about May 17th.

Qm. Clk. W. V. Harris, upon the reporting of Chf. Qm. Clk. Lippert detached MD, NS, Cavite, P. I., to Department of the Pacific via first available Government conveyance.

May 14, 1928.

No changes were announced.

May 15, 1928.

No changes were announced.

May 16, 1928.

Colonel W. C. Harilee, upon completion of the course detached Naval War College, Newport, R. I., to duty as CO, MB, NYd, Norfolk, Va.

Major D. M. Randall, AA&I, upon the reporting of his relief detached Third Brigade, Marine Corps, China, to MB, Quantico, Va. via first available Government conveyance.

Major C. H. Wells, upon completion of the present course of the FOC, detached MB, Quantico, Va., to Headquarters Marine Corps, Washington, D. C. Authorized delay seven days enroute.

Chf. Pay Clk. J. J. Darlington, upon reporting of his relief detached MB, NOB, Pearl Harbor, T. H., to Department of the Pacific, via first available Government conveyance.

### TRANSPORT SAILINGS

CHAUMONT—Arrived Manila 23 April. Operating temporarily with the Asiatic Fleet.  
HENDERSON—Arrived Navy Yard, Mare Island, 5 May for overhaul. Will leave San Francisco about 25 June for the Asiatic Station.

KITTERY—Arrived Hampton Roads 23 April. Will leave Hampton Roads 9 May for the West Indies on the following itinerary: Arrive Cape Haitien 14 May, leave 15 May; arrive Port au Prince 16 May, leave 17 May; arrive Guantanamo 18 May, leave 19 May; arrive Hampton Roads 24 May.

NITRO—Sailed Balboa 8 May for Corinto; arrive Corinto 10 May, leave 10 May; arrive San Diego 18 May, leave 20 May; arrive San Pedro 21 May, leave 22 May; arrive Mare Island 26 May, leave 2 June; arrive Puget Sound 5 June.

PATOKA—Arrived Newport 4 May.

RAMAPO—Sailed Cristobal 3 May for Yorktown on the following itinerary: Arrive Yorktown 11 May, leave Yorktown 11 May; arrive Canal Zone 22 May, leave 24 May; arrive Corinto 26 May, leave 26 May; arrive San Pedro 6 June.

SALINAS—Sailed San Pedro 30 April for Canal Zone via Corinto. Due Corinto 11 May, leave 11 May; arrive Canal Zone 13 May. Will leave Canal Zone 31 May and arrive San Pedro 8 June.

SAPELO—Sailed Hampton Roads 5 May for San Pedro via Canal Zone and San Pedro on following itinerary: Arrive Canal Zone 13 May, leave 15 May; arrive Corinto 17 May, leave 17 May; arrive San Pedro 28 May, leave 31 May; arrive Corinto 11 June, leave 11 June; arrive Canal Zone 12 June, leave 15 June; arrive Yorktown 23 June.

SIRIUS—Sailed Puget Sound 25 April for Mare Island. Arrived Mare Island 28 April. Will leave Mare Island 8 May for the East Coast on following schedule: Arrive San Pedro 10 May, leave 10 May; arrive San Diego 11 May, leave 15 May; arrive Corinto 23 May, leave 23 May; arrive Canal Zone 28 May, leave 29 May; arrive Hampton Roads 5 June, leave 13 June; arrive Philadelphia 14 June, leave 19 June; arrive New York 20 June, leave 27 June; arrive Boston 29 June.

VEGA—Sailed Brooklyn, N. Y., for Boston Navy Yard 7 May; due Boston 8 May, leave 12 May; arrive New York 13 May, leave 19 May; arrive Philadelphia 19 May, leave 23 May.

May; arrive Hampton Roads 24 May, leave 1 June; arrive Canal Zone 8 June, leave 11 June; arrive Corinto 13 June, leave 13 June; arrive San Diego 22 June, leave 26 June; arrive San Pedro 27 June, leave 28 June; arrive Mare Island 29 June.

BRAZOS—Arrived Boston Yard 30 April. BRIDGE—Arrived New York Yard 26 April. ARCTIC—Arrived Honolulu 1 May.

CUYAMA—Sailed Honolulu 2 May for San Pedro. Due San Pedro 10 May.

KANAWHA—Arrived Pearl Harbor 29 April.

NECHES—Sailed Honolulu 2 May for San Pedro.

PECOS—Arrived Chefoo 2 May.

## DEATHS

BAYLOR, Robert B., 2nd Lt., U. S. M. C. R., retired, died April 30, 1928, of disease, at San Diego, Calif. Next of kin: Mrs. Leona Baylor, wife, 4118 35th St., San Diego, Calif.

HILL, Matthew L., Cpl., died April 12, 1928, of disease, at Chelsea, Mass. Next of kin: Mr. Edward Hill, father, 317 W. Front Street, Plainfield, N. J.

BALLARD, Perry J., Pvt., died April 18, 1928, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mr. Perry J. Ballard, father, Downsville, La.

VALLANDIGHAM, Robert D., Pvt., died April 18, 1928, of disease, in China. Next of kin: Mr. Robert Vallandigham, father, 888 1/2 N. 17th St., San Jose, Calif.

GEORGE, William T., Pvt., died April 25, 1928, of disease, at Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. Next of kin: Mr. William R. George, father, Route 3, Box 47, Birmingham, Ala.

BRANDON, Paul R., Sgt., V. M. C. R., inactive, died March 30, 1928, as result of motorcycle accident, at Akron, Ohio. Next of kin: Mrs. E. R. Brandon, mother, 514 N. 15th St., Waco, Texas.

RAY, James W., Pvt., 1st Cl., F. M. C. R., inactive, died April 8, 1927, at Fort Worth, Texas. Next of kin: Mrs. Mary Wade Ray, mother, 509 North Denton St., Gainesville, Texas.

## RECENT GRADUATES OF THE MARINE CORPS INSTITUTE

Captain Robert H. Pepper—French. First Lieut. Carl W. Meigs—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Second Lieut. Charles G. Meints—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

Second Lieut. Barber M. Twining—Bookkeeping, Accounting and Auditing.

First Sgt. John Murphy—Warrant Officers' Preparatory.

Gy.-Sgt. Henry Shepherd—Practical Electricians.

Sgt.-Sgt. John R. Coulter—Building Contractors.

Phm.-Mate 2cl, Harry D. Kelly—Pharmacy.

Cpl. John C. Hopper—Reading Architects' Blueprints.

Cpl. Herman L. Lay—Dairying.

Cpl. Peter G. May—Civil Service Clerk Carrier.

Cpl. Peter G. May—Salesmanship.

Cpl. Arnold C. McPike—Automobile Mechanics.

Cpl. Arnold C. McPike—Automobile Electric Equipment.

Cpl. John J. Hensch—Retail Lumberman's.

Cpl. Joseph St. Germain—Salesmanship.

Pvt. Ralph E. Beyer—Poultry Farming.

Pvt. Cecil R. Bland—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Lloyd C. Deckard—Mathematics and Mechanics for Civil Engineers.

Pvt. Charles F. Greer—Railway Postal Clerk.

Pvt. Thomas Lyon—Poultry Farming.

Tpr. Charles Strake—Salesmanship and Life Insurance Selling.

## THE NEW MARINE CORPS AT SAN DIEGO

The following listed young men having been found physically and mentally qualified have been enlisted in the Corps and are at the present time going through their "boot training" under the direction of expert instructors at the famous Marine Corps Base at San Diego, California. For four years at least they have taken upon themselves the solemn duty of carrying Marine Colors from "The Halls of Montezuma" to wherever they may have to be taken.

Everett, Paul William, Depew, Okla.

Ewing, Benton MacKenzie, Palo Alto, Cal.

Kilgore, Alfred Nemire, Portland, Ore.

Wion, David William, Bandon, Ore.

Calhoun, Chester Theodore, Fairfield, Ia.

Holdren, John Marion, Jr., Omaha, Nebr.

Kelly, Ralph Frederick, Omaha, Nebr.

Peterson, Raymond Carl, Minneapolis, Minn.

Phillips, Ralph Daniel, Tabernash, Colo. Reiter, Harold Walter, Minneapolis, Minn. Sawdy, Earl Raymond, Tomahawk, Wis. Smith, Wayne Wesley, Tobias, Nebr. Vallandigham, Howard Harry, Omaha, Nebr.

Welker, Stirling Thompson, Omaha, Nebr. Wright, Marvin Merle, Omaha, Nebr. Brophy, Joseph Huffman, Parris, Calif. Hughes, Jerry Patrick, Long Beach, Calif. Jacobs, Kenyon Smith, Santa Barbara, Cal. McClelland, William Henry, Long Beach, Calif.

Meyer, John Joseph, Los Angeles, Calif. Stratton, Elbert Howard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Fixley, Robert George, Kansas City, Mo. Harrison, Albert Wesley, Fulton, Calif. Raichart, Willard Frank, Littleton, Colo. Rose, Joseph Lloyd, Pauls Valley, Okla. Hill, Sylvester Cletus, Selma, Tex. Kugler, Herbert Martin, Walnut Creek, Calif.

Martin, Lloyd Landis, Los Angeles, Calif. Bennette, Maurice Oliver, Higginsville, Kans.

Graham, Lester Merle, Omaha, Nebr. Jacobsen, George Leonard, Kansas City, Mo.

O'Brien, Otto Timothy, Loretto, Nebr. Post, Merton Lambert, Zealand, Mich. Trooper, Ross Alvin, Albion, Nebr.

Barrow, Washington, Jr., Chicago, Ill. Cunningham, Roy Kenneth, Ft. Worth, Tex. Verbeage, Harry Bernard, Hanford, Calif. DuFraw, Byril Roy, Denver, Colo.

Thornton, John Herbert, Blackwell, Okla. Watson, William Provence, San Francisco, Calif.

White, Ray Urban, Pasadena, Calif. Hiddleston, Herschel Dean, Olathe, Kans. Parson, Harry, Howell, Ark.

Barber, Vrawford Beal, Jr., Palestine, Tex. Barnett, Albert, Wilson, Okla. Miller, Earl, Wilson, Okla.

Benoit, Russell Thomas, Danvers, Minn. Hammock, Clarence George, San Francisco, Calif.

Hunt, Thomas DeWitt, Los Angeles, Calif. McIlveen, Marrit Lloyd, Long Beach, Calif. Mills, Roscoe David, Los Angeles, Calif.

Sauer, Eldridge Walter, Pomeroy, Ohio. Stark, Mox Lee, Sawtelle, Calif. Devore, John William, Colorado Springs, Colo.

McCall, Claud Lee, Prescott, Ariz. Peak, Myron Alden, Piedmont, Kans. Stelley, Curtis Lee, Albion, Nebr.

Snider, Charles Donald, Toledo, Ohio. Lodwick, Thomas Fuller, Mystic, Iowa. Boynton, Ernest Cecil, Fort Worth, Tex.

Oldham, Euell Martin, Crowell, Tex. Paclat, Charles Laurence, Lynn, Mass. Williams, Ezekiel, Long Beach, Calif.

Thrasher, Clifton Aure, Henryetta, Okla. Browning, Lewis John, Denver, Colo. Miller, William French, Sergeant Bluff, Iowa.

Anderson, Robert Charles, Zeigler, Iowa. Kelley, Martin Emery, Des Moines, Iowa. White, LeBoyd, El Dorado, Okla.

Golden, Benjamin Luther, Englewood, Colo. Willis, Rex Elvin, Denver, Colo. Weber, John Edmund, Seattle, Wash.

Harrison, Paul Henry, Celeste, Tex. Critter, George Edward, Ellensburg, Wash. Hight, David Grayson, Los Angeles, Calif.

Kerry, Joseph Charles, Colville, Wash. Myers, Douglas Edward, San Diego, Calif. Jaquet, Everett Cyril, Sioux City, Iowa.

Busse, Herman Kenneth, St. Paul, Minn. Clark, Louia Louis, St. Louis, Mo. Hattley, Chester Lee Roy, Kansas City, Mo.

Lair, Gordon Noel, Omaha, Nebr. Huff, Clarence Charles, Sterling, Nebr. Kopitz, Vane George, St. Paul, Minn.

Schmidt, Thomas Sylvester, Randall, Minn. Burginger, Robert Lester, Seattle, Wash. Foster, John Cecil, Los Angeles, Calif.

Foster, James Alton, Los Angeles, Calif. Poor, Roy Benjamin, Brownstown, Ind. Tucker, Robert Bryant, Los Angeles, Calif.

Weiland, Robert Herman, Mount Angel, Wash. Butler, Ernest Everett, Long Beach, Calif. Hobbs, DeWayne Donald, Blooming Prairie, Minn.

Lawrence, John Thomas, Jr., Iowa Falls, Iowa. Lebsack, Daniel Robert, Brush, Colo. Montgomery, Andrews, Sioux City, Iowa.

O'Connor, James Anthony, Hazel Run, Minn. Baker, Elmer Earnest, Los Angeles, Calif. MacCormac, Preston George, Spokane, Wash.

Persteln, Herbert, Philadelphia, Pa. Butterfield, Willis Albert, Home Star, Nebr. Gunsolley, Cecil Alden, Duluth, Minn. Taylor, Gilbert Paul, Commerce, Okla.

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## AN ABSENT-MINDED SCOTCHMAN

The Scotchman could not find his ticket. On the conductor's second round it was still missing.

"What's that in your mouth?" he asked.

Sure enough, there was the missing ticket. The conductor punched it and went his way.

"Ah, weel," said Sandy, in reply to his fellow-passengers' banter: "I'm nae sa absent-minded as ye think. Yon was a very auld ticket and I was just sucken off the date."

Peckham—"My wife talks, talks, talks all the time."

Underthum—"You're mistaken. She must listen part of the time or my wife wouldn't be with her so much."

"I want to be procrastinated at de nex' corner," said the negro passenger.

"You want to be what?" demanded the conductor.

"Don't lose your temper. I had to look at de dictionary mys'f befo' I found out dat 'procrastinate' means 'put off'."

"When I started in life, young man," said the retired Oil Well Contractor, "I worked twelve hours a day."

"Yes," replied the son, "but in these rapid times any one who took twelve hours to do a day's work would get fired."

"When I was a boy I worked in a store and the boss put a five-dollar gold-piece on the floor.

"I found it and gave it back to him.

"He said, 'You are an honest boy; I put it there to try you.'

"I said, 'That's what I thought'."

"Young man," said the irate old gentleman at the lunch counter to the hard-looking youth who was inhaling his soup with a gurgling sound and splashing it about the while, "what are you? A Colorado geyser?"

"Naw," responded the soup juggler. "I'm a New Haven guy, sir!"

—Variety Jokes.

*Flattery is taken with salt by the wise; with pepper by the foolish.*

## AN ABSENT-MINDED SURGEON

"What made you mutilate this handsome new book?" asked the physician's wife. "The first thing you did was to cut out a portion of it and throw it away."

"Excuse me, my dear," was the regretful answer. "It was professional instinct. The portion you refer to was labeled 'appendix'."—Drummer's Yarns.

Helpful Salesman: "Now that, sir, is the most becoming hat you have tried on so far."

Weary Customer: "I agree with you entirely—it's my own."

—De Laval Monthly.

"Have you a good landlord?"

"Excellent. His only fault is an overwhelming curiosity; he is always asking when I am going to pay my rent."

—Boston Transcript.

Waiter: "Sir, I think I just saw your wife step in."

Night Club Patron: "Gwan, M' man, she doesn't wear 'em."—T. S. News.

"Does your wife ever pay you any compliments," asked Bob of his brother. "Only in the winter," was the reply.

"In the winter? How do you mean?"

"When the fire gets low, she says, 'Alexander, the grate!'"—Recruiter.

He: Do you know the difference between taxis and trolleys?

She (expectantly): No.

He (smiling sarcastically, hey-heh):

Good. We'll take a trolley.

Lawyer (helping pedestrian up): "Come with me, my man. You can get damages."

Pedestrian (groggy): "H'ven's, man, I got all the damages I want. Get me a doctor for repairs."

Sales Gentleman—"Stockings? Yes, ma'am; what number do you wear?"

Constance—"What number? Why, two, of course. D'you take me for a centipede or a one-legged veteran of the war?"

## AN ABSENT-MINDED WAITER

Guest (to waiter)—"I can't eat this soup."

Waiter takes it away and brings another kind of soup.

Guest—"I can't eat this soup."

Waiter, angrily, but silently, for the third time brings another kind.

Guest (again)—"I can't eat this soup."

Waiter, furious, calls the hotel proprietor.

Proprietor (to guest)—"Why can't you eat this soup?"

Guest (quietly)—"Because I have no spoon."

Summer Boarder: "But why are those trees bending so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are."—Recruiter.

Porter: Does you-all wish to sleep head first or feet first?

The Co-ed: That's very sweet of you, but I'd prefer to take all my sleep at once.—T. S. News.

Father (arriving home): "What's your little brother crying for?"

Elsie: "Buddy's not crying for anything—he's had it."—Exchange.

The Girl—"I found that book you lent me frightfully dull, Professor. I thought you said there was a naughty problem in it."

The Professor—"My dear young lady! I said 'a knotty problem!'"

—London Opinion.

Judge: "Now, I don't expect to see you again Rufus."

Rufus: "Not see me here again Judge? Why, you all ain't a—goin' to resign yo' job; is you, Judge?"—Sentinel.

Newport girl to cop: "Stop that sailor! He tried to kiss me."

Cop: "Keep your shirt on, there'll be another one along in a minute."

—Bamboo Breezes.

*In the old days lovers gassed on the steps; now they step on the gas.*

## NOT HIS BUSINESS

A well-known judge dined recently at a West-end hotel, where the man who takes care of the hats is celebrated for his memory about the ownership of head-gear.

"How do you know that is my hat?" the judge asked, as his silk hat was presented to him.

"I don't know, sir," said the man.

"Then why did you give it to me?" insisted the bewildered judge.

"Because you gave it to me, sir," replied the man, without moving a muscle of his face.—**Variety Jokes.**



Officer: "Now tell me what is your idea of strategy."

Private: "It is when you don't let the enemy know that you're out of ammunition, but keep right on firing."

"Doris, have you been drinking?"

"No, mother."

"But your breath smells like liquor."

"Yes, father just kissed me good night."

"But your father doesn't drink."

"I-I-I know mother, but the iceman drinks, and he spends a lot of time with our French maid!"—**Plane Talk.**

Mistress: Mary, this egg is boiled hard. How long did you give it?

Mary: Well, m-mum, my m-m-m-ma t-t-told me t-t-to recite the W-r-wr-wreck of the Hesp-Hesp-Hesperus t-t-two t-t-times for s-s-soft boiled and f-f-f-five times f-f-for hard.—**Grand.**

"How about the bootleg goods in this town?" inquired a stranger of the hotel clerk.

"In what way?" asked the clerk.

"Is it potent?"

"Potent" is the word sir. Why a gentleman who was stopping with us went to the theatre one night. He stepped out during the intermission and purchased a few drinks in a nearby alley. Then he returned to the theatre."

"Well, what's so remarkable about that?"

"He wasn't aware, sir, until the door-keeper kindly told him, that it was the next night."—**Ballast.**

Mandy—"What foh yo' been goin' to de post office so reg'lar? Are you correspondin' wif some other female?"

Rastus—"Nope; but since Ah been a-readin' in de papers 'bout dese 'conscience funds,' Ah kind of thought Ah might possibly git a lettah from dat ministah what married us."—**Drummer's Yarns.**

Citizen: "What possible excuse did you have for acquitting the murderer."

Juryman: "Insanity."

Citizen: "Gee! The whole twelve of you?"—**Ex.**

## DOING HER STUFF

The busy theatrical manager had not expected a caller so late in the day, yet he called "Come in!" in answer to the rap on the door.

"Well," he said to the poorly dressed woman standing there, "what do you do—dance, sing or what? I'm busy. Let's hear you sing first."

The woman looked embarrassed and made a very poor attempt to sing the first few lines of "Annie Laurie."

"Rotten!" said the manager. "You can't sing at all!"

"I know that," said the woman meekly, "and if you are about through I'll start scrubbin' the floor. That's what I'm here for."—**Progressive Grocer.**

Rural Autoist: "I want some tires."

Salesman: "Balloon tires?"

R. A.: "Naw, automobile tires."

—**T. S. News.**

Ragsan Tatters: "'Ave y' noticed 'ow soon our childhood ambitions vanish?"

Weary Willie: "Aw, I dunno—I always wanted ter wear long pants when I was a kid, and now I bet I wear 'em longer than anyone."—**Bulletin.**



Gob: "How come you're shooting at 600 yards with your sights set at 200 and making bull's eyes every shot?"

Leatherneck: "Well, ya see tha' rock on the 400-yard firing line? I'm bankin' 'em off that."

The managing director of the big store, making one of his surprise inspections of the whole establishment, found a small lad sitting alone in a corner of the grocery department eating biscuits.

"What's your name? What's your weekly wage?" he snapped.

"Jenkins. Ten shillings," said the small boy.

The director wrote out a docket.

"Your dismissal," he thundered.

Next day he received a mild note from his cashier pointing out that the docket had been cashed, but that they had no boy named Jenkins on the staff.—**Punch.**

The waitress, very much out of sorts, sailed haughtily up to the table at which sat the grouchy customer. She slammed down the cutlery, snatched a napkin from a pile and tossed it in front of him.

Then striking a furious pose, she glared at him.

"Watcha want?" she snapped.

"Couple of eggs," growled the diner.

"How ya want 'em?"

"Just like you are."

—**N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.**

## TRUE TO FORM

A farmer did not know what business to start his son in, so he put him in a room in which there was nothing but a Bible, an apple and a dollar. He decided that if he found the boy eating the apple he would make him a farmer; if reading the Bible, he would train him for the Church, and if he had pocketed the money he would make him a stock broker.

Entering, he found the boy sitting on the Bible and eating the apple, with the dollar in his pocket.

He became a politician.

—**Drummer's Yarns.**

An old negro, when called before the Judge, was asked if he were the defendant.

Pointing to his attorney he said: "Dahs de defen'ant, I's de gentleman what stole de chickens."—**T. S. News.**

A draft of Missouri mules had just arrived and one new buck private made the mistake of going too near one of them. His comrades caught him on the rebound, placed him on a stretcher and started him for the hospital.

On the way the invalid regained consciousness, gazed at the blue sky overhead, felt the swaying motion as he was being carried along and shakily lowered his hands over the sides only to feel space.

"My gosh!" he groaned. "I haven't even hit the ground yet!"

—**N. Y. C. Lines Magazine.**

Morley—So Brown took a course in first-aid. Is he good at it?

Purely—A little hasty sometimes. A man was nearly drowned yesterday and the first thing Brown did was to throw a glass of water in his face.—**Answers.**

"Paw, do they punch holes in the wire to let the air in or to keep flies out?"

"What holes?"

"Holes in screens."

"They don't punch holes in screens."

"Oh, then they sew the wire around the holes?"

"You go to bed, Willie!"—**Hurty Peck.**



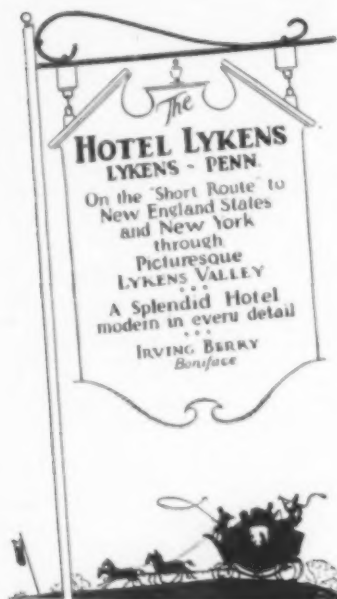
"When you didn't have your carfare, did the conductor make you get off and walk?"

"Only get off—he didn't care whether I walked or sat down."

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## SHORT STORIES BY EDWIN N. McCLELLAN

(Continued from page 13)

band will ever have a two-starred flag?" Pressing my hand closely over hers, that were clasped and resting on the general's flag in her lap, I gently answered:

"My dear, there's a lifetime in between—that's the way with birthdays—a lifetime in between!"

That was the story Mrs. Pendleton told to the Franklin Club, and which in substance I have repeated to you from memory.

...

A short time later after the date on which Mrs. Pendleton had told this human-interest story about the flag, she received the following letter and poem both of which are easily understood:

Dear Mrs. Pendleton:

Your few but stirring words at Miss Franklin's party did indeed grip my heart. That night, in the darkness, those years between the stars passed before me, and the enclosed (poem) came to me. I am a daughter of soldiers of three generations, so I venture to send you this (poem) understanding, in part, of what a life stretching between the Stars-of-Valor means to the wife. I surely wish you and General Pendleton all good and joy. Most sincerely, Cora D. Fenton, Coronado, California.

And here is the poem:

...

### Two Stars and a Life Between

Two stars and a life between—  
The words have gripped my heart  
With the vision of all those years must mean,  
The full years, lying those stars between—  
Each year of that life a part.

A life of such vital, varied years,  
Of soaring hopes and searing fears.  
Of years that were lonely, seeming vain,  
Then joyful years on the heights again.  
Of years with cares—but the Infinite knew—  
With fateful clouds, that the Sun broke through.

Years that were dreary, with days that were glad;  
Years that were happy, with days that were sad—  
Wonderful, colorful, valiant years,  
With rainbows of joy, made bright with tears.  
A life as full as a brimming bowl  
With bitter-sweet mixture to test the Soul.

...

May your Evening-Star most peaceful beam,  
On the lifetime that lies—Two Stars between!

...

Mrs. Pendleton replied with an appreciative and understanding letter—but that letter is not for us to read.

## A MONTH IN BELLEAU WOOD

(Continued from page 12)

carried out with bravery and dash. The moral effect of our own gunfire can not seriously impede the advance of the American infantry. The Americans' nerves are not yet worn out."

The Marine Brigade used up four German divisions during the month of fighting in the Belleau Wood. It lost of its own strength 670 killed and 3,721 wounded on the sunny slopes of Hill 142, in the tangled thickets of the Wood and in the narrow streets of Bouresches. The French Command ordered that forever thereafter the Bois de Belleau should be known as the "Bois de la Brigade de Marine." The Marine Brigade had added another name to Tripoli, Mexico and China, and a score of others that are written on the tablets of Marine history and immortalized in the traditions of the Corps.

"Moments of high crisis pass unnoticed; it is only the historian in later years who can point to a half hour in a crowded day and say that then was decided the fate of a cause or a people." The stopping of the Germans on the high road to Paris gave the opportunity for the later fighting in July which is now universally recognized as the turning point. It was practically continuous with the operations leading up to the offensive southwest of Soissons on July 18th and 19th. The Germans never again went forward. They had started down the slopes of the bitter road to defeat. As a brilliant British historian, John Buchan, has said: "Four months earlier Ludendorff had stood as the apparent dictator of Europe; four months later he and his master were in exile."

It will soon be ten years since the enemy thundered on the Aisne and the Marne. I may perhaps be forgiven if, in speaking to you tonight, there comes to me more clearly than I have been able to bring it to you, the half-blurred vision of that fast receding summer. In fancy I can still see the splendid columns in forest-green deploying across the fields from the great highway between Paris and Metz; in memory I endure once more the suspense of those days and nights, and am torn again by the consciousness of the cost at which the Belleau Wood was taken. Who better than I should know that the men, who there poured out the red wine of life, were the very flower of our race, the straightest of limb, the keenest of vision and the most dauntless of spirit!!

One cannot recall those brave days without some swelling of the heart, some dimming of the eye. Most of our men who died in taking that Wood still lie sleeping in the little silent City of Marble Crosses at its northern end. The day has come when few Americans visit France without making a pilgrimage to the Bois de Belleau, St. Mihiel, the Argonne Forest, the Meuse and the Marne. When the chronicles of the World War are gray with age may our countrymen still visit those shrines, and honor those of their race who there loved country more than mere life. "Though a man die yet shall he live again."

## THE ARMY Q. M. SCHOOL

(Continued from page 14)

ent faults found. Visits in the course include large graneries, flour mills, bakeries, biscuit and macaroni factories, baking powder plants, as well as the Chicago Board of Trade.

A very short but instructive and interesting course on tobacco, which includes the history, growth, harvesting, preparation, and the manufacture of tobacco products, is sandwiched between the two previous courses.

The class next studies salt, vinegar, spices and flavoring extracts. The school has on hand a most complete set of all the whole and ground spices to be found on the market. The students are required to familiarize themselves with all, in order to be able to recognize them either ground or whole, and to tell, and pick out the best grades of each.

This is followed by a couple of weeks spent on miscellaneous groceries, including in its list such subjects as cocoa, chocolate, candy, eggs, seafoods, paper, matches, candles, gelatines, beans, rice, etc. By this time the student has become more or less familiar with the methods of manufacture, and grading, so the greater speed can be made in covering these remaining subjects.

The next course is a study of the latest knowledge on the science of nutrition, its application to the previous subjects taught, and the combining of all, in the messing of troops.

The last instruction course covers Dairy Products, butter, cheese, fresh condensed, and dried milk. This course is delayed until the end of the term so that it will be possible to visit dairies, condensers, and cheese plants, at the time of the greatest milk flow. These visits are made during a week's trip into the great dairy State of Wisconsin.

The last course covers a practical review of all the main subjects studied during the school year.

Nearly all the subjects covered during the year have been published in interesting and instructive text books, which were written by the instructors at, and published by, the Subsistence School. By the courtesy of the Commanding Officer of the Subsistence School, these books have become available to any officer of the Marine Corps, who may obtain copies of any that he may desire, by making request to the Assistant Commandant, U. S. Quartermaster Corps, Subsistence School, 1819 West Pershing Road, Chicago, Illinois. Special attention is invited to Number 27, "The Soldier Mess," prepared by Lieutenant Colonel Sherrad Coleman, U. S. A., which should be in the hands of every officer charged with a mess. Also to Number 33, "Refrigeration, Veal, Mutton, Pork, Beef," prepared by Captain Jesse H. White, O. R. C.

## MADAME'S DUCK

(Continued from page 6)

The soldier who had fled at sight of the captain's orderly made a detour that carried him by a round-about way to the door of Madame Cerevette's house. Answering his knock, she was astonished by his thrusting a number of francs into

her hand and trying to make her understand. He appeared worried and gave up the attempt at explanation with his limited French vocabulary. However, he left the house much easier in mind now that he could claim to have paid madame for the duck when confronted. Certain he was that the orderly had been sent to hunt him out for stealing the duck from where it nested the night before.

Once within the officer's quarters, Primus felt safe and put the duck on a chair and sat down to wait until it should cool, for it was still too hot to eat.

The night had accorded him no sleep, fears tormented him. Now fears banished and, his mind serene, he dozed as he sat. The black features wreathed in smiles as he slept—and dreamed, perhaps, of a day when all the meals in the army would consist of duck—barbecued.

Entered the captain. Primus awoke with a start. He was trapped, and with the evidence. The officer saw the duck and his face spread in a wide grin. Primus, speechless, groaned aloud. He wondered if the devil would grin at him like that after the soldiers had shot him.

"Well, well; you must have thought I was hinting for you to steal that duck and cook it for me, eh?"

What was that the captain was saying? Did his ears deceive him? The captain was suggesting a way out of the dilemma. Primus' usually sluggish mind was racing now.

"Yassah," he began hesitatingly, "I done thought yo' mout want sumpin' lak dat so I—"

"That is fine," interrupted the other. "Of course you know you shouldn't have stolen the duck."

"Shore sah, I knowed it, but I done it fo' yo', sah." Primus began to dream of chevrons again.

"That will be all for now, but come in later and clean up what I leave of this," instructed the captain.

Primus left, eager to be away. To make his story hold water he decided to go to Madame Cerevette and pay her for the duck, then there could be no trouble about it.

As he neared her house, he caught sight of Sergeant Brockington leaving. The sergeant had had a hard time trying to make Madame understand that he wished to pay her for a duck.

Primus heard her say something about "craze Americaines" as he insisted that she take the money he offered. She refused until he explained as best he could that it was a duck for the captain. She accepted the money finally and he left in better spirits.

Captain Aubrey prepared to eat the duck by himself. His second-in-command was off somewhere. He would have enjoyed some of the duck had he been around. The captain decided to save a few choice pieces for his lieutenant. Then, to his dismay, as he prepared to begin, the captain made a discovery that ended his anticipated feast abruptly. He muttered aloud:

"Confound that orderly's black hide; he didn't even clean the duck before he cooked it. Now it will be as bitter as worm-wood, with the gall cooked inside it. After telling me that he was a cook, too. Oh, wait till I get hold of him. If I don't make him sweat blood for this." He ended his tirade against the orderly



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and a fiendish grin came on his face. He voiced his thoughts, chuckling as though he enjoyed his joke immensely:

"I have it. I'll make him eat the bird himself. That ought to be a lesson."

Another thought occurred to the captain. He had not given the orderly any money with which to pay Madame Cerevette for her duck. He really did want to pay for it; Madame probably needed the money badly, too.

Out of the building he strode to attend to the errand himself. He liked to hear Madame scold him in her few words of English for his mistakes with his dictionary French. To hear her hearty laugh—that was a treat, so few of these French people laughed.

Reaching her house, he was about to knock when the door was opened and there stood Madam smiling broadly and holding the door wide that he might enter. Once inside, a surprise awaited him for which he was hardly prepared. On the table lay a duck, roasted a golden brown. There were other things, too, among them a sauce flavored with wine.

Finishing the meal and airing the few words he had learned since his last visit at Madame's, he hurried back to his quarters. On the way he watched the little black dog that followed his outfit. The dog had dropped some object into a shallow hole and was nosing the earth over it. The dog followed the captain, barking and frolicing happily, as the officer went into his room. His eyes first fell on the chair where he had left the duck. It was gone, very much gone, only a greasy spot remained.

"Humpf." Captain Aubrey grunted. "Now I don't know whether my orderly took that bird to eat or thought I was through with it." He sighed happily as a man will who has partaken of a hearty meal and is at peace with the world, then continued:

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter much anyway."

Private Copely felt at ease as he dozed in the straw stack in a corner of the barn. He had gone to the Captain's quarters for the remains of the duck and found nothing. His only remark had been:

"Hot diggety dog! Cap'n musta lak dat duck. He done et um up, bones an' all."

Madame Cerevette was happy. She confided to her daughter that the captain was a most generous man; he paid her for the duck three times and when he came to eat it had offered to pay again. The daughter agreed. She asked Madame if she knew what had become of the strange duck that had strayed from someone else's place. The two women agreed that the Americaines' little black dog must have chased the duck away.

## ONE DREAM THAT CAME TRUE

(Continued from page 9)

mezzanine spectators' gallery and the open air patio, enclosing the swimming pool. The pool is 30 x 75 feet, tile lined and surrounded by bathers' walkway surfaced with Mueller's non-slip, hand-made, Flemish fawn colored tile with multi-colored Faience tile inserts. Beyond this paved walk are large planting areas for grass and shrubbery. At the far

end of the patio are concrete bleachers. This lower garden and swimming pool can be overlooked from a large open paved patio on the second floor.

We will now proceed to the second floor, access to which is gained by two broad stairways or by elevator from the main entrance lobby. The stairways lead to the loggia and thence through large casement doors to the main social lounge, beyond which is the patio, flanked by tile roof covered walkway. This patio overlooks the pool some twelve feet below. On the right of the social lounge is the writing lanai and balanced by a reading lanai on the opposite side.

Beyond the reading lanai is a library. The library is one of the most individual, restful rooms in the building. The woodwork is dark mahogany, and the floor is in dark russet tones. Above the dark wood book shelves, the plastered walls are decorated to simulate a diapered pattern tapestry in brown and blue while the ceiling is in blue, gold and red.

An auditorium is provided on this floor, access to which is gained from the covered patio walks and main social lounge. Here provision has been made for motion pictures, plays and lectures.

The upper stories are devoted to dormitory rooms for the officers and men of the military and naval forces. The building is a five-story concrete structure and includes sleeping accommodations for 426 men in 372 rooms. Besides the open air swimming pool, a large gymnasium, and games hall where the inter-service indoor games will be played, you will find an excellent cafe where you can get home cooked food. There is a modern locker room for your civilian suit, giving you a place which is yours for your personal things under lock and key. Then you will find a sanitary barber shop and a curio shop. There is also a billiard room, with well kept tables and equipment. Here you can spend many a happy hour under pleasant surroundings. In fact, there is waiting for you a wonderful clubhouse where your uniform is all you need to give you the run of the place. It is to be your home while away from home. It is at this place you will meet your friends and get acquainted with the city of Honolulu and its people. It is at this place you will write your letters home and receive your letters from your family and friends. At this place you may read the best books, magazines and newspapers. If you want to spend your time with the playing of games you will find them in abundance in comfortable and cool quarters.

There will be programs of entertainment in the form of socials, musicals, pictures, vaudeville; there will be clubs to which you will be invited to become a member; a series of educational classes are in operation so as to help you to improve your rating in the service; and then Sunday and week-day classes in religious education with meetings to which are invited the prominent men and women of the community to address the men of the service on important matters of character building.

The people of Honolulu invite you to come to the city and make the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. your home and a meeting place for all your needs.—(Reprinted through courtesy "The Pearl Harbor Weekly.")

## THE AMATEUR PRODIGAL

(Continued from page 2)

"He's come," Andrews heard the doctor saying, loudly. "He is here, Mrs. Andrews."

Without one second of hesitation, John Andrews went forward and fell on his knees at the bedside. The woman's groping, wasted old arms found his head and drew it down on her breast with a brokenly ecstatic gasp of:

"Oh, my own boy! Mother's little boy!"

The next hour was a strange dream to John Andrews. In after days he tried in vain to piece out its events. Through the haze, though, he remembered always the glorified joy in the blind face on the pillow; the hungry mother-love in the weak, clinging arms that would not for one moment release him; the kneeling form of the girl at the opposite side of the bed.

He recalled, too, when it was all over, his promise that Ruth should never know want. He recalled the doctor's troubled frown that lowered down at him from the bed foot; Ruth's grave and wondering eyes across the coverlet from him. But, most of all, the light of utter bliss that grew bright and brighter on the mother's blind face, as the pseudo prodigal lied and promised and boasted.

And, when that look of bliss was at its brightest, she died.

Ruth, her face buried in the pillow, was sobbing her heart out. Andrews withdrew silently from the room; walking backward as from the presence of royalty. Dr. Fuld followed him into the hallway.

"Maybe I did you an injustice," growled the physician. "Maybe we all have. If we have, I'm sorry. By the way—I don't want to intrude on your grief, Jack—but there's a very necessary matter to attend to. There is not five dollars in this house or any immediate means of raising more. I'd help if I could. But I'm strapped as usual. And—"

Andrews stopped the half-embarrassed appeal by drawing out his checkbook and fountain pen. Writing hastily, on his knee, he made out a check payable to the physician; leaving the amount blank.

"Pay everything," he said simply. "Your own bill, the tradesmen's, the funeral expenses and any outstanding debts. If your local banker doubts the genuineness of my check, he has only to telegraph my bank. Your own identification will serve, at this end. And—and find out, if you can, what money my—my sister requires for her present wants. Find out and add it to the check. And—and I thank you in the name of—of my—mother—for all you have done and are doing for us."

Then a figure came weavily into the hall, just within John Andrews' line of vision. The figure of a man; most disreputably clad and right royally drunk.

The tramp was unquestionably the man whom he had caught, only a few nights earlier, in his rooms.

"What do you want here?" demanded Andrews; instinctively lowering his voice, though he knew they two were alone there upon the ground floor of the house.

"What do I want here?" echoed the tramp. "What wouldn't I want here?"

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Hey? Tell me that! Born here. Thish's my home. My mother's house."

"Good Lord! What's your name?"

"'M. John Andrewsh', 'f course. Who in blazes would I be? Where'sh Mother?"

"You say you are John Andrews," he began at last, "and that this is your mother's house? Then what were you doing in the 'Superior' apartments, in—"

"I know where Sh—Shperior 'partments are!" hiccupped the newcomer. "No need to tell me! Didn't I work there, man an' boy, for pretty near three daysh? Wasn' I hired as night furnace man? An' didn't that shlob of a manager fire me? Jus' for gettin' full? But I—I got back at him. Got a few of the pass keys from the offsh an' dropped into one or two roomsh an—"

"Did you write to your mother from there, giving the 'Superior' as your address?"

"Yesh. First day I was on the job there. Wrote to her. Layin' pipes for a touch. I sure needed it. Wash that to you?"

John Andrews took the tramp none too gently by the throat.

"Look at me!" ordered Andrews, tensely. "Do you know me? I am the man whose room you tried to rob, at the 'Superior,' last week. Remember, now?"

A glance of unbelief, that changed to dawning and terror-stricken recognition showed that his words had scored.

"Now, then," resumed Andrews, adding more lies to the day's galaxy. "I am here with a warrant for your arrest on the charge of housebreaking. The local authorities have orders to jail you and to hold you for extradition if ever again you are seen in this town or in this county. There is a reward out for you. For your mother's sake I'm going to give you one chance to get away. Here is a hundred dollars. Take it. And go. In half an hour I'll set the police after you. If you're in town at that time—"

He did not need to finish his threat. The tramp, clutching the money, his eyes big with stark fright, was already off, down the path, at a shambling run.

For the next three days, John Andrews rose steadily and rapidly in the esteem of all Ideala. His repressed but evident grief for his mother; his chivalric gentleness toward his sister; his eager insistence on shouldering every expense; his lack of all the abominable qualities wherewith for years his neighbors had credited him—these things made a mighty impression. Even Dr. Fuld was fain to apologize once more for his own harsh words of that first day. As for Ruth—

The funeral was over. The last friend had just departed. Ruth and John Andrews stood alone together on the porch of the silent home. And, suddenly, she asked him:

"Who are you?"

He stared open-mouthed at her.

"Who are you, please?" she repeated.

"And why have you done all this for total strangers?"

"Strangers?" babbled Andrews, "Why, Ruth, I—"

"I let you do it," she went on, slowly, evenly, unheeding his interruptions, "I let you do it, because I wanted my mother to die as she did die—in absolute peace. Because our name was tarnished by my brother and I wanted that name

made bright again. As you have made it. And because expenses had to be met. Expenses I could not meet. When the place is sold, there will be money enough left, above the mortgage, to pay for all you have spent. I have seen to that; and I have kept account of every dollar. But what I can never pay you for is for the far greater things you did for my mother, for me, for our name. Who are you? I want so to thank you as I should."

Once more hero-effort did John Andrews make to revive her illusions. Mystified, stammering, he yet made shift to say:

"I—I am John Andrews, of course. How odd that you should doubt me! What has come over you? As for being in my debt for anything at all, that is absurd. There can be no balance sheet between us—little sister."

"Oh," she breathed, "you are a man! A man! And I thank God that I lived to meet one. When you came here with Dr. Fuld, I honestly thought you were my brother."

"I—"

"Then, just afterward, your hand lay on the coverlet of mother's bed. Your left hand. My brother's left hand had no little finger. He cut it off in a circular saw when he was ten years old. My mother told me about it a hundred times. His maimed hand used to frighten me when I was a child. Oh, who are you?"

Suddenly a great light came to the man. He took both the girl's hands in his as he looked into her fair face and said:

"I am your future husband. My name is John Andrews. I live all alone in a great city a thousand miles away. One week from today we are to be married and you are going home with me. That's who I am—your very sudden and very loving husband."

And what John Andrews prophesied came strictly true.

## AROUND GALLEY FIRES

(Continued from page 33)

other's existence until they met at the Recruiting Office? This was an actual occurrence in the lives of Willis Thompson and R. Russell Hammett of Mansfield, Ohio. When I met them at the Receiving Barracks in Parris Island they were fast friends, and had just found out that they were also from the same church.

The Non-Coms Club of Parris Island has just purchased a new victrola of wonderful power and perfection in reproducing records. The music and song which now will fill the club can also be utilized for all the special features which the club members call for in their lovely auditorium.

The Island possesses a tenor songster of rare ability and whom the whole post declares to be a "top-notch." It takes a good man to hold the Lyceum crowd and yet William "Billy" Hughes can do it and on a recent Sunday gave no less than six encores. Before entering the service Hughes had already an excellent record in New England and New York,

having sung in concert and church work as also over radio; in fact, it was from the "Boston Post" that Parris Island copied "Top-notch" in describing his singing qualities. His solos at the church services are of the finest and are very highly appreciated by the large congregations attending.

A civilian attending the Sunday School under the superintendency of Q. M. Sergeant Miller declared it to be the best organized school he had ever visited and I must admit I have never seen anything better in the service. Chaplain E. J. Robbins himself has a fine adult class which is constantly growing, and from what I could learn every boy and girl in the Post is a Sunday School scholar. Father Murphy of Beaufort, of course, conducts a class for the children of Catholic parents in the Chapel in connection with his services.

Chaplain Robbins, with a Marine background and experience, is quite at home with the Marines and both he and his wife are already looked upon as real leaders on the Island. Mr. Burns of Beaufort continues to render his usual excellent assistance and the spiritual welfare of the men was never better looked after than at the present time. More and more people are beginning to realize that a good Christian lad will make a good Marine while a good Marine makes a really good Christian. "Semper Fidelis" works both ways, and always faithful to Flag and Country means faithfulness to God.

The Band of Parris Island is always in fine shape and never have I enjoyed music of a better quality in the Post than that of my last visit. The Band leader, Frank Walcutt, lives in his music and the hearts of his men and thus there is harmony of the highest type. Gunner Sergeant Leon Freda and the forty and eight other bandmen seem to fully understand that their work calls for the best that is in them and are giving their best. Those who listen are helped and cheered accordingly and fully appreciate their worth.

Yemassee is still in charge of Sergeant Wm. F. Becker. The barracks and quarters have been made to look like new and the property certainly sets an example to much of that which surrounds it. Some of the boys of ten years ago would not recognize Yemassee today for quite a number of new buildings have been erected recently and things are greatly improved.

It was a delight to read the fine article of one of my friends at Portsmouth, N. H., in the May "Leatherneck." It is almost time for me to make my "annual" visit, and I shall then in person congratulate the writer on having awakened from his slumbers and given our readers such an excellent report of the detachment on duty at the Naval Prison. Try again, Sergeant McFadden; we are all for you, and are always glad of something good in the mail.

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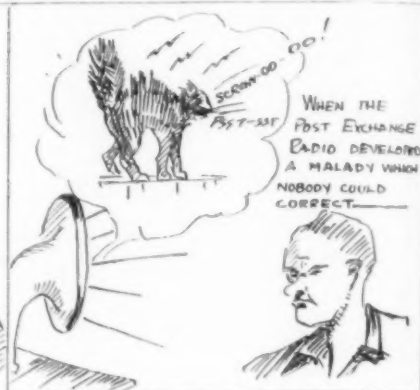
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## Leatherneck Lampoons

KNOWLEDGE IS POWER  
(if you know when to turn it on) — By Fellowes



TOOK UP PRACTICAL PLUMBING BY CORRESPONDENCE, IN ORDER THAT HE MIGHT BE ABLE IN THE FUTURE TO CORRECT ANY SILENT MISTAKES LIKE THIS, AND



HE IMMERSSED HIMSELF IN A COURSE BY MAIL SO THAT HE COULD TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN AN AMPERE AND A VOLT, AND COULD TRACE THE FESTIVE OAK TO ITS HOME, AND



WHEN VENTS APPEARED IN HIS SLACKS AT PLACES WHERE NO VENTS SHOULD BE, HE —



TOOK A COURSE IN PRACTICAL DRESSMAKING, AND FOR WEEKS COULD BE SEEN BEHIND THE WHEEL OF HIS SINGER STRAIGHT EIGHT - SEWING BUTTON HOLES IN SHIRTS AND RUFFLES ON B.V.D.'S. AND WHEN —



BECAME A CORRESPONDENCE COMRADE OF NEWTON, AND LEARNED WHY COCONUTS FALL HARDER THAN APPLES, AND WHY AVIATORS WEAR CHUTES, AND WHEN —



HE DECIDED THAT THE GROUND TROOPS HAD THE WORST OF IT —



WROTE TO A SCHOOL WHICH GUARANTEED TO GROW WINGS ON YOU WHILE YOU SLEPT, AND DID LOOPS AND BARREL ROLLS IN THE SQUADROOM TILL HE FELT LIKE HE COULD FLY AN IRONING BOARD—



AND YET —



Fellowes  
— 1927 —

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